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MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE

FAMOUS ORATIONS OF GREAT WORLD LEADERS FROM EARLY GREECE TO THE PRESENT TIME

EDITED BY

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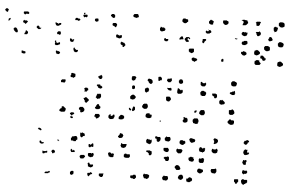

ORATIONS

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

SPEECH FOR AULUS LICINIUS ARCHIAS, THE POET

THE ARGUMENT

ARCHIAS was a Greek poet, a native of Antioch, who came to Rome in the train of Lucullus, when Cicero was a child. He assumed the names of Aulus and Licinius, the last out of compliment to the Luculli, and Cicero had been for some time a pupil of his, and had retained a great regard for him. A man of the name of Gracchus now prosecuted him as a false pretender to the rights of a Roman citizen, according to the provisions of the *lex Papiria*. But Cicero contends that he is justified by that very law, for Archias before coming to Rome had stayed at Heraclea, a confederate city, and had been enrolled as a Heraclean citizen; and in the *lex Papiria* it was expressly provided that those who were on the register of any confederate city as its citizens, if they were residing in Italy at the time the law was passed, and if they made a return of themselves to the prætor within sixty days, were to be exempt from its operation. However, the greater part of this oration is occupied, not in legal arguments, but in a panegyric on Archias, who is believed to have died soon afterward; and he must have been a very old man at the time that it was spoken, as it was nearly forty years previously that he had first come to Rome.

IF there be any natural ability in me, O judges—and I know how slight that is; or if I have any practice as a speaker—and in that line I do not deny that I have some experience; or if I have any method in my oratory, drawn from my study of the liberal sciences, and from that careful training to which I admit that at no part of my life have I ever been disinclined; certainly, of all those qualities, this Aulus Licinius is entitled to be among the first to claim the benefit from me as his peculiar right. For as far as ever my mind can look back upon the space of time

that is past, and recall the memory of its earliest youth, tracing my life from that starting-point, I see that Archias was the principal cause of my undertaking, and the principal means of my mastering, those studies. And if this voice of mine, formed by his encouragement and his precepts, has at times been the instrument of safety to others, undoubtedly we ought, as far as lies in our power, to help and save the very man from whom we have received that gift which has enabled us to bring help to many and salvation to some. And lest any one should, perchance, marvel at this being said by me, as the chief of his ability consists in something else, and not in this system and practice of eloquence, he must be told that even we ourselves have never been wholly devoted to this study. In truth, all the arts which concern the civilizing and humanizing of men, have some link which binds them together, and are, as it were, connected by some relationship to one another.

And, that it may not appear marvellous to any one of you, that I, in a formal proceeding like this, and in a regular court of justice, when an action is being tried before a prætor of the Roman people, a most eminent man, and before most impartial judges, before such an assembly and multitude of people as I see around me, employ this style of speaking, which is at variance, not only with the ordinary usages of courts of justice, but with the general style of forensic pleading; I entreat you in this cause to grant me this indulgence, suitable to this defendant, and as I trust not disagreeable to you—the indulgence, namely, of allowing me, when speaking in defence of a most sublime poet and most learned man, before this concourse of highly educated citizens, before this most polite and accomplished assembly, and before such a prætor as him who is presiding

at this trial, to enlarge with a little more freedom than usual on the study of polite literature and refined arts, and, speaking in the character of such a man as that, who, owing to the tranquillity of his life and the studies to which he has devoted himself, has but little experience of the dangers of a court of justice, to employ a new and unusual style of oratory. And if I feel that that indulgence is given and allowed me by you, I will soon cause you to think that this Aulus Licinius is a man who not only, now that he is a citizen, does not deserve to be expunged from the list of citizens, but that he is worthy, even if he were not one, of being now made a citizen.

For when first Archias grew out of childhood, and out of the studies of those arts by which young boys are gradually trained and refined, he devoted himself to the study of writing. First of all at Antioch (for he was born there, and was of high rank there), formerly an illustrious and wealthy city, and the seat of learned men and of liberal sciences; and there it was his lot speedily to show himself superior to all in ability and credit. Afterward, in the other parts of Asia, and over all Greece, his arrival was so talked of wherever he came that the anxiety with which he was expected was even greater than the fame of his genius; but the admiration which he excited when he had arrived, exceeded even the anxiety with which he was expected. Italy was at that time full of Greek science and of Greek systems, and these studies were at that time cultivated in Latium with greater zeal than they now are in the same towns; and here, too, at Rome, on account of the tranquil state of the republic at that time, they were far from neglected. Therefore, the people of Tarentum, and Rhegium, and Neapolis, presented him with the freedom of the city

and with other gifts; and all men who were capable of judging of genius thought him deserving of their acquaintance and hospitality. When, from this great celebrity of his, he had become known to us though absent, he came to Rome, in the consulship of Marius and Catulus. It was his lot to have those men as his first consuls, the one of whom could supply him with the most illustrious achievements to write about, the other could give him, not only exploits to celebrate, but his ears and judicious attention. Immediately the Luculli, though Archias was as yet but a youth, received him in their house. But it was not only to his genius and his learning, but also to his natural disposition and virtue, that it must be attributed that the house which was the first to be opened to him in his youth, is also the one in which he lives most familiarly in his old age. He at that time gained the affection of Quintus Metellus, that great man who was the conqueror of Numidia, and his son Pius. He was eagerly listened to by Marcus Æmilius; he associated with Quintus Catulus—both with the father and the sons. He was highly respected by Lucius Crassus; and as for the Luculli, and Drusus, and the Octavii, and Cato, and the whole family of the Hortensii, he was on terms of the greatest possible intimacy with all of them, and was held by them in the greatest honor. For, not only did every one cultivate his acquaintance who wished to learn or to hear anything, but even every one pretended to have such a desire.

In the meantime, after a sufficiently long interval, having gone with Lucius Lucullus into Sicily, and having afterward departed from that province in the company of the same Lucullus, he came to Heraclea. And as that city was one which enjoyed all the rights of a confederate city to

their full extent, he became desirous of being enrolled as a citizen of it. And, being thought deserving of such a favor for his own sake, when aided by the influence and authority of Lucullus, he easily obtained it from the Heracleans. The freedom of the city was given him in accordance with the provisions of the law of Silvanus and Carbo: "If any men had been enrolled as citizens of the confederate cities, and if, at the time that the law was passed, they had a residence in Italy, and if within sixty days they had made a return of themselves to the prætor." As he had now had a residence at Rome for many years, he returned himself as a citizen to the prætor, Quintus Metellus, his most intimate friend. If we have nothing else to speak about except the rights of citizenship and the law, I need say no more. The cause is over. For which of all these statements, O Gratius, can be invalidated? Will you deny that he was enrolled, at the time I speak of, as a citizen of Heraclea? There is a man present of the very highest authority, a most scrupulous and truthful man, Lucius Lucullus, who will tell you not that he thinks it, but that he knows it; not that he has heard of it, but that he saw it; not even that he was present when it was done, but that he actually did it himself. Deputies from Heraclea are present, men of the highest rank; they have come expressly on account of this trial, with a commission from their city, and to give evidence on the part of their city; and they say that he was enrolled as a Heraclean. On this you ask for the public registers of the Heracleans, which we all know were destroyed in the Italian war, when the register office was burned. It is ridiculous to say nothing to the proofs which we have, but to ask for proofs which it is impossible for us to have; to disregard the recollection of men, and to appeal to the memory

of documents; and when you have the conscientious evidence of a most honorable man, the oath and good faith of a most respectable municipality, to reject those things which cannot by any possibility be tampered with, and to demand documentary evidence, though you say at the same moment that that is constantly played tricks with. "But he had no residence at Rome." What, not he who, for so many years before the freedom of the city was given to him, had established the abode of all his property and fortunes at Rome? "But he did not return himself." Indeed he did, and in that return which alone obtains with the college of prætors the authority of a public document.

For as the returns of Appius were said to have been kept carelessly, and as the trifling conduct of Gabinius, before he was convicted, and his misfortune after his condemnation, had taken away all credit from the public registers, Metellus, the most scrupulous and moderate of all men, was so careful, that he came to Lucius Lentulus, the prætor, and to the judges, and said that he was greatly vexed at an erasure which appeared in one name. In these documents, therefore, you will see no erasure affecting the name of Aulus Licinius. And as this is the case, what reason have you for doubting about his citizenship, especially as he was enrolled as a citizen of other cities also? In truth, as men in Greece were in the habit of giving rights of citizenship to many men of very ordinary qualifications, and endowed with no talents at all, or with very moderate ones, without any payment, it is likely, I suppose, that the Rhegians, and Locrians, and Neapolitans, and Tarentines, should have been unwilling to give to this man, enjoying the highest possible reputation for genius, what they were in the habit of giving even to theatrical artists. What, when other men, who not

only after the freedom of the city had been given, but even after the passing of the Papian law, crept somehow or other into the registers of those municipalities, shall he be rejected who does not avail himself of those other lists in which he is enrolled, because he always wished to be considered a Heraclean? You demand to see our own censor's returns. I suppose no one knows that at the time of the last census he was with that most illustrious general, Lucius Lucullus, with the army; that at the time of the preceding one he was with the same man when he was in Asia as quæstor; and that in the census before that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, no regular account of the people was taken. But, since the census does not confirm the right of citizenship, but only indicates that he, who is returned in the census, did at that time claim to be considered as a citizen, I say that, at that time, when you say, in your speech for the prosecution, that he did not even himself consider that he had any claim to the privileges of a Roman citizen, he more than once made a will according to our laws, and he entered upon inheritances left him by Roman citizens; and he was made honorable mention of by Lucius Lucullus, both as prætor and as consul, in the archives kept in the treasury.

You must rely wholly on what arguments you can find. For he will never be convicted either by his own opinion of his case, or by that which is formed of it by his friends.

You ask us, O Gratius, why we are so exceedingly attached to this man. Because he supplies us with food whereby our mind is refreshed after this noise in the forum, and with rest for our ears after they have been wearied with bad language. Do you think it possible that we could find a supply for our daily speeches, when discussing such a variety of matters. unless we were to cultivate

our minds by the study of literature; or that our minds could bear being kept so constantly on the stretch if we did not relax them by that same study? But I confess that I am devoted to those studies; let others be ashamed of them if they have buried themselves in books without being able to produce anything out of them for the common advantage, or anything which may bear the eyes of men and the light. But why need I be ashamed, who for many years have lived in such a manner as never to allow my own love of tranquillity to deny me to the necessity or advantage of another, or my fondness for pleasure to distract, or even sleep to delay my attention to such claims? Who, then, can reproach me, or who has any right to be angry with me, if I allow myself as much time for the cultivation of these studies as some take for the performance of their own business, or for celebrating days of festival and games, or for other pleasures, or even for the rest and refreshment of mind and body, or as others devote to early banquets, to playing at dice, or at ball? And this ought to be permitted to me, because by these studies my power of speaking and those faculties are improved which, as far as they do exist in me, have never been denied to my friends when they have been in peril. And if that ability appears to any one to be but moderate, at all events I know whence I derive those principles which are of the greatest value. For if I had not persuaded myself from my youth upward, both by the precepts of many masters and by much reading, that there is nothing in life greatly to be desired, except praise and honor, and that while pursuing those things all tortures of the body, all dangers of death and banishment are to be considered but of small importance, I should never have exposed myself, in defence of your safety, to such numer-

ous and arduous contests, and to these daily attacks of profligate men. But all books are full of such precepts, and all the sayings of philosophers, and all antiquity is full of precedents teaching the same lesson; but all these things would lie buried in darkness, if the light of literature and learning were not applied to them. How many images of the bravest men, carefully elaborated, have both the Greek and Latin writers bequeathed to us, not merely for us to look at and gaze upon, but also for our imitation! And I, always keeping them before my eyes as examples for my own public conduct, have endeavored to model my mind and views by continually thinking of those excellent men.

Some one will ask, "What? were those identical great men, whose virtues have been recorded in books, accomplished in all that learning which you are extolling so highly?" It is difficult to assert this of all of them; but still I know what answer I can make to that question: I admit that many men have existed of admirable disposition and virtue, who, without learning, by the almost divine instinct of their own mere nature, have been, of their own accord, as it were, moderate and wise men. I even add this, that very often nature without learning has had more to do with leading men to credit and to virtue than learning when not assisted by a good natural disposition. And I also contend, that when to an excellent and admirable natural disposition there is added a certain system and training of education, then from that combination arises an extraordinary perfection of character; such as is seen in that godlike man whom our fathers saw in their time, Africanus; and in Caius Lælius and Lucius Furius, most virtuous and moderate men; and in that most excellent man, the most learned man of his time, Marcus Cato the

elder; and all these men, if they had been to derive no assistance from literature in the cultivation and practice of virtue, would never have applied themselves to the study of it. Though, even if there were no such great advantage to be reaped from it, and if it were only pleasure that is sought from these studies, still I imagine you would consider it a most reasonable and liberal employment of the mind: for other occupations are not suited to every time, nor to every age or place; but these studies are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; they are companions by night, and in travel, and in the country.

And if we ourselves were not able to arrive at these advantages, nor even taste them with our senses, still we ought to admire them, even when we saw them in others. Who of us was of so ignorant and brutal a disposition as not lately to be grieved at the death of Roscius? who, though he was an old man when he died, yet, on account of the excellence and beauty of his art, appeared to be one who on every account ought not to have died. Therefore, had he by the gestures of his body gained so much of our affections, and shall we disregard the incredible movements of the mind, and the rapid operations of genius? How often have I seen this man Archias, O judges (for I will take advantage of your kindness, since you listen to me so attentively while speaking in this unusual manner)—how often have I seen him, when he had not written a single word, repeat extempore a great number of admirable verses on the very events which were passing at the moment! How often have I seen him go back, and describe the same thing over again with an entire change of language and

ideas! And what he wrote with care and with much thought, that I have seen admired to such a degree, as to equal the credit of even the writings of the ancients. Should not I, then, love this man? should I not admire him? should not I think it my duty to defend him in every possible way? And, indeed, we have constantly heard from men of the greatest eminence and learning, that the study of other sciences was made up of learning, and rules, and regular method; but that a poet was such by the unassisted work of nature, and was moved by the vigor of his own mind, and was inspired, as it were, by some divine wrath. Wherefore rightly does our own great Ennius call poets holy; because they seem to be recommended to us by some especial gift, as it were, and liberality of the gods. Let then, judges, this name of poet, this name which no barbarians even have ever disregarded, be holy in your eyes, men of cultivated minds as you all are. Rocks and deserts reply to the poet's voice; savage beasts are often moved and arrested by song; and shall we, who have been trained in the pursuit of the most virtuous acts, refuse to be swayed by the voice of poets? The Colophonians say that Homer was their citizen; the Chians claim him as theirs; the Salaminians assert their right to him; but the men of Smyrna loudly assert him to be a citizen of Smyrna, and they have even raised a temple to him in their city. Many other places also fight with one another for the honor of being his birthplace.

They, then, claim a stranger, even after his death, because he was a poet; shall we reject this man while he is alive, a man who by his own inclination and by our laws does actually belong to us? especially when Archias has employed all his genius with the utmost zeal in celebrating

to all men who fight for themselves for the sake of glory. How many historians of his exploits is Alexander the Great said to have had with him; and he, when standing on Cape Sigeum at the grave of Achilles, said, "O happy youth, to find Homer as the panegyrist of your glory!" And he said the truth; for, if the Iliad had not existed, the same tomb which covered his body would have also buried his renown. What, did not our own Magnus, whose valor has been equal to his fortune, present Theophanes the Mitylenæan, a relater of his actions, with the freedom of the city in an assembly of the soldiers? And those brave men, our countrymen, soldiers and country-bred men as they were, still being moved by the sweetness of glory, as if they were to some extent partakers of the same renown, showed their approbation of that action with a great shout. Therefore, I suppose, if Archias were not a Roman citizen according to the laws, he could not have contrived to get presented with the freedom of the city by some general! Sylla, when he was giving it to the Spaniards and Gauls, would, I suppose, have refused him if he had asked for it! a man whom we ourselves saw in the public assembly, when a bad poet of the common people had put a book in his hand, because he had made an epigram on him with every other verse too long, immediately ordered some of the things which he was selling at the moment to be given him as a reward, on condition of not writing anything more about him for the future. Would not he who thought the industry of a bad poet still worthy of some reward, have sought out the genius, and excellence, and copiousness in writing of this man? What more need I say? Could he not have obtained the freedom of the city from Quintus Metellus Pius, his own most intimate friend, who gave it to many men,

either by his own request, or by the intervention of the Luculli? especially when Metellus was so anxious to have his own deeds celebrated in writing, that he gave his attention willingly to poets born even at Cordova, whose poetry had a very heavy and foreign flavor.

For this should not be concealed, which cannot possibly be kept in the dark, but it might be avowed openly: we are all influenced by a desire of praise, and the best men are the most especially attracted by glory. Those very philosophers even in the books which they write about despising glory, put their own names on the title-page. In the very act of recording their contempt for renown and notoriety, they desire to have their own names known and talked of. Decimus Brutus, that most excellent citizen and consummate general, adorned the approaches to his temples and monuments with the verses of Attius. And lately that great man Fulvius, who fought with the Ætolians, having Ennius for his companion, did not hesitate to devote the spoils of Mars to the Muses. Wherefore, in a city in which generals, almost in arms, have paid respect to the name of poets and to the temples of the Muses, these judges in the garb of peace ought not to act in a manner inconsistent with the honor of the Muses and the safety of poets.

And that you may do that the more willingly, I will now reveal my own feelings to you, O judges, and I will make a confession to you of my own love of glory—too eager, perhaps, but still honorable. For this man has in his verses touched upon and begun the celebration of the deeds which we in our consulship did in union with you, for the safety of this city and empire, and in defence of the life of the citizens and of the whole republic. And when I had heard his commencement, because it appeared to me

to be a great subject and at the same time an agreeable one, I encouraged him to complete his work. For virtue seeks no other reward for its labors and its dangers beyond that of praise and renown; and if that be denied to it, what reason is there, O judges, why in so small and brief a course of life as is allotted to us we should impose such labors on ourselves? Certainly, if the mind had no anticipations of posterity, and if it were to confine all its thoughts within the same limits as those by which the space of our lives is bounded, it would neither break itself with such severe labors, nor would it be tormented with such cares and sleepless anxiety, nor would it so often have to fight for its very life. At present there is a certain virtue in every good man, which night and day stirs up the mind with the stimulus of glory, and reminds it that all mention of our name will not cease at the same time with our lives, but that our fame will endure to all posterity.

Do we all who are occupied in the affairs of the state, and who are surrounded by such perils and dangers in life, appear to be so narrow-minded, as, though to the last moment of our lives we have never passed one tranquil or easy moment, to think that everything will perish at the same time as ourselves? Ought we not, when many most illustrious men have with great care collected and left behind them statues and images, representations not of their minds but of their bodies, much more to desire to leave behind us a copy of our counsels and of our virtues, wrought and elaborated by the greatest genius? I thought, at the very moment of performing them that I was scattering and disseminating all the deeds which I was performing all over the world for the eternal recollection of nations. And whether that delight is to be denied to my soul after

death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, it will affect some portion of my spirit, at all events, I am at present delighted with some such idea and hope.

Preserve then, O judges, a man of such virtue as that of Archias, which you see testified to you not only by the worth of his friends, but by the length of time during which they have been such to him; and of such genius as you ought to think is his, when you see that it has been sought by most illustrious men. And his cause is one which is approved of by the benevolence of the law, by the authority of his municipality, by the testimony of Lucullus, and by the documentary evidence of Metellus. And as this is the case, we do entreat you, O judges, if there may be any weight attached, I will not say to human, but even to divine recommendation in such important matters, to receive under your protection that man who has at all times done honor to your generals and to the exploits of the Roman people—who even in these recent perils of our own, and in your domestic dangers, promises to give an eternal testimony of praise in our favor, and who forms one of that band of poets who have at all times and in all nations been considered and called holy, so that he may seem relieved by your humanity, rather than overwhelmed by your severity.

The things which, according to my custom, I have said briefly and simply, O judges, I trust have been approved by all of you. Those things which I have spoken, without regarding the habits of the forum or judicial usage, both concerning the genius of the man and my own zeal in his behalf, I trust have been received by you in good part. That they have been so by him who presides at this trial, I am quite certain.

SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF QUINTUS LIGARIUS

A PLEA, NOT FOR JUSTICE, BUT FOR CLEMENCY

THE ARGUMENT

QUINTUS LIGARIUS was a Roman knight, who had been one of the lieutenants of Considius, the proconsul of Africa, and one of Pompey's partisans, and as such had borne arms against Cæsar in Africa, on which account he had gone into voluntary exile, to get out of the reach of the conqueror. But his two brothers had been on Cæsar's side, and had joined Pansa and Cicero in interceding with Cæsar to pardon him. While Cæsar was hesitating, Quintus Tubero, who was an ancient enemy of his, knowing that Cæsar was very unwilling to restore him (for Ligarius was a great lover of liberty), impeached him as having behaved with great violence in the prosecution of the African war against Cæsar, who privately encouraged this proceeding, and ordered the action to be tried in the forum, where he sat in person as judge to decide it; and so determined was he against Ligarius that he is said to have brought the sentence of condemnation with him into court, already drawn up and formally signed and sealed. But he was prevailed upon by Cicero's eloquence, which extorted from him a verdict of acquittal against his will; and he afterward pardoned Ligarius and allowed him to return to Rome.

Ligarius afterward became a great friend of Brutus, and joined him in the conspiracy against Cæsar.

IT IS a new crime, and one never heard of before this day, O Caius Cæsar, which my relation Quintus Tubero has brought before you, when he accuses Quintus Ligarius with having been in Africa; and that charge Caius Pansa, a man of eminent genius, relying, perhaps, on that intimacy with you which he enjoys, has ventured to confess. Therefore I do not know which way I had best proceed. For I had come prepared, as you did not know that fact of your own knowledge, and could not have heard it from any other quarter, to abuse your ignorance in order to further the safety of a miserable man. But, however, since

that which was previously unknown has been feretted out by the diligence of his enemy, we must, I suppose, confess the truth; especially as my dear friend Caius Pansa has so acted that it would not now be in my power to deny it. Therefore, abandoning all dispute of the fact, all my speech must be addressed to your mercy; by which many have already been preserved, having besought of you, not a release from all guilt, but pardon from admitted error.

You, therefore, O Tubero, have that which is of all things most desirable for a prosecutor, a defendant who confesses his fault; but still, one who confesses it only so far as he admits that he was of the same party as you yourself, O Tubero, were, and as that man worthy of all praise, your father, also was. Therefore you must inevitably confess yourselves also to be guilty, before you can find fault with any part of the conduct of Ligarius.

Quintus Ligarius, then, at a time when there was no suspicion of war, went as lieutenant into Africa with Caius Considius, in which lieutenancy he made himself so acceptable, both to our citizens there and to our allies, that Considius on departing from the province could not have given satisfaction to those men if he had appointed any one else to govern it. Therefore, Quintus Ligarius, after refusing it for a long time without effect, took upon himself the government of the province against his will. And while peace lasted, he governed it in such a manner that his integrity and good faith were most acceptable both to our citizens and to our allies. On a sudden, war broke out, which those who were in Africa heard of as being actually raging before any rumor of its preparation had reached them. But when they did hear of it, partly out of an inconsiderate eagerness, partly out of some blind apprehension, they sought for

some one as a leader, at first only with the object of securing their safety, and afterward with that of indulging their party-spirit; while Ligarius, keeping his eyes fixed on home, and wishing to return to his friends, would not allow himself to be implicated in any business of the sort. In the meantime, Publius Attius Varus, who as prætor had obtained the province of Africa, came to Utica. Every one immediately flocked to him, and he seized on the government with no ordinary eagerness, if that may be called government which was conferred on him, while a private individual, by the clamor of an ignorant mob, without the sanction of any public council. Therefore, Ligarius, who was anxious to avoid being mixed up in any transactions of the sort, remained quiet for some time on the arrival of Varus.

Up to this point, O Caius Cæsar, Quintus Ligarius is free from all blame. He left his home, not only not for the purpose of joining in any war, but when there was not even the slightest suspicion of war. Having gone as lieutenant in time of peace, he behaved himself in a most peaceable province in such a manner that it wished that peace might last forever. Beyond all question, his departure from Rome with such an object ought not to be and cannot be offensive to you. Was, then, his remaining there offensive? Much less. For if it was no discreditable inclination that led to his going thither, it was even an honorable necessity which compelled him to remain. Both these times, then, are free from all fault—the time when he first went as lieutenant, and the time when, having been demanded by the province, he was appointed governor of Africa.

There is a third time: that during which he remained in Africa after the arrival of Varus; and if that is at all

criminal, the crime is one of necessity, not of inclination. Would he, if he could possibly have escaped thence by any means whatever, would he rather have been at Utica than at Rome—with Publius Attius, in preference to his own most united brothers? would he rather have been among strangers than with his own friends? When his lieutenancy itself had been full of regret and anxiety on account of the extraordinary affection subsisting between him and his brothers, could he possibly remain there with any equanimity when separated from those brothers by the discord of war?

You have, therefore, O Cæsar, no sign as yet of the affections of Quintus Ligarius being alienated from you. And observe, I entreat you, with what good faith I am defending his cause. I am betraying my own by so doing. O the admirable clemency, deserving to be celebrated by all possible praise, and publicity, and writings, and monuments! Marcus Cicero is urging in Ligarius's defence before you, that the inclinations of another were not the same as he admits his own to have been; nor does he fear your silent thoughts, nor is he under any apprehension as to what, while you are hearing of the conduct of another, may occur to you respecting his own.

See how entirely free from fear I am. See how brilliantly the light of your liberality and wisdom rises upon me while speaking before you! As far as I can, I will lift up my voice so that the Roman people may hear me. When the war began, O Cæsar, when it was even very greatly advanced toward its end, I, though compelled by no extraneous force, of my own free judgment and inclination went to join that party which had taken up arms against you. Before whom now am I saying this? For-

sooth, before the man who, though he was acquainted with this, nevertheless restored me to the republic before he saw me; who sent letters to me from Egypt, to desire me to behave as I always had behaved; who, when he himself might have been the sole leader of the Roman people in the whole empire, still permitted me to be the other; by whose gift it was (this very Caius Pansa, who is here present, bringing me the news) that I retained the fasces wreathed with laurel, as long as I thought it becoming to retain them at all, and who would not have considered that he was giving me safety at all, if he did not give it me without my being stripped of any of my previous distinctions.

Observe, I pray you, O Tubero, how I, who do not hesitate to speak of my own conduct, do not venture to make any confession with respect to Ligarius: and I have said thus much respecting myself, to induce Tubero to excuse me when I say the same things of him. For I look in the forum on his industry and desire of glory, either on account of the nearness of our relationship, or because I am delighted with his genius and with his earnestness, or because I think that the praises of a young man who is my relative redound somewhat to my own credit. But I ask this—Who is it who thinks that it was any crime in Ligarius to have been in Africa? Why, the very man who himself also wished to be in Africa, and who complains that he was prevented by Ligarius from going there, and who certainly was in arms and fought against Cæsar. For, O Tubero, what was that drawn sword of yours doing in the battle of Pharsalia? against whose side was that sword-point of yours aimed? What was the feeling with which you took up arms? What was your intention? Where were your eyes? your hands? your eagerness of mind? What were you

desirous of? What were you wishing for? I am pressing you too hard. The young man appears to be moved. I will return to myself. I also was in arms in the same camp.

But what other object had we, O Tubero, except to be able to do what this man can do now? Shall, then, O Cæsar, the speech of those men spur you on to deeds of cruelty, whose impunity is the great glory of your clemency? And in this cause, in truth, O Tubero, I am somewhat at a loss to discern your usual prudence, but much more so to see the sagacity of your father, since that man, eminent both for genius and erudition, did not perceive what sort of case this was. For if he had perceived it, he would, I doubt not, have preferred that you should conduct it in any manner in the world, rather than as you did.

You are accusing one who confesses the facts which you allege against him. That is not enough. You are accusing one who has a case, as I say, better than your own, or, as you yourself allow, at least as good as yours. This is strange enough; but what I am about to say is a perfect miracle. That accusation of yours does not tend to the point of procuring the condemnation of Quintus Ligarius, but of causing his death. And this is an object which no Roman citizen has ever pursued before you. That way of acting is quite foreign. It is the hatred of fickle Greeks or of savage barbarians that is usually excited to the pitch of thirsting for blood. For what else is your object? To prevent him from being at Rome? To deprive him of his country? To hinder him from living with his excellent brothers, with this Titus Brocchus, whom you see in court, his uncle, or with Brocchus's son, his cousin? To prevent his appearing in his country? Is that it? Can he be more deprived of all these things than he is already? He is

prevented from approaching Italy; he is banished. You, therefore, do not wish to deprive him of his country, of which he already is deprived, but of his life.

But even in the time of that dictator who punished with death every one whom he disliked, no one ever proceeded in that manner to accomplish such an end. He himself ordered men to be slain, without any one asking him; he even invited men to slay them by rewards; and that cruelty of his was avenged some years afterward by this selfsame man whom you now wish to become cruel!

"But I am not asking for his death," you will say. I think indeed that you do not intend to do so, O Tubero. For I know you, I know your father, I know your birth and your name, and the pursuits of your race and family; your love of virtue, and civilization, and learning; your many admirable qualities—all are known to me. Therefore I know for a certainty that you are not thirsting for blood, but you give no heed to the effect of your prosecution. For the transaction has this tendency, to make you seem not contented with that punishment under which Quintus Ligarius is at present suffering. What further punishment then is there but death? For if he be in exile, as he is, what more do you require? That he may never be pardoned? But this is much more bitter and much harsher. That which we begged for at his house with prayers and tears, throwing ourselves at his feet, trusting not so much to the strength of our cause as to his humanity, will you now struggle to prevent our obtaining? Will you interrupt our weeping? and will you forbid us to speak, lying at his feet, with the voice of suppliants? If, when we were doing this at his house, as we did, and a I hope we did not do in vain, you had all on a sudden burst in, and had begun to

cry out, "O Caius Cæsar, beware how you pardon, beware how you pity brothers entreating you for the safety of their brother," would you not have renounced all humanity by such conduct? How much harder is this, for you to oppose in the forum what we begged of him in his own house! and while numbers are in this distress, to take away from them the refuge which they might find in his clemency!

I will speak plainly, O Caius Cæsar, what I feel. If in this splendid fortune of yours your lenity had not been as great as you of your own accord—of your own accord, I say (I know well what I am saying), make it, that victory of yours would have been pregnant with the bitterest grief to the state. For how many of the conquering party must have been found who would have wished you to be cruel, when some of even the conquered party are found to wish it! how many who, wishing no one to be pardoned by you, would have thrown obstacles in the way of your clemency, when even those men whom you yourself have pardoned are unwilling that you should be merciful to others!

But if we could prove to Cæsar that Ligarius was actually not in Africa at all, if we wished to save an unfortunate citizen by an honorable and merciful falsehood; still it would not be the act of a man, in a case of such danger and peril to a fellow citizen, to contradict and refute our falsehood; and if it were decent for any one to do so, it would certainly not be so for one who had himself been in the same case and condition. But, however, it is one thing to be unwilling that Cæsar should make a mistake, and another to be unwilling that he should be merciful. Then you would say, "Beware, O Cæsar, of believing all this—Ligarius was in Africa. He did bear arms against you." But now what is it that you say? "Take care you do not

pardon him." This is not the language of a man; but he who uses it to you, O Caius Cæsar, will find it an easier matter to abjure his own humanity than to strip you of yours.

And the first beginning, and the first proposition of Tubero, I imagine, was this; that he intended to speak of the wickedness of Quintus Ligarius. I make no doubt that you wondered how it was that no one made this statement respecting some one else, or how it was that he made it who had been in the same condition himself, or what new crime it was which he was bringing forward. Do you call that wickedness, Tubero? Why so? For that cause has not as yet been attacked by that name. Some call it mistake; some call it fear; those who give it a harder name term it hope, ambition, hatred, obstinacy; those who use the hardest language style it rashness. But up to this time no one except you has ever called it wickedness. My own opinion is, if any one seeks for a proper and accurate name for our misfortune, that some disaster sent by destiny descended upon and occupied the improvident minds of men; so that no one ought to wonder that human counsels were overruled by divine necessity.

Let it be allowed to us to be miserable, although that we cannot be when this man is our conqueror. But I am not speaking of those who have perished. Grant that they were ambitious, that they were angry, that they were obstinate men; but still let Cnæus Pompeius, for he is dead, and let many others with him, be free from the imputation of wickedness, of insanity, of parricide. When did any one hear such an expression from you, O Caius Cæsar? or what other object did your arms propose to themselves except the repelling insult from yourself? What was it that was

accomplished by that invincible army of yours, beyond the preservation of its own rights, and of your dignity? What? when you were anxious for peace, was it your object to be able to come to terms of agreement with the wicked, or with the virtuous part of the citizens? To me, of a truth, O Cæsar, your services toward me, immense as they are, would certainly not appear so great, if I thought that I had been preserved by you while you considered me a wicked man. And how could you possibly have deserved well of the republic, if you had wished so many wicked men to remain with all their dignity unimpaired? Originally, O Cæsar, you considered that as a secession, not as a declaration of war; you considered it as a demonstration not of hostile hatred, but of civil dissension, in which both parties desired the safety of the republic, but some departed from measures calculated for the general welfare out of an error of judgment, and some out of party spirit. The dignity of the leaders was nearly on a par; but that of those who followed them was perhaps not quite equal; the justice of the cause, too, was at that time doubtful, because there was something on each side which deserved to be approved of; but now that is unquestionably entitled to be thought the better cause which even the gods assisted. But now that your clemency is known, who is there who does not think well of that victory, in which no one has fallen except those who fell with arms in their hands?

But to say no more of the general question, let us come to our own individual case. Which do you think was easiest, O Tubero, for Ligarius to depart from Africa, or for you to abstain from coming into Africa? "Could we so abstain," you will say, "after the senate had voted that we should do so?" If you ask me, I say, certainly not. But

still the same senate had appointed Ligarius lieutenant. And he obeyed them at a time when men were forced to obey the senate; but you obeyed at a time when no one obeyed them who did not like it. Do I then find fault with you? By no means;—for a man of your family, of your name, of your race, of your hereditary principles, could not act otherwise. But I do not grant that you have a right to reprove in others the very same conduct which you boast of in yourselves.

Tubero's lot was drawn in pursuance of a resolution of the senate when he himself was not present, when he was even hindered by sickness from being present. He had made up his mind to excuse himself. I know all this from the great intimacy which exists between Lucius Tubero and myself: we were brought up together, in our campaigns we were comrades, afterward we became connected by marriage, and throughout the whole of our lives, in short, we have been friends; it has been, moreover, a great bond between us, that we have been devoted to the same studies. I know, therefore, that Tubero wished to remain at home; but there was a person who contrived matters in such a way, who put forth that most holy name of the republic so artfully, that even had his sentiments been different from what they were, he would not have been able to support the weight of his language. He submitted to the authority of a most distinguished man, or, I should rather say, he obeyed him. He went off at the same time with those men who were already embarked in the same cause, but he made his journey slower than they. Therefore, he arrived in Africa when it was already occupied; and from this it is that the charge against Ligarius, or rather the enmity against him, has its rise. For if it be a crime in him to

have wished to hinder you, it is a no less serious one for you to have wished to obtain Africa, the citadel of all the provinces, a land created for the purpose of waging war against this city, than for somebody else to have preferred obtaining it himself—and that somebody was not Ligarius. Varus kept saying, that he had the command there; the fasces he certainly had. But however the case, as to that part of it, may be, what weight is there, O Tubero, in this complaint of yours? "We were admitted into the province." Well, suppose you had been admitted? was it your object to deliver it up to Cæsar, or to hold it against Cæsar?

See, O Cæsar, what license, or rather what audacity, your liberality gives us. If Tubero replies that his father would have given up to you that province to which the senate and the lot which he drew had sent him, I will not hesitate in severe language to reprove that design of his before you yourself, to whose advantage it was that he should do so. For even if the action had been an acceptable one to you, it would not have been thought an honest one by you. But, however, all these topics I will pass over, not so much for fear of offending your most patient ears, as because that I do not wish that Tubero should appear to have been likely to do what he never thought of.

You two came, then, into the province of Africa—the province of all others that was most hostile to the views of this victorious party, in which there was a most powerful king, an enemy to this cause, and in which the inclinations of a large and powerful body of Roman settlers were entirely adverse to it. I ask what you intended to do? Though I do not really doubt what you intended to do,

when I see what you have done. You were forbidden to set foot in your province, and forbidden, as you state yourselves, with the greatest insults. How did you bear that? To whom did you carry your complaints of the insults which you had received? Why, to that man whose authority you had followed when you came to join his party in the war. If it had been in Cæsar's cause that you were coming to the province, unquestionably, when excluded from the province, it was to him that you would have gone. But you came to Pompeius. What is the meaning, then, of this complaint which you now urge before Cæsar, when you accuse that man by whom you complain that you were prevented from waging war against Cæsar? And as to this part of the business you may boast, for all I care, even though it will be falsely, that you would have given the province up to Cæsar, even if you had been forbidden by Varus and by some others. But I will confess that the fault was all Ligarius's, who deprived you of an opportunity of acquiring so much glory.

But observe, I pray you, O Caius Cæsar, the consistency of that most accomplished man, Lucius Tubero, which even though I thought as highly of it as I do, I still would not mention, if I were not aware that that is a virtue which you are in the habit of praising as much as any. Where, then, was there ever an example of such great consistency in any man? Consistency, do I say? I do not know whether I might not more fitly call it patience. For how few men would have acted in such a manner as to return to that same party by which he had been rejected in a time of civil dissension, and rejected even with cruelty! That is the act of a great mind, and of a man whom no contumely, no violence, and no danger can turn from a side which he has

espoused, and from an opinion which he has adopted. Grant that in all other respects Tubero and Varus were on a par, as to honor, that is, and nobleness of birth, and respectability, and genius—which, however, was by no means the case; at all events, Tubero had this great advantage, that he had come to his own province with a legitimate command, in pursuance of a resolution of the senate. When he was prevented from entering it, he did not betake himself to Cæsar, lest he should appear to be in a passion—he did not go home, lest he should be thought inactive—he did not go into any other district, lest he might seem to condemn that cause which he had espoused. He came into Macedonia to the camp of Cnæus Pompeius, to join that very party by whom he had been repulsed with every circumstance of insult.

What? when that affair had had no effect on the mind of the man to whom you came, you behaved, after that, with a more languid zeal, I suppose, in his cause? You only stayed in some garrison? But your affections were alienated from his cause? Or were we all, as is the case in a civil war, and not more with respect to you two, than with respect to others—were we all wholly occupied with a desire of victory? I, indeed, was at all times an advocate of peace, but that time I was too late. For it was the part of a madman to think of peace when he saw the hostile army in battle array. We all, every one of us, I say, were eager for victory; you most especially, as you had come into a place where you must inevitably perish if your side were not victorious. Although, as the result now turns out, I make no doubt that you consider your present safety preferable to what would have been the consequences of victory.

I would not say these things, O Tubero, if you had any reason to repent of your consistency, or Cæsar of his kindness. I ask now whether you are seeking to avenge your own injuries, or those of the republic? If those of the republic, what reply can you make with respect to your perseverance in the cause of that other party? If your own, take care that you are not making a great mistake in thinking that Cæsar will be angry with your enemies, after he has pardoned his own.

Do I, then, appear to you, O Cæsar, to be occupied in the cause of Ligarius? Do I appear to be speaking of his conduct? In whatever I have said, I have endeavored to refer everything to the leading idea of your humanity, or clemency, or mercy, whichever may be its most proper name. I have, indeed, O Caius Cæsar, pleaded many causes with you, while your pursuit of honors detained you in the forum; but certainly I never pleaded in this way, "Pardon my client, O judges; he has erred, he has tripped, he did not think. . . . If ever hereafter . . ." This is the sort of way in which one pleads with a parent; to judges one says, "He never did it, he never thought of it, the witnesses are false, the accusation is false." Say, O Cæsar, that you are sitting as judge on the conduct of Ligarius. Ask me in what garrisons he was. I make no reply. I do not even adduce these arguments, which, perhaps, might have weight even with a judge—"He went as a lieutenant before the war broke out; he was left there in time of peace; he was overtaken by the war; in the war itself he was not cruel; he was in disposition and soul wholly yours." This is the way in which men are in the habit of pleading before a judge. But I am addressing a parent. "I have erred; I have acted rashly; I repent; I

flee to your clemency; I beg pardon for my fault; I entreat you to pardon me." If no one has gained such indulgence from you, it is an arrogant address. But if many have, then do you give us assistance who have already given us hope. Is it possible that Ligarius should have no reason for hope, when I am allowed to approach you even for the purpose of entreating mercy for another? Although the hope which we entertain in this cause does not rest upon this oration of mine, nor on the zeal of those who entreat you for Ligarius, intimate friends of your own.

For I have seen and known what it was that you mainly considered when many men were exerting themselves for any one's safety; I have seen that the causes of those who were entreating you had more weight with you than the persons of the advocates, and that you considered, not how much the man who was entreating you was your friend, but how much he was the friend of him for whom he was exerting himself. Therefore, you grant your friends so many favors, that they who enjoy your liberality appear to me sometimes to be happier than you yourself who give them so much. But, however, I see, as I said before, that the causes of those who entreat your mercy have more weight with you than the entreaties themselves; and that you are most moved by those men whose grief, which they display in their petitions to you, is the most genuine.

In preserving Quintus Ligarius you will do what will be acceptable to numbers of your intimate friends; but, I entreat you, give weight to the considerations which are accustomed to influence you. I can mention to you most brave men, Sabines, men most highly esteemed by you; and the whole of the Sabine district, the flower of Italy and the chief strength of the republic. You are well acquainted

with the men. Observe the sadness and grief of all these men. You see yourself the tears and mourning attire of Titus Brocchus, who is here present, and I am in no doubt as to what your opinion of him is: you see the grief of his son. Why need I speak of the brothers of Ligarius? Do not fancy, O Cæsar, that we are pleading for the life of one individual only. You must either retain all three of the Ligarii in the city, or banish them all three from the city. Any exile is more desirable for them than their own country, their own house, and their own household gods will be, if this their brother is banished by himself. If they act as brothers should—if they behave with affection and with genuine grief, then let their tears, their affection, and their relationship as brothers move you. Let that expression of yours have weight now which gained the victory; for we heard that you said that we thought all men our enemies but those who were with us; but that you considered all men as your friends who were not actually arrayed against you. Do you see, then, this most respectable band; do you see the whole house of the Brocchi here present, and Lucius Marcius, and Caius Cæsetius, and Lucius Corfidius, and all these Roman knights, who are present here in mourning garments—men who are not only well known to but highly esteemed by you? They all were with you then; and we were full of anger against them—we were attacking them; some even personally threatened them. Preserve, therefore, their friends to your friends; so that, like everything else which has been said by you, this, too, may be found to be strictly true.

But if you were able to look into the hearts of the Ligarii, so as to see the perfect unanimity which subsists

between them, you would think that all the brothers were on your side. Can any one entertain a doubt that, if Quintus Ligarius had been able to be in Italy, he would also have adopted the same opinions as his brothers adopted? Who is there who is not acquainted with the harmony existing between them, united and molten together, as I may say, by their nearness of age to one another? Who does not feel that anything in the world was more likely than that these brothers should adopt different opinions and embrace different parties? By inclination, therefore, they were all with you. Owing to the necessity of the times, one was separated from you; but he, even if he had done what he did deliberately, would still have been only like those men whom, nevertheless, you have shown yourself desirous to save.

However, grant that he went up of his own accord to the war, and that he departed, not only from you, but also from his brothers. These friends of your own entreat you to pardon him. I, indeed, at the time when I was present at, and mixed up in, all your affairs, remember well what was the behavior of Titus Ligarius at that time, when he was city quæstor, with reference to you and your dignity. But it is of no importance for me to remember this. I hope that you, too, who are not in the habit of forgetting anything, except the injuries which have been done to you, since it is a part of your character, a part of your natural disposition, to do so, while you are thinking of the manner in which he conducted himself in the discharge of his duty as quæstor, and while you remember, too, how some other quæstors behaved—I hope, I say, that you will also recollect this.

This Titus Ligarius, then, who had at that time no other

object except to induce you to think him attached to your interests, and a virtuous man also (for he could never foresee these present circumstances), now as a suppliant begs the safety of his brother from you. And when, urged by the recollection of his devotion to you, you have granted that safety to these men, you will by so doing have made a present of three most virtuous and upright brothers, not only to themselves, nor to these men, numerous and respectable as they are, nor to us who are their intimate friends, but also to the republic. That, therefore, which in the case of that most noble and most illustrious man, Marcus Marcellus, you lately did in the senate house, do now also in the forum with respect to these most virtuous brothers, who are so highly esteemed by all the crowd here present. As you granted him to the senate, so grant this man to the people, whose affections you have always considered most important to you. And if that day was one most glorious to you, and at the same time most acceptable to the Roman people, do not, I entreat you—do not hesitate to earn the praise of a glory like that as frequently as possible.

For there is nothing so calculated to win the affections of the people as kindness. Of all your many virtues, there is none more admirable, none more beloved than your mercy. For there is no action by which men make a nearer approach to the gods, than by conferring safety on others. Fortune has no greater gifts for you than when it bestows on you the ability—nature has no better endowment for you than when it bestows on you the will, to save as many people as possible. The cause of my client, perhaps requires a longer speech than this: a shorter one would certainly be sufficient for a man of your natural disposition. Wherefore as I think it more desirable for you to converse

as it were, with yourself, than for me or any one else to be speaking to you, I shall now make an end. This only will I remind you of, that if you do grant this protection to him who is absent, you will be giving it also to all these men who are here present.

THE FIRST PHILIPPIC, OR FIRST ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

BEFORE, O conscript fathers, I say those things concerning the republic which I think myself bound to say at the present time, I will explain to you briefly the cause of my departure from, and of my return to, the city.

When I hoped that the republic was at last recalled to a proper respect for your wisdom and for your authority, I thought that it became me to remain in a sort of sentinel-ship, which was imposed upon me by my position as a senator and a man of consular rank. Nor did I depart anywhere, nor did I ever take my eyes off from the republic, from the day on which we were summoned to meet in the temple of Tellus; in which temple I, as far as was in my power, laid the foundations of peace, and renewed the ancient precedent set by the Athenians; I even used the Greek word, which that city employed in those times in allaying discords, and gave my vote that all recollection of

the existing dissensions ought to be effaced by everlasting oblivion.

The oration then made by Marcus Antonius was an admirable one; his disposition, too, appeared excellent; and lastly, by his means and by his sons', peace was ratified with the most illustrious of the citizens; and everything else was consistent with this beginning. He invited the chief men of the state to those deliberations which he held at his own house concerning the state of the republic; he referred all the most important matters to this order.

Nothing was at that time found among the papers of Caius Cæsar except what was already well known to everybody; and he gave answers to every question that was asked of him with the greatest consistency. Were any exiles restored? He said that one was, and only one. Were any immunities granted? He answered, None. He wished us even to adopt the proposition of Servius Sulpicius, that most illustrious man, that no tablet purporting to contain any decree or grant of Cæsar's should be published after the Ides of March were expired.

I pass over many other things, all excellent — for I am hastening to come to a very extraordinary act of virtue of Marcus Antonius. He utterly abolished from the constitution of the republic the Dictatorship, which had by this time attained to the authority of regal power. And that measure was not even offered to us for discussion. He brought with him a decree of the senate, ready drawn up, ordering what he chose to have done; and when it had been read, we all submitted to his authority in the matter with the greatest eagerness; and, by another resolution of the

senate, we returned him thanks in the most honorable and complimentary language.

A new light, as it were, seemed to be brought over us, now that not only the kingly power which we had endured, but all fear of such power for the future, was taken away from us; and a great pledge appeared to have been given by him to the republic that he did wish the city to be free, when he utterly abolished out of the republic the name of dictator, which had often been a legitimate title, on account of our late recollection of a perpetual dictatorship.

A few days afterward the senate was delivered from the danger of bloodshed, and a hook was fixed into that runaway slave who had usurped the name of Caius Marius. And all these things he did in concert with his colleague. Some other things that were done were the acts of Dolabella alone; but, if his colleague had not been absent, would, I believe, have been done by both of them in concert.

For when enormous evil was insinuating itself into the republic, and was gaining more strength day by day; and when the same men were erecting a tomb in the forum, who had performed that irregular funeral; and when abandoned men, with slaves like themselves, were every day threatening with more and more vehemence all the houses and temples of the city; so severe was the rigor of Dolabella, not only toward the audacious and wicked slaves, but also toward the profligate and unprincipled freemen, and so prompt was his overthrow of that accursed pillar, that it seems marvellous to me that the subsequent time has been so different from that one day.

For behold, on the first of June, on which day they had given notice that we were all to attend the senate, everything was changed. Nothing was done by the senate, but many and important measures were transacted by the agency of the people, though that people was both absent and disapproving. The consuls elect said that they did not dare to come into the senate. The liberators of their country were absent from that city from the neck of which they had removed the yoke of slavery; though the very consuls themselves professed to praise them in their public harangues and in all their conversation. Those who were called Veterans, men of whose safety this order had been most particularly careful, were instigated not to the preservation of those things which they had, but to cherish hopes of new booty. And as I preferred hearing of those things to seeing them, and as I had an honorary commission as lieutenant, I went away, intending to be present on the first of January, which appeared likely to be the first day of assembling the senate.

I have now explained to you, O conscript fathers, my design in leaving the city. Now I will briefly set before you, also, my intention in returning, which may perhaps appear more unaccountable. As I had avoided Brundusium, and the ordinary route into Greece, not without good reason, on the first of August I arrived at Syracuse, because the passage from that city into Greece was said to be a good one. And that city, with which I had so intimate a connection, could not, though it was very eager to do so, detain me more than one night. I was afraid that my sudden arrival among my friends might cause some suspicion if I remained there at all. But after the winds had driven me, on my departure from Sicily, to Leucopetra,

which is a promontory of the Rhegian district, I went up the gulf from that point, with the view of crossing over. And I had not advanced far before I was driven back by a foul wind to the very place which I had just quitted. And as the night was stormy, and as I had lodged that night in the villa of Publius Valerius, my companion and intimate friend, and as I remained all the next day at his house waiting for a fair wind, many of the citizens of the municipality of Rhegium came to me. And of them there were some who had lately arrived from Rome; from them I first heard of the harangue of Marcus Antonius, with which I was so much pleased that, after I had read it, I began for the first time to think of returning. And not long afterward the edict of Brutus and Cassius is brought to me; which (perhaps because I love those men, even more for the sake of the republic than of my own friendship for them) appeared to me, indeed, to be full of equity. They added besides (for it is a very common thing for those who are desirous of bringing good news to invent something to make the news which they bring seem more joyful) that parties were coming to an agreement; that the senate was to meet on the first of August; that Antonius having discarded all evil counsellors, and having given up the provinces of Gaul, was about to return to submission to the authority of the senate.

But on this I was inflamed with such eagerness to return, that no oars or winds could be fast enough for me; not that I thought that I should not arrive in time, but lest I should be later than I wished in congratulating the republic; and I quickly arrived at Velia, where I saw Brutus; how grieved I was, I cannot express. For it seemed to be a discreditable thing for me myself, that I

should venture to return into that city from which Brutus was departing, and that I should be willing to live safely in a place where he could not. But he himself was not agitated in the same manner that I was; for, being elevated with the consciousness of his great and glorious exploit, he had no complaints to make of what had befallen him, though he lamented your fate exceedingly. And it was from him that I first heard what had been the language of Lucius Piso, in the senate of August; who although he was but little assisted (for that I heard from Brutus himself) by those who ought to have seconded him, still according to the testimony of Brutus (and what evidence can be more trustworthy?), and to the avowal of every one whom I saw afterward, appeared to me to have gained great credit. I hastened hither, therefore, in order that as those who were present had not seconded him, I might do so; not with the hope of doing any good, for I neither hoped for that, nor did I well see how it was possible; but in order that if anything happened to me (and many things appeared to be threatening me out of the regular course of nature, and even of destiny), I might still leave my speech on this day as a witness to the republic of my everlasting attachment to its interests.

Since, then, O conscript fathers, I trust that the reason of my adopting each determination appears praiseworthy to you, before I begin to speak of the republic, I will make a brief complaint of the injury which Marcus Antonius did me yesterday; to whom I am friendly, and I have at all times admitted having received some services from him which make it my duty to be so.

What reason had he then for endeavoring, with such

bitter hostility, to force me into the senate yesterday? Was I the only person who was absent? Have you not repeatedly had thinner houses than yesterday? Or was a matter of such importance under discussion, that it was desirable for even sick men to be brought down? Hannibal, I suppose, was at the gates, or there was to be a debate about peace with Pyrrhus; on which occasion it is related that even the great Appius, old and blind as he was, was brought down to the senate house. There was a motion being made about some supplications; a kind of measure when senators are not usually wanting; for they are under the compulsion, not of pledges, but of the influence of those men whose honor is being complimented; and the case is the same when the motion has reference to a triumph. The consuls are so free from anxiety at these times, that it is almost entirely free for a senator to absent himself if he pleases. And as the general custom of our body was well known to me, and as I was hardly recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and was vexed with myself, I sent a man to him, out of regard for my friendship to him, to tell him that I should not be there. But he, in the hearing of you all, declared that he would come with masons to my house; this was said with too much passion and very intemperately. For, for what crime is there such a heavy punishment appointed as that, that any one should venture to say in this assembly that he, with the assistance of a lot of common operatives, would pull down a house which had been built at the public expense in accordance with a vote of the senate? And who ever employed such compulsion as the threat of such an injury as that to a senator? or what severer punishment has ever been imposed for absence than the forfeiture of a pledge, or a fine?

But if he had known what opinion I should have delivered on the subject, he would have remitted somewhat of the rigor of his compulsion.

Do you think, O conscript fathers, that I would have voted for the resolution which you adopted against your own wills, of mingling funeral obsequies with supplications? of introducing inexplicable impiety into the republic? of decreeing supplications in honor of a dead man? I say nothing about who the man was. Even had he been that great Lucius Brutus who himself also delivered the republic from kingly power, and who has produced posterity nearly five hundred years after himself of similar virtue, and equal to similar achievements—even then I could not have been induced to join any dead man in a religious observance paid to the immortal gods; so that a supplication should be addressed by public authority to a man who has nowhere a sepulchre at which funeral obsequies may be celebrated.

I, O conscript fathers, should have delivered my opinion, which I could easily have defended against the Roman people, if any heavy misfortune had happened to the republic, such as war, or pestilence, or famine; some of which, indeed, do exist already, and I have my fears lest others are impending. But I pray that the immortal gods may pardon this act, both to the Roman people, which does not approve of it, and to this order, which voted it with great unwillingness. What? may I not speak of the other misfortunes of the republic?—At all events it is in my power, and it always will be in my power, to uphold my own dignity and to despise death. Let me have only the power to come into this house, and I will never shrink from the danger of declaring my opinion!

And, O conscript fathers, would that I had been able to be present on the first of August; not that I should have been able to do any good, but to prevent any one saying that not one senator of consular rank (as was the case then) was found worthy of that honor and worthy of the republic. And this circumstance indeed gives me great pain, that men who have enjoyed the most honorable distinctions which the Roman people can confer did not second Lucius Piso, the proposer of an excellent opinion. Is it for this that the Roman people made us consuls, that, being placed on the loftiest and most honorable step of dignity, we should consider the republic of no importance? Not only did no single man of consular dignity indicate his agreement with Lucius Piso by his voice, but they did not venture even to look as if they agreed with him. What, in the name of all that is horrible, is the meaning of this voluntary slavery?—Some submission may have been unavoidable: nor do I require this from every one of the men who deliver their opinions from the consular bench; the case of those men whose silence I pardon is different from that of those whose expression of their sentiments I require; and I do grieve that those men have fallen under the suspicion of the Roman people, not only as being afraid—which of itself would be shameful enough—but as having different private causes for being wanting to their proper dignity.

Wherefore, in the first place, I both feel and acknowledge great obligations to Lucius Piso, who considered not what he was able to effect in the republic, but what it was his own duty to do; and, in the next place, I entreat of you, O conscript fathers, even if you have not quite the courage to agree with my speech and to adopt my advice,

at all events to listen to me with kindness as you have always hitherto done.

In the first place, then, I declare my opinion that the acts of Cæsar ought to be maintained: not that I approve of them (for who indeed can do that?), but because I think that we ought above all things to have regard to peace and tranquillity. I wish that Antonius himself were present, provided he had no advocates with him. But I suppose he may be allowed to feel unwell, a privilege which he refused to allow me yesterday. He would then explain to me, or rather to you, O conscript fathers, to what extent he himself defended the acts of Cæsar. Are all the acts of Cæsar which may exist in the bits of note-books, and memoranda, and loose papers, produced on his single authority, and indeed not even produced, but only recited, to be ratified? And shall the acts which he caused to be engraved on brass, in which he declared that the edicts and laws passed by the people were valid forever, be considered as of no power? I think, indeed, that there is nothing so well entitled to be called the acts of Cæsar as Cæsar's laws. Suppose he gave any one a promise, is that to be ratified, even if it were a promise that he himself was unable to perform? As, in fact, he has failed to perform many promises made to many people. And a great many more of those promises have been found since his death than the number of all the services which he conferred on and did to people during all the years that he was alive would amount to.

But all those things I do not change, I do not meddle with. Nay, I defend all his good acts with the greatest earnestness. Would that the money remained in the temple of Opis! Blood-stained, indeed, it may be, but still

needful at these times, since it is not restored to those to whom it really belongs. Let that, however, be squandered, too, if it is so written in his acts. Is there anything whatever that can be called so peculiarly the act of that man who, while clad in the robe of peace, was yet invested with both civil and military command in the republic, as a law of his? Ask for the acts of Gracchus, the Sempronian laws will be brought forward; ask for those of Sylla, you will have the Cornelian laws. What more? In what acts did the third consulship of Cnæus Pompeius consist? Why, in his laws. And if you could ask Cæsar himself what he had done in the city and in the garb of peace, he would reply that he had passed many excellent laws; but his memoranda he would either alter or not produce at all; or, if he did produce them, he would not class them among his acts. But, however, I allow even these things to pass for acts; at some things I am content to wink; but I think it intolerable that the acts of Cæsar in the most important instances, that is to say, in his laws, are to be annulled for their sake.

What law was ever better, more advantageous, more frequently demanded, in the best ages of the republic, than the one which forbade the prætorian provinces to be retained more than a year, and the consular provinces more than two? If this law be abrogated, do you think that the acts of Cæsar are maintained? What? are not all the laws of Cæsar respecting judicial proceedings abrogated by the law which has been proposed concerning the third decury? And are you the defenders of the acts of Cæsar who overturn his laws? Unless, indeed, anything which, for the purpose of recollecting it, he entered in a notebook, is to be counted among his acts, and defended, how-

ever unjust or useless it may be; and that which he proposed to the people in the comitia centuriata and carried is not to be accounted one of the acts of Cæsar. But what is that third decury? The decury of centurions, says he. What? was not the judicature open to that order by the Julian law, and even before that by the Pompeian and Aurelian laws? The income of the men, says he, was exactly defined. Certainly, not only in the case of a centurion, but in the case, too, of a Roman knight. Therefore, men of the highest honor and of the greatest bravery, who have acted as centurions, are and have been judges. I am not asking about those men, says he. Whoever has acted as centurion, let him be a judge. But if you were to propose a law, that whoever had served in the cavalry, which is a higher post, should be a judge, you would not be able to induce any one to approve of that; for a man's fortune and worth ought to be regarded in a judge. I am not asking about those points, says he; I am going to add as judges common soldiers of the legion of Alaudæ; for our friends say that that is the only measure by which they can be saved. O what an insulting compliment it is to those men whom you summon to act as judges though they never expected it! For the effect of the law is, to make those men judges in the third decury who do not dare to judge with freedom. And in that how great, O ye immortal gods! is the error of those men who have desired that law. For the meaner the condition of each judge is, the greater will be the severity of judgment with which he will seek to efface the idea of his meanness; and he will strive rather to appear worthy of being classed in the honorable decuries than to have deservedly ranked in a disreputable one.

Another law was proposed, that men who had been condemned of violence and treason may appeal to the public if they please. Is this now a law, or rather an abrogation of all laws? For who is there at this day to whom it is an object that that law should stand? No one is accused under those laws; there is no one whom we think likely to be so accused. For measures which have been carried by force of arms will certainly never be impeached in a court of justice. But the measure is a popular one. I wish, indeed, that you were willing to promote any popular measure; for, at present, all the citizens agree with one mind and one voice in their view of its bearing on the safety of the republic.

What is the meaning, then, of the eagerness to pass the law which brings with it the greatest possible infamy, and no popularity at all? For what can be more discreditable than for a man who has committed treason against the Roman people by acts of violence, after he has been condemned by a legal decision to be able to return to that very course of violence on account of which he has been condemned? But why do I argue any more about this law? as if the object aimed at were to enable any one to appeal? The object is, the inevitable consequence must be, that no one can ever be prosecuted under those laws. For what prosecutor will be found insane enough to be willing, after the defendant has been condemned, to expose himself to the fury of a hired mob? or what judge will be bold enough to venture to condemn a criminal, knowing that he will immediately be dragged before a gang of hireling operatives? It is not, therefore, a right of appeal that is given by that law, but two most salutary laws and modes of judicial investigation that are abolished.

And what is this but exhorting young men to be turbulent, seditious, mischievous citizens?

To what extent of mischief will it not be possible to instigate the frenzy of the tribunes now that these two rights of impeachment for violence and for treason are annulled? What more? Is not this a substitution of a new law for the laws of Cæsar, which enact that every man who has been convicted of violence, and also every man who has been convicted of treason, shall be interdicted from fire and water? And, when those men have a right of appeal given them, are not the acts of Cæsar rescinded? And those acts, O conscript fathers, I, who never approved of them, have still thought it advisable to maintain for the sake of concord; so that I not only did not think that the laws which Cæsar had passed in his lifetime ought to be repealed, but I did not approve of meddling with those even which since the death of Cæsar you have seen produced and published.

Men have been recalled from banishment by a dead man; the freedom of the city has been conferred, not only on individuals, but on entire nations and provinces by a dead man; our revenues have been diminished by the granting of countless exemptions by a dead man. Therefore do we defend these measures which have been brought from his house on the authority of a single, but, I admit, a very excellent individual; and as for the laws which he, in your presence, read, and declared, and passed—in the passing of which he gloried, and on which he believed that the safety of the republic depended, especially those concerning provinces and concerning judicial proceedings—can we, I say, we who defend the acts of Cæsar, think that those laws deserve to be upset?

And yet, concerning those laws which were proposed, we have, at all events, the power of complaining; but concerning those which are actually passed we have not even had that privilege. For they, without any proposal of them to the people, were passed before they were framed. Men ask what is the reason why I, or why any one of you, O conscript fathers, should be afraid of bad laws while we have virtuous tribunes of the people? We have men ready to interpose their veto; ready to defend the republic with the sanctions of religion. We ought to be strangers to fear. What do you mean by interposing the veto? says he; what are all these sanctions of religion which you are talking about? Those, forsooth, on which the safety of the republic depends. We are neglecting those things, and thinking them too old-fashioned and foolish. The forum will be surrounded, every entrance of it will be blocked up; armed men will be placed in garrison, as it were, at many points. What then?—whatever is accomplished by those means will be law. And you will order, I suppose, all those regularly-passed decrees to be engraved on brazen tablets. "The consuls consulted the people in regular form" (Is this the way of consulting the people that we have received from our ancestors?), "and the people voted it with due regularity." What people? that which was excluded from the forum? Under what law did they do so? under that which has been wholly abrogated by violence and arms? But I am saying all this with reference to the future; because it is the part of a friend to point out evils which may be avoided; and if they never ensue that will be the best refutation of my speech. I am speaking of laws which have been proposed; concerning which you have still full power to decide either

way. I am pointing out the defects; away with them! I am denouncing violence and arms; away with them, too!

You and your colleague, O Dolabella, ought not, indeed, to be angry with me for speaking in defence of the republic. Although I do not think that you yourself will be; I know your willingness to listen to reason. They say that your colleague, in this fortune of his, which he himself thinks so good, but which would seem to me more favorable if (not to use any harsh language) he were to imitate the example set him by the consulship of his grandfathers and of his uncle—they say that he has been exceedingly offended. And I see what a formidable thing it is to have the same man angry with me and also armed; especially at a time when men can use their swords with such impunity. But I will propose a condition which I myself think reasonable, and which I do not imagine Marcus Antonius will reject. If I have said anything insulting against his way of life or against his morals, I will not object to his being my bitterest enemy. But if I have maintained the same habits that I have already adopted in the republic—that is, if I have spoken my opinions concerning the affairs of the republic with freedom—in the first place, I beg that he will not be angry with me for that; but, in the next place, if I cannot obtain my first request, I beg at least that he will show his anger only as he legitimately may show it to a fellow-citizen.

Let him employ arms, if it is necessary, as he says it is, for his own defence: only let not those arms injure those men who have declared their honest sentiments in the affairs of the republic. Now, what can be more reasonable than this demand? But if, as has been said to me by some of his intimate friends, every speech which is at all contrary

to his inclination is violently offensive to him, even if there be no insult in it whatever; then we will bear with the natural disposition of our friend. But those men, at the same time, say to me, "You will not have the same license granted to you who are the adversary of Cæsar as might be claimed by Piso, his father-in-law." And then they warn me of something which I must guard against; and, certainly, the excuse which sickness supplies me with, for not coming to the senate, will not be a more valid one than that which is furnished by death.

But, in the name of the immortal gods! for while I look upon you, O Dolabella, who are most dear to me, it is impossible for me to keep silence respecting the error into which you are both falling; for I believe that you, being both men of high birth, entertaining lofty views, have been eager to acquire, not money, as some too credulous people suspect, a thing which has at all times been scorned by every honorable and illustrious man, nor power procured by violence and authority such as never ought to be endured by the Roman people, but the affection of your fellow-citizens, and glory. But glory is praise for deeds which have been done, and the fame earned by great services to the republic; which is approved of by the testimony borne in its favor, not only by every virtuous man, but also by the multitude. I would tell you, O Dolabella, what the fruit of good actions is, if I did not see that you have already learned it by experience beyond all other men.

What day can you recollect in your whole life as ever having beamed on you with a more joyful light than the one on which, having purified the forum, having routed the throng of wicked men, having inflicted due punish-

ment on the ringleaders in wickedness, and having delivered the city from conflagration and from fear of massacre, you returned to your house? What order of society, what class of people, what rank of nobles even was there who did not then show their zeal in praising and congratulating you? Even I, too, because men thought that you had been acting by my advice in those transactions, received the thanks and congratulations of good men in your name. Remember, I pray you, O Dolabella, the unanimity displayed on that day in the theatre, when every one, forgetful of the causes on account of which they had been previously offended with you, showed that in consequence of your recent service they had banished all recollection of their former indignation. Could you, O Dolabella (it is with great concern that I speak)—could you, I say, forfeit this dignity with equanimity?

And you, O Marcus Antonius (I address myself to you, though in your absence), do you not prefer that day on which the senate was assembled in the temple of Tellus, to all those months during which some who differ greatly in opinion from me think that you have been happy? What a noble speech was that of yours about unanimity! From what apprehensions were the veterans, and from what anxiety was the whole state relieved by you on that occasion! when, having laid aside your enmity against him, you on that day first consented that your present colleague should be your colleague, forgetting that the auspices had been announced by yourself as augur of the Roman people; and when your little son was sent by you to the Capitol to be a hostage for peace. On what day was the senate ever more joyful than on that

day? or when was the Roman people more delighted? which had never met in greater numbers in any assembly whatever. Then, at last, we did appear to have been really delivered by brave men, because, as they had willed it to be, peace was following liberty. On the next day, on the day after that, on the third day, and on all the following days, you went on without intermission, giving every day, as it were, some fresh present to the republic; but the greatest of all presents was that when you abolished the name of the dictatorship. This was, in effect, branding the name of the dead Cæsar with everlasting ignominy, and it was your doing—yours, I say. For as, on account of the wickedness of one Marcus Manlius, by a resolution of the Manlian family it is unlawful that any patrician should be called Manlius, so you, on account of the hatred excited by one dictator, have utterly abolished the name of dictator.

When you had done these mighty exploits for the safety of the republic, did you repent of your fortune, or of the dignity and renown and glory which you had acquired? Whence, then, is this sudden change? I cannot be induced to suspect that you have been caught by the desire of acquiring money; every one may say what he pleases, but we are not bound to believe such a thing; for I never saw anything sordid or anything mean in you. Although a man's intimate friends do sometimes corrupt his natural disposition, still I know your firmness; and I only wish that, as you avoid that fault, you had been able also to escape all suspicion of it.

What I am more afraid of is lest, being ignorant of the true path to glory, you should think it glorious for you to have more power by yourself than all the rest of the people

put together, and lest you should prefer being feared by your fellow-citizens to being loved by them. And if you do think so, you are ignorant of the road to glory. For a citizen to be dear to his fellow-citizens, to deserve well of the republic, to be praised, to be respected, to be loved, is glorious; but to be feared, and to be an object of hatred, is odious, detestable; and, moreover, pregnant with weakness and decay. And we see that, even in the play, the very man who said,

> "What care I though all men should hate my name,
> So long as fear accompanies their hate?"

found that it was a mischievous principle to act upon.

I wish, O Antonius, that you could recollect your grandfather, of whom, however, you have repeatedly heard me speak. Do you think that he would have been willing to deserve even immortality at the price of being feared in consequence of his licentious use of arms? What he considered life, what he considered prosperity, was the being equal to the rest of the citizens in freedom, and chief of them all in worth. Therefore, to say no more of the prosperity of your grandfather, I should prefer that most bitter day of his death to the domination of Lucius Cinna, by whom he was most barbarously slain.

But why should I seek to make an impression on you by my speech? For, if the end of Caius Cæsar cannot influence you to prefer being loved to being feared, no speech of any one will do any good or have any influence with you; and those who think him happy are themselves miserable. No one is happy who lives on such terms that he may be put to death not merely with impunity, but

even to the great glory of his slayer. Wherefore, change your mind, I entreat you, and look back upon your ancestors, and govern the republic in such a way that your fellow-citizens may rejoice that you were born; without which no one can be happy nor illustrious.

And, indeed, you have both of you had many judgments delivered respecting you by the Roman people, by which I am greatly concerned that you are not sufficiently influenced. For what was the meaning of the shouts of the innumerable crowd of citizens collected at the gladiatorial games? or of the verses made by the people? or of the extraordinary applause at the sight of the statue of Pompeius? and at that sight of the two tribunes of the people who are opposed to you? Are these things a feeble indication of the incredible unanimity of the entire Roman people? What more? Did the applause at the games of Apollo, or, I should rather say, testimony and judgment there given by the Roman people, appear to you of small importance? Oh! happy are those men who, though they themselves were unable to be present on account of the violence of arms, still were present in spirit, and had a place in the breasts and hearts of the Roman people. Unless, perhaps, you think that it was Accius who was applauded on that occasion, and who bore off the palm sixty years after his first appearance, and not Brutus, who was absent from the games which he himself was exhibiting, while at that most splendid spectacle the Roman people showed their zeal in his favor though he was absent, and soothed their own regret for their deliverer by uninterrupted applause and clamor.

I myself, indeed, am a man who have at all times despised that applause which is bestowed by the vulgar crowd,

but at the same time, when it is bestowed by those of the highest, and of the middle, and of the lowest rank, and, in short, by all ranks together, and when those men who were previously accustomed to aim at nothing but the favor of the people keep aloof, I then think that, not mere applause, but a deliberate verdict. If this appears to you unimportant, which is in reality most significant, do you also despise the fact of which you have had experience—namely, that the life of Aulus Hirtius is so dear to the Roman people? For it was sufficient for him to be esteemed by the Roman people as he is; to be popular among his friends, in which respect he surpasses everybody; to be beloved by his own kinsmen, who do love him beyond measure; but in whose case before do we ever recollect such anxiety and such fear being manifested? Certainly in no one's.

What, then, are we to do? In the name of the immortal gods, can you interpret these facts, and see what is their purport? What do you think that those men think of your lives, to whom the lives of those men who they hope will consult the welfare of the republic are so dear? I have reaped, O conscript fathers, the reward of my return, since I have said enough to bear testimony of my consistency whatever event may befall me, and since I have been kindly and attentively listened to by you. And if I have such opportunities frequently without exposing both myself and you to danger, I shall avail myself of them. If not, as far as I can, I shall reserve myself not for myself, but rather for the republic. I have lived long enough for the course of human life, or for my own glory. If any additional life is granted to me, it shall be bestowed not so much on myself as on you and on the republic.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC, OR SECOND ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

TO WHAT destiny of mine, O conscript fathers, shall I say that it is owing that none for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of those men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have, of your own accord, attacked me with abuse, and have considered that your alienation from me would be a recommedation of you to impious citizens.

What am I to think? that I have been despised? I see nothing either in my life, or in my influence in the city, or in my exploits, or even in the moderate abilities with which I am endowed, which Antonius can despise. Did he think that it was easiest to disparage me in the senate? a body which has borne its testimony in favor of many most illustrious citizens that they governed the republic well, but in favor of me alone, of all men, that I preserved it. Or did he wish to contend with me in a

mortal glory. But what sort of kindness is it, to have abstained from committing nefarious wickedness? It is a case in which it ought not to appear so delightful to me not to have been killed by you, as miserable, that it should have been in your power to do such a thing with impunity. However, grant that it was a kindness, since no greater kindness could be received from a robber, still in what point can you call me ungrateful? Ought I not to complain of the ruin of the republic, lest I should appear ungrateful toward you? But in that complaint, mournful indeed and miserable, but still unavoidable for a man of that rank in which the senate and people of Rome have placed me, what did I say that was insulting? that was otherwise than moderate? that was otherwise than friendly? and what instance was it not of moderation to complain of the conduct of Marcus Antonius, and yet to abstain from any abusive expressions? especially when you had scattered abroad all relics of the republic; when everything was on sale at your house by the most infamous traffic; when you confessed that those laws which had never been promulgated had been passed with reference to you, and by you; when you, being augur, had abolished the auspices, being consul, had taken away the power of interposing the veto; when you were escorted in the most shameful manner by armed guards; when, worn out with drunkenness and debauchery, you were every day performing all sorts of obscenities in that chaste house of yours. But I, as if I had to contend against Marcus Crassus, with whom I have had many severe struggles, and not with a most worthless gladiator, while complaining in dignified language of the state of the republic, did not say one word which could be called personal. There-

fore, to-day I will make him understand with what great kindness he was then treated by me.

But he also read letters which he said that I had sent to him, like a man devoid of humanity and ignorant of the common usages of life. For who ever, who was even but slightly acquainted with the habits of polite men, produced in an assembly and openly read letters which had been sent to him by a friend, just because some quarrel had arisen between them? Is not this destroying all companionship in life, destroying the means by which absent friends converse together? How many jests are frequently put in letters, which, if they were produced in public, would appear stupid! How many serious opinions, which, for all that, ought not to be published! Let this be a proof of your utter ignorance of courtesy. Now mark, also, his incredible folly. What have you to oppose to me, O you eloquent man, as you seem at least to Mustela Tamisius, and to Tiro Numisius? And while these men are standing at this very time in the sight of the senate with drawn swords, I too will think you an eloquent man if you will show how you would defend them if they were charged with being assassins. However, what answer would you make if I were to deny that I ever sent those letters to you? By what evidence could you convict me? by my handwriting? Of handwriting indeed you have a lucrative knowledge. How can you prove it in that manner? for the letters are written by an amanuensis. By this time I envy your teacher, who for all that payment, which I shall mention presently, has taught you to know nothing.

For what can be less like, I do not say an orator, but a man, than to reproach an adversary with a thing which

if he denies by one single word, he who has reproached him cannot advance one step further? But I do not deny it; and in this very point I convict you not only of inhumanity but also of madness. For what expression is there in those letters which is not full of humanity and service and benevolence? and the whole of your charge amounts to this, that I do not express a bad opinion of you in those letters; that in them I wrote as to a citizen, and as to a virtuous man, not as to a wicked man and a robber. But your letters I will not produce, although I fairly might, now that I am thus challenged by you; letters in which you beg of me that you may be enabled by my consent to procure the recall of some one from exile; and you will not attempt it if I have any objection, and you prevail on me by your entreaties. For why should I put myself in the way of your audacity? when neither the authority of this body, nor the opinion of the Roman people, nor any laws are able to restrain you. However, what was the object of your addressing these entreaties to me, if the man for whom you were entreating was already restored by a law of Cæsar's? I suppose the truth was, that he wished it to be done by me as a favor; in which matter there could not be any favor done even by himself, if a law was already passed for the purpose.

But as, O conscript fathers, I have many things which I must say both in my own defence and against Marcus Antonius, one thing I ask you, that you will listen to me with kindness while I am speaking for myself; the other I will insure myself, namely, that you shall listen to me with attention while speaking against him. At the same time also, I beg this of you; that if you have been acquainted with my moderation and modesty throughout

my whole life, and especially as a speaker, you will not, when to-day I answer this man in the spirit in which he has attacked me, think that I have forgotten my usual character. I will not treat him as a consul, for he did not treat me as a man of consular rank; and although he in no respect deserves to be considered a consul, whether we regard his way of life, or his principle of governing the republic, or the manner in which he was elected, I am beyond all dispute a man of consular rank.

That, therefore, you might understand what sort of a consul he professed to be himself, he reproached me with my consulship—a consulship which, O conscript fathers, was in name, indeed, mine, but in reality yours. For what did I determine, what did I contrive, what did I do, that was not determined, contrived, or done, by the counsel and authority and in accordance with the sentiments of this order? And have you, O wise man, O man not merely eloquent, dared to find fault with these actions before the very men by whose counsel and wisdom they were performed? But who was ever found before, except Publius Clodius, to find fault with my consulship? And his fate indeed awaits you, as it also awaited Caius Curio; since that is now in your house which was fatal to each of them.

Marcus Antonius disapproves of my consulship; but it was approved of by Publius Servilius—to name that man first of the men of consular rank who had died most recently. It was approved of by Quintus Catulus, whose authority will always carry weight in this republic; it was approved of by the two Luculli, by Marcus Crassus, by Quintus Hortensius, by Caius Curio, by Caius Piso, by Marcus Glabrio, by Marcus Lepidus, by Lucius Volcatius, by

Caius Figulus, by Decimus Silanus and Lucius Murena, who at that time were the consuls elect; the same consulship also which was approved of by those men of consular rank was approved of by Marcus Cato; who escaped many evils by departing from this life, and especially the evil of seeing you consul. But, above all, my consulship was approved of by Cnæus Pompeius, who, when he first saw me, as he was leaving Syria, embracing me and congratulating me, said, that it was owing to my services that he was about to see his country again. But why should I mention individuals? It was approved of by the senate, in a very full house, so completely, that there was no one who did not thank me as if I had been his parent, who did not attribute to me the salvation of his life, of his fortunes, of his children, and of the republic.

But, since the republic has been now deprived of those men whom I have named, many and illustrious as they were, let us come to the living, since two of the men of consular rank are still left to us: Lucius Cotta, a man of the greatest genius and the most consummate prudence, proposed a supplication in my honor for those very actions with which you find fault, in the most complimentary language, and those very men of consular rank whom I have named, and the whole senate, adopted his proposal; an honor which has never been paid to any one else in the garb of peace from the foundation of the city to my time. With what eloquence, with what firm wisdom, with what a weight of authority did Lucius Cæsar, your uncle, pronounce his opinion against the husband of his own sister, your stepfather. But you, when you ought to have taken him as your adviser and tutor in all your designs, and in the whole conduct of your life, preferred

being like your stepfather to resembling your uncle. I, who had no connection with him, acted by his counsels while I was consul. Did you, who were his sister's son, ever once consult him on the affairs of the republic?

But who are they whom Antonius does consult? O ye immortal gods, they are men whose birthdays we have still to learn. To-day Antonius is not coming down. Why? He is celebrating the birthday feast at his villa. In whose honor? I will name no one. Suppose it is in honor of some Phormio, or Gnatho, or even Ballio. Oh, the abominable profligacy of the man! oh, how intolerable is his impudence, his debauchery, and his lust! Can you, when you have one of the chiefs of the senate, a citizen of singular virtue, so nearly related to you, abstain from ever consulting him on the affairs of the republic, and consult men who have no property whatever of their own, and are draining yours?

Yes, your consulship, forsooth, is a salutary one for the state, mine a mischievous one. Have you so entirely lost all shame as well as all chastity, that you could venture to say this in that temple in which I was consulting that senate which formerly in the full enjoyment of its honors presided over the world? And did you place around it abandoned men armed with swords? But you have dared besides (what is there which you would not dare?) to say that the Capitoline Hill, when I was consul, was full of armed slaves. I was offering violence to the senate, I suppose, in order to compel the adoption of those infamous decrees of the senate. O wretched man, whether those things are not known to you (for you know nothing that is good), or whether they are, when you dare to speak so shamelessly before such men! For what Roman knight

was there, what youth of noble birth except you, what man of any rank or class who recollected that he was a citizen, who was not on the Capitoline Hill while the senate was assembled in this temple? who was there, who did not give in his name? Although there could not be provided checks enough, nor were the books able to contain their names.

In truth, when wicked men, being compelled by the revelations of the accomplices, by their own handwriting, and by what I may almost call the voices of their letters, were confessing that they had planned the parricidal destruction of their country, and that they had agreed to burn the city, to massacre the citizens, to devastate Italy, to destroy the republic; who could have existed without being roused to defend the common safety? especially when the senate and people of Rome had a leader then; and if they had one now like he was then, the same fate would befall you which did overtake them.

He asserts that the body of his stepfather was not allowed burial by me. But this is an assertion that was never made by Publius Clodius, a man whom, as I was deservedly an enemy of his, I grieve now to see surpassed by you in every sort of vice. But how could it occur to you to recall to our recollection that you had been educated in the house of Publius Lentulus? Were you afraid that we might think that you could have turned out as infamous as you are by the mere force of nature, if your natural qualities had not been strengthened by education?

But you are so senseless that throughout the whole of your speech you were at variance with yourself; so that you said things which had not only no coherence with each other, but which were most inconsistent with and

contradictory to one another; so that there was not so much opposition between you and me as there was between you and yourself. You confessed that your stepfather had been implicated in that enormous wickedness, yet you complained that he had had punishment inflicted on him. And by doing so you praised what was peculiarly my achievement, and blamed that which was wholly the act of the senate. For the detection and arrest of the guilty parties was my work, their punishment was the work of the senate. But that eloquent man does not perceive that the man against whom he is speaking is being praised by him, and that those before whom he is speaking are being attacked by him. But now what an act, I will not say of audacity (for he is anxious to be audacious), but (and that is what he is not desirous of) what an act of folly, in which he surpasses all men, is it to make mention of the Capitoline Hill, at a time when armed men are actually between our benches—when men, armed with swords, are now stationed in this same temple of Concord, O ye immortal gods, in which, while I was consul, opinions most salutary to the state were delivered, owing to which it is that we are all alive at this day.

Accuse the senate; accuse the equestrian body, which at that time was united with the senate; accuse every order of society, and all the citizens, as long as you confess that this assembly at this very moment is besieged by Ityrean soldiers. It is not so much a proof of audacity to advance these statements so impudently, as of utter want of sense to be unable to see their contradictory nature. For what is more insane than, after you yourself have taken up arms to do mischief to the republic, to reproach another with having taken them up to secure its safety? On one

occasion you attempted even to be witty. O ye good gods, how little did that attempt suit you! And yet you are a little to be blamed for your failure in that instance, too. For you might have got some wit from your wife, who was an actress. "Arms to the gown must yield." Well, have they not yielded? But afterward the gown yielded to your arms. Let us inquire then whether it was better for the arms of wicked men to yield to the freedom of the Roman people, or that our liberty should yield to your arms. Nor will I make any further reply to you about the verses. I will only say briefly that you do not understand them, nor any other literature whatever. That I have never at any time been wanting to the claims that either the republic or my friends had upon me; but nevertheless that in all the different sorts of composition on which I have employed myself, during my leisure hours, I have always endeavored to make my labors and my writings such as to be some advantage to our youth, and some credit to the Roman name. But, however, all this has nothing to do with the present occasion. Let us consider more important matters.

You have said that Publius Clodius was slain by my contrivance. What would men have thought if he had been slain at the time when you pursued him in the forum with a drawn sword, in the sight of all the Roman people; and when you would have settled his business if he had not thrown himself up the stairs of a bookseller's shop, and, shutting them against you, checked your attack by that means? And I confess that at that time I favored you, but even you yourself do not say that I had advised your attempt. But as for Milo, it was not possible even for me to favor his action. For he had finished the busi-

ness before any one could suspect that he was going to do it. Oh, but I advised it. I suppose Milo was a man of such a disposition that he was not able to do a service to the republic if he had not some one to advise him to do it. But I rejoiced at it. Well, suppose I did; was I to be the only sorrowful person in the city, when every one else was in such delight? Although that inquiry into the death of Publius Clodius was not instituted with any great wisdom. For what was the reason for having a new law to inquire into the conduct of the man who had slain him, when there was a form of inquiry already established by the laws? However, an inquiry was instituted. And have you now been found, so many years afterward, to say a thing which, at the time that the affair was under discussion, no one ventured to say against me? But as to the assertion that you have dared to make, and that at great length too, that it was by my means that Pompeius was alienated from his friendship with Cæsar, and that on that account it was my fault that the civil war was originated; in that you have not erred so much in the main facts as (and that is of the greatest importance) in the times.

When Marcus Bibulus, a most illustrious citizen, was consul, I omitted nothing which I could possibly do or attempt to draw off Pompeius from his union with Cæsar. In which, however, Cæsar was more fortunate than I, for he himself drew off Pompeius from his intimacy with me. But afterward, when Pompeius joined Cæsar with all his heart, what could have been my object in attempting to separate them then? It would have been the part of a fool to hope to do so, and of an impudent man to advise it. However, two occasions did arise, on which I gave

Pompeius advice against Cæsar. You are at liberty to find fault with my conduct on those occasions if you can. One was when I advised him not to continue Cæsar's government for five years more. The other, when I advised him not to permit him to be considered as a candidate for the consulship when he was absent. And if I had been able to prevail on him in either of these particulars, we should never have fallen into our present miseries.

Moreover, I also, when Pompeius had now devoted to the service of Cæsar all his own power, and all the power of the Roman people, and had begun when it was too late to perceive all those things which I had foreseen long before, and when I saw that a nefarious war was about to be waged against our country, I never ceased to be the adviser of peace, and concord, and some arrangement. And that language of mine was well known to many people—"I wish, O Cnæus Pompeius, that you had either never joined in a confederacy with Caius Cæsar, or else that you had never broken it off. The one conduct would have become your dignity, and the other would have been suited to your prudence." This, O Marcus Antonius, was at all times my advice both respecting Pompeius and concerning the republic. And if it had prevailed, the republic would still be standing, and you would have perished through your own crimes, and indigence, and infamy.

But these are all old stories now. This charge, however, is quite a modern one, that Cæsar was slain by my contrivance. I am afraid, O conscript fathers, lest I should appear to you to have brought up a sham accuser against myself (which is a most disgraceful thing to do); a man not only to distinguish me by the praises which are my due, but to load me also with those which do not belong

to me. For who ever heard my name mentioned as an accomplice in that most glorious action? and whose name has been concealed who was in the number of that gallant band? Concealed, do I say? Whose name was there which was not at once made public? I should sooner say that some men had boasted in order to appear to have been concerned in that conspiracy, though they had in reality known nothing of it, than that any one who had been an accomplice in it could have wished to be concealed. Moreover, how likely it is, that among such a number of men, some obscure, some young men who had not the wit to conceal any one, my name could possibly have escaped notice! Indeed, if leaders were wanted for the purpose of delivering the country, what need was there of my instigating the Bruti, one of whom saw every day in his house the image of Lucius Brutus, and the other saw also the image of Ahala? Were these the men to seek counsel from the ancestors of others rather than from their own? and out of doors rather than at home? What? Caius Cassius, a man of that family which could not endure, I will not say the domination, but even the power of any individual—he, I suppose, was in need of me to instigate him? a man who, even without the assistance of these other most illustrious men, would have accomplished this same deed in Cilicia, at the mouth of the river Cydnus, if Cæsar had brought his ships to that bank of the river which he had intended, and not to the opposite one. Was Cnæus Domitius spurred on to seek to recover his dignity, not by the death of his father, a most illustrious man, nor by the death of his uncle, nor by the deprivation of his own dignity, but by my advice and authority? Did I persuade Caius Trebonius? a man

whom I should not have ventured even to advise. On which account the republic owes him even a larger debt of gratitude, because he preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the friendship of one man, and because he preferred overthrowing arbitrary power to sharing it. Was I the instigator whom Lucius Tillius Cimber followed? a man whom I admired for having performed that action, rather than ever expected that he would perform it; and I admired him on this account, that he was unmindful of the personal kindnesses which he had received, but mindful of his country. What shall I say of the two Servilii? Shall I call them Cascas, or Ahalas? and do you think that those men were instigated by my authority rather than by their affection for the republic? It would take a long time to go through all the rest; and it is a glorious thing for the republic that they were so numerous, and a most honorable thing also for themselves.

But recollect, I pray you, how that clever man convicted me of being an accomplice in the business. When Cæsar was slain, says he, Marcus Brutus immediately lifted up on high his bloody dagger, and called on Cicero by name; and congratulated him on liberty being recovered. Why on me above all men? Because I knew of it beforehand? Consider rather whether this was not his reason for calling on me, that, when he had performed an action very like those which I myself had done, he called me above all men to witness that he had been an imitator of my exploits. But you, O stupidest of all men, do not you perceive that if it is a crime to have wished that Cæsar should be slain—which you accuse me of having wished—it is a crime also to have rejoiced at his death? For what is the difference between a man who has advised an action

and one who has approved of it? or what does it signify whether I wished it to be done, or rejoice that it has been done? Is there any one then, except you yourself and those men who wished him to become a king, who was unwilling that that deed should be done, or who disapproved of it after it was done? All men, therefore, are guilty as far as this goes. In truth, all good men, as far as it depended on them, bore a part in the slaying of Cæsar. Some did not know how to contrive it, some had not courage for it, some had no opportunity—every one had the inclination.

However, remark the stupidity of this fellow—I should rather say, of this brute beast. For thus he spoke—"Marcus Brutus, whom I name to do him honor, holding aloft his bloody dagger, called upon Cicero, from which it must be understood that he was privy to the action." Am I then called wicked by you because you suspect that I suspected something; and is he who openly displayed his reeking dagger named by you that you may do him honor? Be it so. Let this stupidity exist in your language: how much greater is it in your actions and opinions! Arrange matters in this way at last, O consul; pronounce the cause of the Bruti, of Caius Cassius, of Cnæus Domitius, of Caius Trebonius and the rest to be whatever you please to call it: sleep off that intoxication of yours, sleep it off and take breath. Must one apply a torch to you to waken you while you are sleeping over such an important affair? Will you never understand that you have to decide whether those men who performed that action are homicides or assertors of freedom?

For just consider a little; and for a moment think of the business like a sober man. I who, as I myself confess,

am an intimate friend of those men, and, as you accuse me, an accomplice of theirs, deny that there is any medium between these alternatives. I confess that they, if they be not deliverers of the Roman people and saviors of the republic, are worse than assassins, worse than homicides, worse, even, than parricides: since it is a more atrocious thing to murder the father of one's country than one's own father. You wise and considerate man, what do you say to this? If they are parricides, why are they always named by you, both in this assembly and before the Roman people, with a view to do them honor? Why has Marcus Brutus been, on your motion, excused from obedience to the laws, and allowed to be absent from the city more than ten days? Why were the games of Apollo celebrated with incredible honor to Marcus Brutus? why were provinces given to Brutus and Cassius? why were quæstors assigned to them? why was the number of their lieutenants augmented? And all these measures were owing to you. They are not homicides then. It follows that in your opinion they are deliverers of their country, since there can be no other alternative. What is the matter? Am I embarrassing you? For, perhaps, you do not quite understand propositions which are stated disjunctively. Still this is the sum total of my conclusion: that since they are acquitted by you of wickedness they are at the same time pronounced most worthy of the very most honorable rewards.

Therefore, I will now proceed again with my oration. I will write to them, if any one by chance should ask whether what you have imputed to me be true, not to deny it to any one. In truth, I am afraid that it must be considered either a not very creditable thing to them that

they should have concealed the fact of my being an accomplice; or else a most discreditable one to me that I was invited to be one, and that I shirked it. For what greater exploit (I call you to witness, O august Jupiter!) was ever achieved not only in this city, but in all the earth? What more glorious action was ever done? What deed was ever more deservedly recommended to the everlasting recollection of men? Do you, then, shut me up with the other leaders in the partnership in this design, as in the Trojan horse? I have no objection; I even thank you for doing so, with whatever intent you do it. For the deed is so great a one that I cannot compare the unpopularity which you wish to excite against me on account of it with its real glory.

For who can be happier than those men whom you boast of having now expelled and driven from the city? What place is there either so deserted or so uncivilized, as not to seem to greet and to covet the presence of those men wherever they have arrived? What men are so clownish as not, when they have once beheld them, to think that they have reaped the greatest enjoyment that life can give? And what posterity will be ever so forgetful, what literature will ever be found so ungrateful, as not to cherish their glory with undying recollection? Enrol me, then, I beg, in the number of those men.

But one thing I am afraid you may not approve of. For, if I had really been one of their number, I should have not only got rid of the king, but of the kingly power also out of the republic; and if I had been the author of the piece, as it is said, believe me, I should not have been contented with one act, but should have finished the whole play. Although, if it be a crime to

have wished that Cæsar might be put to death, beware, I pray you, O Antonius, of what must be your own case, as it is notorious that you, when at Narbo, formed a plan of the same sort with Caius Trebonius; and it was on account of your participation in that design that, when Cæsar was being killed, we saw you called aside by Trebonius. But I (see how far I am from any horrible inclination toward) praise you for having once in your life had a righteous intention; I return you thanks for not having revealed the matter; and I excuse you for not having accomplished your purpose. That exploit required a man.

And if any one should institute a prosecution against you, and employ that test of old Cassius, "who reaped any advantage from it?" take care, I advise you, lest you suit that description. Although, in truth, that action was, as you used to say, an advantage to every one who was not willing to be a slave, still it was so to you above all men, who are not merely not a slave, but are actually a king; who delivered yourself from an enormous burden of debt at the temple of Ops; who, by your dealings with the account-books, there squandered a countless sum of money; who have had such vast treasures brought to you from Cæsar's house; at whose own house there is set up a most lucrative manufactory of false memoranda and autographs, and a most iniquitous market of lands, and towns, and exemptions, and revenues. In truth, what measure except the death of Cæsar could possibly have been any relief to your indigent and insolvent condition? You appear to be somewhat agitated. Have you any secret fear that you yourself may appear to have had some connection with that crime? I will release you from all apprehension; no one will ever believe it; it is not

like you to deserve well of the republic; the most illustrious men in the republic are the authors of that exploit; I only say that you are glad it was done; I do not accuse you of having done it.

I have replied to your heaviest accusations, I must now also reply to the rest of them.

You have thrown in my teeth the camp of Pompeius and all my conduct at that time. At which time, indeed, if, as I have said before, my counsels and my authority had prevailed, you would this day be in indigence, we should be free, and the republic would not have lost so many generals and so many armies. For I confess that, when I saw that these things certainly would happen, which now have happened, I was as greatly grieved as all the other virtuous citizens would have been if they had foreseen the same things. I did grieve, I did grieve, O conscript fathers, that the republic which had once been saved by your counsels and mine, was fated to perish in a short time. Nor was I so inexperienced in and ignorant of this nature of things as to be disheartened on account of a fondness for life, which, while it endured, would wear me out with anguish, and when brought to an end would release me from all trouble. But I was desirous that those most illustrious men, the lights of the republic, should live: so many men of consular rank, so many men of prætorian rank, so many most honorable senators; and besides them all the flower of our nobility and of our youth; and the armies of excellent citizens. And if they were still alive, under ever such hard conditions of peace (for any sort of peace with our fellow-citizens appeared to me more desirable than civil war), we should be still this day enjoying the republic.

And if my opinion had prevailed, and if those men, the preservation of whose lives was my main object, elated with the hope of victory, had not been my chief opposers, to say nothing of other results, at all events you would never have continued in this order, or rather in this city. But say you, my speech alienated from me the regard of Pompeius? Was there any one to whom he was more attached? any one with whom he conversed or shared his counsels more frequently? It was, indeed, a great thing that we, differing as we did respecting the general interests of the republic, should continue in uninterrupted friendship. But I saw clearly what his opinions and views were, and he saw mine equally. I was for providing for the safety of the citizens in the first place, in order that we might be able to consult their dignity afterward. He thought more of consulting their existing dignity. But because each of us had a definite object to pursue, our disagreement was the more endurable. But what that extraordinary and almost godlike man thought of me is known to those men who pursued him to Paphos from the battle of Pharsalia. No mention of me was ever made by him that was not the most honorable that could be, that was not full of the most friendly regret for me; while he confessed that I had had the most foresight, but that he had had more sanguine hopes. And do you dare taunt me with the name of that man whose friend you admit that I was, and whose assassin you confess yourself?

However, let us say no more of that war, in which you were too fortunate. I will not reply even with those jests to which you have said that I gave utterance in the camp. That camp was, in truth, full of anxiety, but although men are in great difficulties, still, provided they

are men, they sometimes relax their minds. But the fact that the same man finds fault with my melancholy, and also with my jokes, is a great proof that I was very moderate in each particular.

You have said that no inheritances come to me. Would that this accusation of yours were a true one; I should have more of my friends and connections alive. But how could such a charge ever come into your head? For I have received more than twenty millions of sesterces in inheritances. Although in this particular I admit that you have been more fortunate than I. No one has ever made me his heir except he was a friend of mine, in order that my grief of mind for his loss might be accompanied also with some gain, if it was to be considered as such. But a man whom you never even saw, Lucius Rubrius, of Casinum, made you his heir. And see now how much he loved you, who, though he did not know whether you were white or black, passed over the son of his brother, Quintus Fufius, a most honorable Roman knight, and most attached to him, whom he had on all occasions openly declared his heir (he never even names him in his will), and he makes you his heir whom he had never seen, or, at all events, had never spoken to.

I wish you would tell me, if it is not too much trouble, what sort of countenance Lucius Turselius was of; what sort of height; from what municipal town he came; and of what tribe he was a member. "I know nothing," you will say, "about him, except what farms he had." Therefore, he, disinheriting his brother, made you his heir. And besides these instances, this man has seized on much other property belonging to men wholly unconnected with him, to the exclusion of the legitimate heirs, as if he himself were

the heir. Although the thing that struck me with most astonishment of all was that you should venture to make mention of inheritances, when you yourself had not received the inheritance of your own father.

And was it in order to collect all these arguments, O you most senseless of men, that you spent so many days in practicing declamation in another man's villa? Although, indeed (as your most intimate friends usually say), you are in the habit of declaiming, not for the purpose of whetting your genius, but of working off the effects of wine. And, indeed, you employ a master to teach you jokes, a man appointed by your own vote and that of your boon companions; a rhetorician, whom you have allowed to say whatever he pleased against you, a thoroughly facetious gentleman; but there are plenty of materials for speaking against you and against your friends. But just see now what a difference there is between you and your grandfather. He used with great deliberation to bring forth arguments advantageous to the cause he was advocating; you pour forth in a hurry the sentiments which you have been taught by another. And what wages have you paid this rhetorician? Listen, listen, O conscript fathers, and learn the blows which are inflicted on the republic. You have assigned, O Antonius, two thousand acres of land, in the Leontine district, to Sextus Clodius, the rhetorician, and those, too, exempt from every kind of tax, for the sake of putting the Roman people to such a vast expense that you might learn to be a fool. Was this gift, too, O you most audacious of men, found among Cæsar's papers? But I will take another opportunity to speak about the Leontine and the Campanian district; where he has stolen lands from the

republic to pollute them with most infamous owners. For now, since I have sufficiently replied to all his charges, I must say a little about our corrector and censor himself. And yet I will not say all I could, in order that if I have often to battle with him I may always come to the contest with fresh arms; and the multitude of his vices and atrocities will easily enable me to do so.

Shall we then examine your conduct from the time when you were a boy? I think so. Let us begin at the beginning. Do you recollect that, while you were still clad in the prætexta, you became a bankrupt? That was the fault of your father, you will say. I admit that. In truth, such a defence is full of filial affection. But it is peculiarly suited to your own audacity that you sat among the fourteen rows of the knights, though by the Roscian law there was a place appointed for bankrupts, even if any one had become such by the fault of fortune and not by his own. You assumed the manly gown, which you soon made a womanly one: at first a public prostitute, with a regular price for your wickedness, and that not a low one. But very soon Curio stepped in, who carried you off from your public trade, and, as if he had bestowed a matron's robe upon you, settled you in a steady and durable wedlock. No boy bought for the gratification of passion was ever so wholly in the power of his master as you were in Curio's. How often has his father turned you out of his house? How often has he placed guards to prevent you from entering? while you, with night for your accomplice, lust for your encourager, and wages for your compeller, were let down through the roof. That house could no longer endure your wickedness. Do you

not know that I am speaking of matters with which I am thoroughly acquainted? Remember that time when Curio, the father, lay weeping in his bed; his son, throwing himself at my feet, with tears recommended to me you; he entreated me to defend you against his own father, if he demanded six millions of sesterces of you; for that he had been bail for you to that amount. And he himself, burning with love, declared positively that because he was unable to bear the misery of being separated from you he should go into banishment. And at that time what misery of that most flourishing family did I allay, or rather did I remove! I persuaded the father to pay the son's debts; to release the young man, endowed as he was with great promise of courage and ability, by the sacrifice of part of his family estate; and to use his privileges and authority as a father to prohibit him not only from all intimacy with, but from every opportunity of meeting you. When you recollected that all this was done by me, would you have dared to provoke me by abuse if you had not been trusting to those swords which we behold?

But let us say no more of your profligacy and debauchery. There are things which it is not possible for me to mention with honor; but you are all the more free for that, inasmuch as you have not scrupled to be an actor in scenes which a modest enemy cannot bring himself to mention.

Mark now, O conscript fathers, the rest of his life, which I will touch upon rapidly. For my inclination hastens to arrive at those things which he did in the time of the civil war, amid the greatest miseries of the republic, and at those things which he does every day. And I beg of you, though they are far better

known to you than they are to me, still to listen attentively, as you are doing, to my relation of them. For in such cases as this it is not the mere knowledge of such actions that ought to excite the mind, but the recollection of them also. Although we must at once go into the middle of them, lest otherwise we should be too long in coming to the end.

He was very intimate with Clodius at the time of his tribuneship; he, who now enumerates the kindnesses which he did me. He was the firebrand to handle all conflagrations; and even in his house he attempted something. He himself well knows what I allude to. From thence he made a journey to Alexandria, in defiance of the authority of the senate, and against the interests of the republic, and in spite of religious obstacles; but he had Gabinius for his leader, with whom whatever he did was sure to be right. What were the circumstances of his return from thence? what sort of return was it? He went from Egypt to the furthest extremity of Gaul before he returned home. And what was his home? For at that time every man had possession of his own house; and you had no house anywhere, O Antonius. House, do you say? what place was there in the whole world where you could set your foot on anything that belonged to you, except Mienum, which you farmed with your partners, as if it had been Sisapo?

You came from Gaul to stand for the quæstorship. Dare to say that you went to your own father before you came to me. I had already received Cæsar's letters, begging me to allow myself to accept of your excuses; and, therefore, I did not allow you even to mention thanks. After that I was treated with respect by you, and you

received attentions from me in your canvass for the quæstorship. And it was at that time, indeed, that you endeavored to slay Publius Clodius in the forum, with the approbation of the Roman people; and though you made the attempt of your own accord, and not at my instigation, still you clearly alleged that you did not think, unless you slew him, that you could possibly make amends to me for all the injuries which you had done me. And this makes me wonder why you should say that Milo did that deed at my instigation; when I never once exhorted you to do it, who, of your own accord, attempted to do me the same service. Although, if you had persisted in it, I should have preferred allowing the action to be set down entirely to your own love of glory rather than to my influence.

You were elected quæstor. On this, immediately, without any resolution of the senate authorizing such a step, without drawing lots, without procuring any law to be passed, you hastened to Cæsar. For you thought the camp the only refuge on earth for indigence, and debt, and profligacy—for all men, in short, who were in a state of utter ruin. Then, when you had recruited your resources again by his largesses and your own robberies (if, indeed, a person can be said to recruit who only acquires something which he may immediately squander), you hastened, being again a beggar, to the tribuneship, in order that in that magistracy you might, if possible, behave like your friend.

Listen now, I beseech you, O conscript fathers, not to those things which he did indecently and profligately to his own injury and to his own disgrace as a private individual; but to the actions which he did impiously and wickedly

against us and our fortunes—that is to say, against the whole republic. For it is from his wickedness that you will find that the beginning of all these evils has arisen.

For when, in the consulship of Lucius Lentulus and Marcus Marcellus, you, on the first of January, were anxious to prop up the republic, which was tottering and almost falling, and were willing to consult the interests of Caius Cæsar himself, if he would have acted like a man in his senses, then this fellow opposed to your counsels his tribuneship, which he had sold and handed over to the purchaser, and exposed his own neck to that axe under which many have suffered for smaller crimes. It was against you, O Marcus Antonius, that the senate, while still in the possession of its rights, before so many of its luminaries were extinguished, passed that decree which, in accordance with the usage of our ancestors, is at times passed against an enemy who is a citizen. And have you dared, before these conscript fathers, to say anything against me, when I have been pronounced by this order to be the savior of my country, and when you have been declared by it to be an enemy of the republic? The mention of that wickedness of yours has been interrupted, but the recollection of it has not been effaced. As long as the race of men, as long as the name of the Roman people shall exist (and that, unless it is prevented from being so by your means, will be everlasting), so long will that most mischievous interposition of your veto be spoken of. What was there that was being done by the senate, either ambitiously or rashly, when you, one single young man, forbade the whole order to pass decrees concerning the safety of the republic? and when you did so, not once only, but repeatedly? nor

would you allow any one to plead with you in behalf of the authority of the senate; and yet, what did any one entreat of you, except that you would not desire the republic to be entirely overthrown and destroyed; when neither the chief men of the state by their entreaties, nor the elders by their warnings, nor the senate in a full house by pleading with you, could move you from the determination which you had already sold and, as it were, delivered to the purchaser? Then it was, after having tried many other expedients previously, that a blow was of necessity struck at you which had been struck at only few men before you, and which none of them had ever survived. Then it was that this order armed the consuls, and the rest of the magistrates who were invested with either military or civil command against you, and you never would have escaped them, if you had not taken refuge in the camp of Cæsar.

It was you, you, I say, O Marcus Antonius, who gave Caius Cæsar, desirous as he already was to throw everything into confusion, the principal pretext for waging war against his country. For what other pretence did he allege? what cause did he give for his own most frantic resolution and action, except that the power of interposition by the veto had been disregarded, the privileges of the tribunes taken away, and Antonius's rights abridged by the senate? I say nothing of how false, how trivial these pretences were; especially when there could not possibly be any reasonable cause whatever to justify any one in taking up arms against his country. But I have nothing to do with Cæsar. You must unquestionably allow that the cause of that ruinous war existed in your person.

O miserable man, if you are aware, more miserable still

if you are not aware, that this is recorded in writings, is handed down to men's recollection, that our very latest posterity in the most distant ages will never forget this fact, that the consuls were expelled from Italy, and with them Cnæus Pompeius, who was the glory and light of the empire of the Roman people; that all the men of consular rank, whose health would allow them to share in that disaster and that flight, and the prætors, and men of prætorian rank, and the tribunes of the people, and a great part of the senate, and all the flower of the youth of the city, and, in a word, the republic itself was driven out and expelled from its abode. As, then, there is in seeds the cause which produces trees and plants, so of this most lamentable war you were the seed. Do you, O conscript fathers, grieve that these armies of the Roman people have been slain? It is Antonius who slew them. Do you regret your most illustrious citizens? It is Antonius, again, who has deprived you of them. The authority of this order is overthrown; it is Antonius who has overthrown it. Everything, in short, which we have seen since that time (and what misfortune is there that we have not seen?) we shall, if we argue rightly, attribute wholly to Antonius. As Helen was to the Trojans, so has that man been to this republic—the cause of war, the cause of mischief, the cause of ruin. The rest of his tribuneship was like the beginning. He did everything which the senate had labored to prevent, as being impossible to be done consistently with the safety of the republic. And see, now, how gratuitously wicked he was even in accomplishing his wickedness.

He restored many men who had fallen under misfortune. Among them no mention was made of his uncle. If he was severe, why was he not so to every one? If he

was merciful, why was he not merciful to his own relations? But I say nothing of the rest. He restored Licinius Lenticula, a man who had been condemned for gambling, and who was a fellow-gamester of his own. As if he could not play with a condemned man; but in reality, in order to pay by a straining of the law in his favor what he had lost by the dice. What reason did you allege to the Roman people why it was desirable that he should be restored? I suppose you said that he was absent when the prosecution was instituted against him; that the cause was decided without his having been heard in his defence; that there was not by a law any judicial proceeding established with reference to gambling; that he had been put down by violence or by arms; or lastly, as was said in the case of your uncle, that the tribunal had been bribed with money. Nothing of this sort was said. Then he was a good man, and one worthy of the republic. That, indeed, would have been nothing to the purpose, but still, since being condemned does not go for much, I would forgive you if that were the truth. Does not he restore to the full possession of his former privileges the most worthless man possible—one who would not hesitate to play at dice even in the forum, and who had been convicted under the law which exists respecting gambling—does not he declare in the most open manner his own propensities?

Then in this same tribuneship, when Cæsar while on his way into Spain had given him Italy to trample on, what journeys did he make in every direction! how did he visit the municipal towns! I know that I am only speaking of matters which have been discussed in every one's conversation, and that the things which I am saying

and am going to say are better known to every one who was in Italy at that time than to me, who was not. Still I mention the particulars of his conduct, although my speech cannot possibly come up to your own personal knowledge. When was such wickedness ever heard of as existing upon earth? or shamelessness? or such open infamy?

The tribune of the people was borne along in a chariot, lictors crowned with laurel preceded him; among whom, on an open litter, was carried an actress; whom honorable men, citizens of the different municipalities, coming out from their towns under compulsion to meet him, saluted not by the name by which she was well known on the stage, but by that of Volumnia. A car followed full of pimps; then a lot of debauched companions; and then his mother, utterly neglected, followed the mistress of her profligate son, as if she had been her daughter-in-law. O the disastrous fecundity of that miserable woman! With the marks of such wickedness as this did that fellow stamp every municipality, and prefecture, and colony, and, in short, the whole of Italy.

To find fault with the rest of his actions, O conscript fathers, is difficult, and somewhat unsafe. He was occupied in war; he glutted himself with the slaughter of citizens who bore no resemblance to himself. He was fortunate—if at least there can be any good fortune in wickedness. But since we wish to show a regard for the veterans, although the cause of the soldiers is very different from yours; they followed their chief; you went to seek for a leader; still (that I may not give you any pretence for stirring up odium against me among them), I will say nothing of the nature of the war.

When victorious, you returned with the legions from Thessaly to Brundusium. There you did not put me to death. It was a great kindness! For I confess that you could have done it. Although there was no one of those men who were with you at that time who did not think that I ought to be spared. For so great is men's affection for their country, that I was sacred even in the eyes of your legions, because they recollected that the country had been saved by me. However, grant that you did give me what you did not take away from me; and that I have my life as a present from you, since it was not taken from me by you; was it possible for me, after all your insults, to regard that kindness of yours as I regarded it at first, especially after you saw that you must hear this reply from me?

You came to Brundusium, to the bosom and embraces of your actress. What is the matter? Am I speaking falsely? How miserable is it not to be able to deny a fact which it is disgraceful to confess! If you had no shame before the municipal towns, had you none even before your veteran army? For what soldier was there who did not see her at Brundusium? who was there who did not know that she had come so many days' journey to congratulate you? who was there who did not grieve that he was so late in finding out how worthless a man he had been following?

Again you made a tour through Italy, with that same actress for your companion. Cruel and miserable was the way in which you led your soldiers into the towns; shameful was the pillage in every city, of gold and silver, and above all, of wine. And besides all this, while Cæsar knew nothing about it, as he was at Alexandria, Antonius, by

the kindness of Cæsar's friends, was appointed his master of the horse. Then he thought that he could live with Hippia by virtue of his office, and that he might give horses which were the property of the state to Sergius the buffoon. At that time he had selected for himself to live in, not the house which he now dishonors, but that of Marcus Piso. Why need I mention his decrees, his robberies, the possessions of inheritances which were given him, and those too which were seized by him? Want compelled him; he did not know where to turn. That great inheritance from Lucius Rubrius, and that other from Lucius Turselius, had not yet come to him. He had not yet succeeded as an unexpected heir to the place of Cnæus Pompeius, and of many others who were absent. He was forced to live like a robber, having nothing beyond what he could plunder from others.

However, we will say nothing of these things, which are acts of a more hardy sort of villany. Let us speak rather of his meaner descriptions of worthlessness. You, with those jaws of yours, and those sides of yours, and that strength of body suited to a gladiator, drank such quantities of wine at the marriage of Hippia, that you were forced to vomit the next day in the sight of the Roman people. O action disgraceful not merely to see, but even to hear of! If this had happened to you at supper amid those vast drinking-cups of yours, who would not have thought it scandalous? But in an assembly of the Roman people, a man holding a public office, a master of the horse, to whom it would have been disgraceful even to belch, vomiting filled his own bosom and the whole tribunal with fragments of what he had been eating reeking with wine. But he himself confesses this among his

other disgraceful acts. Let us proceed to his more splendid offences.

Cæsar came back from Alexandria, fortunate, as he seemed at least to himself; but in my opinion no one can be fortunate who is unfortunate for the republic. The spear was set up in front of the temple of Jupiter Stator, and the property of Cnæus Pompeius Magnus (miserable that I am, for even now that my tears have ceased to flow, my grief remains deeply implanted in my heart)—the property, I say, of Cnæus Pompeius the Great was submitted to the pitiless voice of the auctioneer. On that one occasion the state forgot its slavery, and groaned aloud; and though men's minds were enslaved, as everything was kept under by fear, still the groans of the Roman people were free. While all men were waiting to see who would be so impious, who would be so mad, who would be so declared an enemy to gods and to men as to dare to mix himself up with that wicked auction, no one was found except Antonius, even though there were plenty of men collected round that spear who would have dared anything else. One man alone was found to dare to do that which the audacity of every one else had shrunk from and shuddered at. Were you, then, seized with such stupidity—or, I should rather say, with such insanity—as not to see that if you, being of the rank in which you were born, acted as a broker at all, and above all as a broker in the case of Pompeius's property, you would be execrated and hated by the Roman people, and that all gods and all men must at once become and forever continue hostile to you? But with what violence did that glutton immediately proceed to take possession of the property of that man, to whose valor it had been owing that the Roman people had been

more terrible to foreign nations, while his justice had made it dearer to them.

When, therefore, this fellow had begun to wallow in the treasures of that great man, he began to exult like a buffoon in a play, who has lately been a beggar, and has become suddenly rich. But, as some poet or other says—

"Ill-gotten gains come quickly to an end."

It is an incredible thing, and almost a miracle, how he in a few, not months, but days, squandered all that vast wealth. There was an immense quantity of wine, an excessive abundance of very valuable plate, much precious apparel, great quantities of splendid furniture, and other magnificent things in many places, such as one was likely to see belonging to a man who was not indeed luxurious, but who was very wealthy. Of all this in a few days there was nothing left. What Charybdis was ever so voracious? Charybdis, do I say? Charybdis, if she existed at all, was only one animal. The ocean, I swear most solemnly, appears scarcely capable of having swallowed up such numbers of things so widely scattered, and distributed in such different places, with such rapidity. Nothing was shut up, nothing sealed up, no list was made of anything. Whole storehouses wer abandoned to the most worthless of men. Actor seized on this, actresses on that; the house was crowded with gamblers, and full of drunken men; people were drinking all day, and that too in many places; there were added to all this expense (for this fellow was not invariably fortunate) heavy gambling losses. You might see, in the cellars of the slaves, couches covered with the most richly embroidered counterpanes of Cnæus Pompeius. Wonder not, then, that all

these things were so soon consumed. Such profligacy as that could have devoured not only the patrimony of one individual, however ample it might have been (as indeed his was), but whole cities and kingdoms.

And then his houses and gardens! Oh, the cruel audacity! Did you dare to enter into that house? Did you dare to cross that most sacred threshold? and to show your most profligate countenance to the household gods who protect that abode? A house which for a long time no one could behold, no one could pass by without tears! Are you not ashamed to dwell so long in that house? one in which, stupid and ignorant as you are, still you can see nothing which is not painful to you.

When you behold those beaks of ships in the vestibule, and those warlike trophies, do you fancy that you are entering into a house which belongs to you? It is impossible. Although you are devoid of all sense and all feeling —as in truth you are—still you are acquainted with yourself, and with your trophies, and with your friends. Nor do I believe that you, either waking or sleeping, can ever act with quiet sense. It is impossible but that, were you ever so drunk and frantic—as in truth you are—when the recollection of the appearance of that illustrious man comes across you, you should be roused from sleep by your fears, and often stirred up to madness if awake. I pity even the walls and the roof. For what had that house ever beheld except what was modest, except what proceeded from the purest principles and from the most virtuous practice? For that man was, O conscript fathers, as you yourselves know, not only illustrious abroad, but also admirable at home; and not more praiseworthy for his exploits in foreign countries than for his domestic ar-

rangements. Now in this house every bedchamber is a brothel, and every dining-room a cookshop. Although he denies this. Do not, do not make inquiries. He is become economical. He desired that mistress of his to take possession of whatever belonged to her, according to the laws of the Twelve Tables. He has taken his keys from her, and turned her out of doors. What a well-tried citizen! of what proved virtue is he! the most honorable passage in whose life is the one when he divorced himself from this actress.

But how constantly does he harp on the expression "the consul Antonius!" This amounts to say "that most debauched consul," "that most worthless of men, the consul." For what else is Antonius? For if any dignity were implied in the name, then, I imagine, your grandfather would sometimes have called himself "the consul Antonius." But he never did. My colleague, your own uncle, would have called himself so. Unless you are the only Antonius. But I pass over those offences which have no peculiar connection with the part you took in harassing the republic; I return to that in which you bore so principal a share—that is, to the civil war; and it is mainly owing to you that that was originated, and brought to a head, and carried on.

Though you yourself took no personal share in it, partly through timidity, partly through profligacy, you had tasted, or rather had sucked in, the blood of fellow-citizens: you had been in the battle of Pharsalia as a leader; you had slain Lucius Domitius, a most illustrious and high-born man; you had pursued and put to death in the most barbarous manner many men who had escaped from the battle, and whom Cæsar would perhaps have saved, as he did some others.

And after having performed these exploits, what was the reason why you did not follow Cæsar into Africa; especially when so large a portion of the war was still remaining? And accordingly, what place did you obtain about Cæsar's person after his return from Africa? What was your rank? He whose quæstor you had been when general, whose master of the horse when he was dictator, to whom you had been the chief cause of war, the chief instigator of cruelty, the sharer of his plunder, his son, as you yourself said, by inheritance, proceeded against you for the money which you owed for the house and gardens, and for the other property which you had bought at that sale. At first you answered fiercely enough; and that I may not appear prejudiced against you in every particular, you used a tolerably just and reasonable argument. "What, does Caius Cæsar demand money of me? why should he do so, any more than I should claim it of him? Was he victorious without my assistance? No; and he never could have been. It was I who supplied him with a pretext for civil war; it was I who proposed mischievous laws; it was I who took up arms against the consuls and generals of the Roman people, against the senate and people of Rome, against the gods of the country, against its altars and hearths, against the country itself. Has he conquered for himself alone? Why should not those men whose common work the achievement is have the booty also in common?" You were only claiming your right, but what had that to do with it? He was the more powerful of the two.

Therefore, stopping all your expostulations, he sent his soldiers to you, and to your sureties; when all on a sudden out came that splendid catalogue of yours. How men did

laugh! That there should be so vast a catalogue, that there should be such a numerous and various list of possessions, of all of which, with the exception of a portion of Misenum, there was nothing which the man who was putting them up to sale could call his own. And what a miserable sight was the auction. A little apparel of Pompeius's, and that stained; a few silver vessels belonging to the same man, all battered; some slaves in wretched condition; so that we grieved that there was anything remaining to be seen of these miserable relics. This auction, however, the heirs of Lucius Rubrius prevented from proceeding, being armed with a decree of Cæsar to that effect. The spendthrift was embarrassed. He did not know which way to turn. It was at this very time that an assassin sent by him was said to have been detected with a dagger in the house of Cæsar. And of this Cæsar himself complained in the senate, inveighing openly against you. Cæsar departs to Spain, having granted you a few days' delay for making the payment, on account of your poverty. Even then you do not follow him. Had so good a gladiator as you retired from business so early? Can any one then fear a man who was as timid as this man in upholding his party, that is, in upholding his own fortunes?

After some time he at last went into Spain; but, as he says, he could not arrive there in safety. How then did Dolabella manage to arrive there? Either, O Antonius, that cause ought never to have been undertaken, or when you had undertaken it, it should have been maintained to the end. Thrice did Cæsar fight against his fellow-citizens; in Thessaly, in Africa, and in Spain. Dolabella was present at all these battles. In the battle in Spain he even received a wound. If you ask my opinion, I wish he

had not been there. But still, if his design at first was blamable, his consistency and firmness were praiseworthy. But what shall we say of you? In the first place, the children of Cnæus Pompeius sought to be restored to their country. Well, this concerned the common interests of the whole party. Besides that, they sought to recover their household gods, the gods of their country, their altars, their hearths, the tutelar gods of their family; all of which you had seized upon. And when they sought to recover those things by force of arms which belonged to them by the laws, who was it most natural (although in unjust and unnatural proceedings what can there be that is natural?)—still, who was it most natural to expect would fight against the children of Cnæus Pompeius? Who? Why, you who had bought their property. Were you at Narbo to be sick over the tables of your entertainers, while Dolabella was fighting your battles in Spain?

And what return was that of yours from Narbo? He even asked why I had returned so suddenly from my expedition. I have just briefly explained to you, O conscript fathers, the reason of my return. I was desirous, if I could, to be of service to the republic even before the first of January. For, as to your question, how I had returned; in the first place, I returned by daylight, not in the dark; in the second place, I returned in shoes, and in my Roman gown, not in any Gallic slippers, or barbarian mantle. And even now you keep looking at me; and, as it seems, with great anger. Surely you would be reconciled to me if you knew how ashamed I am of your worthlessness, which you yourself are not ashamed of. Of all the profligate conduct of all the world, I never saw, I never heard of any more shameful than yours. You, who fancied

yourself a master of the horse, when you were standing for, or I should rather say begging for the consulship for the ensuing year, ran in Gallic slippers and a barbarian mantle about the municipal towns and colonies of Gaul, from which we used to demand the consulship when the consulship was stood for and not begged for.

But mark now the trifling character of the fellow. When about the tenth hour of the day he had arrived at Red Rocks, he skulked into a little petty wine-shop, and, hiding there, kept on drinking till evening. And from thence getting into a gig and being driven rapidly to the city, he came to his own house with his head veiled. "Who are you?" says the porter. "An express from Marcus." He is at once taken to the woman for whose sake he had come; and he delivered the letter to her. And when she had read it with tears (for it was written in a very amorous style, but the main subject of the letter was that he would have nothing to do with that actress for the future; that he had discarded all his love for her, and transferred it to his correspondent), when she, I say, wept plentifully, this soft-hearted man could bear it no longer; he uncovered his head and threw himself on her neck. Oh, the worthless man (for what else can I call him? there is no more suitable expression for me to use)! was it for this that you disturbed the city by nocturnal alarms, and Italy with fears of many days' duration, in order that you might show yourself unexpectedly, and that a woman might see you before she hoped to do so? And he had at home a pretence of love; but out of doors a cause more discreditable still, namely, lest Lucius Plancus should sell up his sureties. But after you had been produced in the assembly by one of the tribunes of the people, and had replied

that you had come on your own private business, you made even the people full of jokes against you. But, however, we have said too much about trifles. Let us come to more important subjects.

You went a great distance to meet Cæsar on his return from Spain. You went rapidly, you returned rapidly, in order that we might see that, if you were not brave, you were at least active. You again became intimate with him; I am sure I do not know how. Cæsar had this peculiar characteristic; whoever he knew to be utterly ruined by debt, and needy, even if he knew him also to be an audacious and worthless man, he willingly admitted him to his intimacy. You, then, being admirably recommended to him by these circumstances, were ordered to be appointed consul, and that, too, as his own colleague. I do not make any complaint against Dolabella, who was at that time acting under compulsion, and was cajoled and deceived. But who is there who does not know with what great perfidy both of you treated Dolabella in that business? Cæsar induced him to stand for the consulship. After having promised it to him, and pledged himself to aid him, he prevented his getting it, and transferred it to himself. And you indorsed his treachery with your own eagerness.

The first of January arrives. We are convened in the senate. Dolabella inveighed against him with much more fluency and premeditation than I am doing now. And what things were they which he said in his anger, O ye good gods! First of all, after Cæsar had declared that before he departed he would order Dolabella to be made consul (and they deny that he was a king who was always doing and saying something of this sort)—but after Cæsar

had said this, then this virtuous augur said that he was invested with a pontificate of that sort, that he was able, by means of the auspices, either to hinder or to vitiate the comitia, just as he pleased; and he declared that he would do so. And here, in the first place, remark the incredible stupidity of the man. For what do you mean? Could you not just as well have done what you said you had now the power to do by the privileges with which that pontificate had invested you, even if you were not an augur, if you were consul? Perhaps you could even do it more easily. For we augurs have only the power of announcing that the auspices are being observed, but the consuls and other magistrates have the right also of observing them whenever they choose. Be it so. You said this out of ignorance. For one must not demand prudence from a man who is never sober. But still remark his impudence. Many months before, he said in the senate that he would either prevent the comitia from assembling for the election of Dolabella by means of the auspices, or that he would do what he actually did do. Can any one divine beforehand what defect there will be in the auspices, except the man who has already determined to observe the heavens? which, in the first place, it is forbidden by law to do at the time of the comitia. And if any one has been observing the heavens, he is bound to give notice of it, not after the comitia are assembled, but before they are held. But this man's ignorance is joined to impudence, nor does he know what an augur ought to know, nor do what a modest man ought to do. And just recollect the whole of his conduct during his consulship from that day up to the ides of March. What lictor was ever so humble, so abject? He himself had no power at all; he begged

everything of others; and, thrusting his head into the hind part of his litter, he begged favors of his colleagues, to sell them himself afterward.

Behold, the day of the comitia for the election of Dolabella arrives. The prerogative century draws its lot. He is quiet. The vote is declared; he is still silent. The first class is called. Its vote is declared. Then, as is the usual course, the votes are announced. Then the second class. And all this is done faster than I have told it. When the business is over that excellent augur (you would say he must be Caius Lætius) says—"We adjourn it to another day." Oh, the monstrous impudence of such a proceeding! What had you seen? what had you perceived? what had you heard? For you did not say that you had been observing the heavens, and, indeed, you do not say so this day. That defect, then, has arisen which you, on the first of January, had already foreseen would arise, and which you had predicted so long before. Therefore, in truth, you have made a false declaration respecting the auspices, to your own great misfortune, I hope, rather than to that of the republic. You laid the Roman people under the obligations of religion; you, as augur, interrupted an augur; you, as consul, interrupted a consul by a false declaration concerning the auspices.

I will say no more, lest I should seem to be pulling to pieces the acts of Dolabella; which must inevitably some time or other be brought before our college. But take notice of the arrogance and insolence of the fellow. As long as you please, Dolabella is a consul irregularly elected; again, while you please, he is a consul elected with all proper regard to the auspices. If it means nothing when an augur gives this notice in those words in

which you gave notice, then confess that you, when you said—"We adjourn this to another day," were not sober. But if those words have any meaning, then I, an augur, demand of my colleague to know what that meaning is.

But lest by any chance, while enumerating his numerous exploits, our speech should pass over the finest action of Marcus Antonius, let us come to the Lupercalia.

He does not dissemble, O conscript fathers; it is plain that he is agitated; he perspires; he turns pale. Let him do what he pleases, provided he is not sick, and does not behave as he did in the Minucian colonnade. What defence can be made for such beastly behavior? I wish to hear, that I may see the fruit of those high wages of that rhetorician, of that land given in Leontini. Your colleague was sitting in the rostra, clothed in purple robe, on a golden chair, wearing a crown. You mount the steps; you approach his chair (if you were a priest of Pan, you ought to have recollected that you were consul, too); you display a diadem. There is a groan over the whole forum. Where did the diadem come from? For you had not picked it up when lying on the ground, but you had brought it from home with you, a premeditated and deliberately planned wickedness. You placed the diadem on his head amid the groans of the people; he rejected it amid great applause. You then alone, O wicked man, were found, both to advise the assumption of kingly power, and to wish to have him for your master who was your colleague; and also to try what the Roman people might be able to bear and to endure. Moreover, you even sought to move his pity; you threw yourself at his feet as a suppliant; begging for what? to be a slave? You might beg it for yourself, when you had lived in

such a way from the time that you were a boy that you could bear everything, and would find no difficulty in being a slave; but certainly you had no commission from the Roman people to try for such a thing for them.

Oh, how splendid was that eloquence of yours, when you harangued the people stark naked! What could be more foul than this? more shameful than this? more deserving of every sort of punishment? Are you waiting for me to prick you more? This that I am saying must tear you and bring blood enough if you have any feeling at all. I am afraid that I may be detracting from the glory of some most eminent men. Still my indignation shall find a voice. What can be more scandalous than for that man to live who placed a diadem on a man's head, when every one confesses that that man was deservedly slain who rejected it? And, moreover, he caused it to be recorded in the annals, under the head of Lupercalia, "That Marcus Antonius, the consul, by command of the people, had offered the kingdom to Caius Cæsar, perpetual dictator; and that Cæsar had refused to accept it." I now am not much surprised at your seeking to disturb the general tranquillity; at your hating not only the city but the light of day; and at your living with a pack of abandoned robbers, disregarding the day, and yet regarding nothing beyond the day. For where can you be safe in peace? What place can there be for you where laws and courts of justice have sway, both of which you, as far as in you lay, destroyed by the substitution of kingly power? Was it for this that Lucius Tarquinius was driven out; that Spurius Cassius, and Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were slain; that many years afterward a king might be established at Rome by Marcus Antonius, though the

bare idea was impiety? However, let us return to the auspices.

With respect to all the things which Cæsar was intending to do in the senate on the ides of March, I ask whether you have done anything? I heard, indeed, that you had come down prepared, because you thought that I intended to speak about your having made a false statement respecting the auspices, though it was still necessary for us to respect them. The fortune of the Roman people saved us from that day. Did the death of Cæsar also put an end to your opinion respecting the auspices? But I have come to mention that occasion which must be allowed to precede those matters which I had begun to discuss. What a flight was that of yours! What alarm was yours on that memorable day! How, from the consciousness of your wickedness, did you despair of your life! How, while flying, were you enabled secretly to get home by the kindness of those men who wished to save you, thinking you would show more sense than you do! O how vain have at all times been my too true predictions of the future! I told those deliverers of ours in the Capitol, when they wished me to go to you to exhort you to defend the republic, that as long as you were in fear you would promise everything, but that as soon as you had emancipated yourself from alarm you would be yourself again. Therefore, while the rest of the men of consular rank were going backward and forward to you, I adhered to my opinion, nor did I see you at all that day, or the next; nor did I think it possible for an alliance between virtuous citizens and a most unprincipled enemy to be made, so as to last, by any treaty or engagement whatever. The third day I came into the temple of

Tellus, even then very much against my will, as armed men were blockading all the approaches. What a day was that for you, O Marcus Antonius! Although you showed yourself all on a sudden an enemy to me; still I pity you for having envied yourself.

What a man, O ye immortal gods! and how great a man might you have been, if you had been able to preserve the inclination you displayed that day;—we should still have peace which was made then by the pledge of a hostage, a boy of noble birth, the grandson of Marcus Bambalio. Although it was fear that was then making you a good citizen, which is never a lasting teacher of duty; your own audacity, which never departs from you as long as you are free from fear, has made you a worthless one. Although even at that time, when they thought you an excellent man, though I, indeed, differed from that opinion, you behaved with the greatest wickedness while presiding at the funeral of the tyrant, if that ought to be called a funeral. All that fine panegyric was yours, that commiseration was yours, that exhortation was yours. It was you—you, I say—who hurled those firebrands, both those with which your friend himself was nearly burned, and those by which the house of Lucius Bellienus was set on fire and destroyed. It was you who let loose those attacks of abandoned men, slaves for the most part, which we repelled by violence and our own personal exertions; it was you who set them on to attack our houses. And yet you, as if you had wiped off all the soot and smoke in the ensuing days, carried those excellent resolutions in the Capitol that no document conferring any exemption, or granting any favor, should be published after the ides of March. You recollect yourself what you said about the exiles;

you know what you said about the exemption; but the best thing of all was that you forever abolished the name of the dictatorship in the republic. Which act appeared to show that you had conceived such a hatred of kingly power that you took away all fear of it for the future, on account of him who had been the last dictator.

To other men the republic now seemed established, but it did not appear so at all to me, as I was afraid of every sort of shipwreck, as long as you were at the helm. Have I been deceived? or, was it possible for that man long to continue unlike himself? While you were all looking on, documents were fixed up over the whole Capitol, and exemptions were being sold, not merely to individuals, but to entire states. The freedom of the city was also being given now not to single persons only, but to whole provinces. Therefore, if these acts are to stand—and stand they cannot if the republic stands too—then, O conscript fathers, you have lost whole provinces; and not the revenues only, but the actual empire of the Roman people has been diminished by a market this man held in his own house.

Where are the seven hundred millions of sesterces which were entered in the account-books which are in the temple of Ops? a sum lamentable indeed, as to the means by which it was procured, but still one which, if it were not restored to those to whom it belonged, might save us from taxes. And how was it, that when you owed forty millions of sesterces on the fifteenth of March, you had ceased to owe them by the first of April? Those things are quite countless which were purchased of different people, not without your knowledge; but there was one excellent decree posted up in the Capitol affecting King Deiotarus, a

most devoted friend to the Roman people. And when that decree was posted up, there was no one who, amid all his indignation, could restrain his laughter. For who ever was a more bitter enemy to another than Cæsar was to Deiotarus? He was as hostile to him as he was to this order, to the equestrian order, to the people of Massilia, and to all men whom he knew to look on the republic of the Roman people with attachment. But this man, who neither present nor absent could ever obtain from him any favor or justice while he was alive, became quite an influential man with him when he was dead. When present with him in his house he had called for him though he was his host, he had made him give in his accounts of his revenue, he had exacted money from him; he had established one of his Greek retainers in his tetrarchy, and he had taken Armenia from him, which had been given to him by the senate. While he was alive he deprived him of all these things; now that he is dead, he gives them back again. And in what words? At one time he says, "that it appears to him to be just . . ." at anotner, "that it appears not to be unjust. . . ." What a strange combination of words! But while alive (I know this, for I always supported Deiotarus, who was at a distance) he never said that anything which we were asking for, for him, appeared just to him. A bond for ten millions of sesterces was entered into in the women's apartment (where many things have been sold, and are still being sold), by his ambassadors, well-meaning men, but timid and inexperienced in business, without my advice or that of the rest of the hereditary friends of the monarch. And I advise you to consider carefully what you intend to do with reference to this bond. For the king himself, of his

own accord, without waiting for any of Cæsar's memoranda, the moment that he heard of his death, recovered his own rights by his own courage and energy. He, like a wise man, knew that this was always the law, that those men from whom the things which tyrants had taken away had been taken, might recover them when the tyrants were slain. No lawyer, therefore, not even he who is your lawyer and yours alone, and by whose advice you do all these things, will say that anything is due to you by virtue of that bond for those things which had been recovered before that bond was executed. For he did not purchase them of you; but, before you undertook to sell him his own property, he had taken possession of it. He was a man—we, indeed, deserve to be despised, who hate the author of the actions, but uphold the actions themselves.

Why need I mention the countless mass of papers, the innumerable autographs which have been brought forward? writings of which there are imitators who sell their forgeries as openly as if they were gladiators' play-bills. Therefore, there are now such heaps of money piled up in that man's house, that it is weighed out instead of being counted. But how blind is avarice! Lately, too, a document has been posted up by which the most wealthy cities of the Cretans are released from tribute; and by which it is ordained that after the expiration of the consulship of Marcus Brutus, Crete shall cease to be a province. Are you in your senses? Ought you not to be put in confinement? Was it possible for there really to be a decree of Cæsar's exempting Crete after the departure of Marcus Brutus, when Brutus had no connection whatever with Crete while Cæsar was alive? But by the sale of this decree (that you may not, O conscript fathers, think it wholly ineffectual)

you have lost the province of Crete. There was nothing in the world which any one wanted to buy that this fellow was not ready to sell.

Cæsar too, I suppose, made the law about the exiles which you have posted up. I do not wish to press upon any one in misfortune; I only complain, in the first place, that the return of those men has had discredit thrown upon it; whose cause Cæsar judged to be different from that of the rest; and in the second place, I do not know why you do not mete out the same measure to all. For there cannot be more than three or four left. Why do not they who are in similar misfortune enjoy a similar degree of your mercy? Why do you treat them as you treated your uncle? about whom you refused to pass a law when you were passing one about all the rest; and whom at the same time you encouraged to stand for the censorship, and instigated him to a canvass, which excited the ridicule and the complaint of every one.

But why did you not hold that comitia? Was it because a tribune of the people announced that there had been an ill-omened flash of lightning seen? When you have any interest of your own to serve, then auspices are all nothing; but when it is only your friends who are concerned, then you become scrupulous. What more? Did you not also desert him in the matter of the septemvirate? "Yes, for he interfered with me." What were you afraid of? I suppose you were afraid that you would be able to refuse him nothing if he were restored to the full possession of his rights. You loaded him with every species of insult, a man whom you ought to have considered in the place of a father to you, if you had had any piety or natural affection at all. You put away his daughter, your own

cousin, having already looked out and provided yourself beforehand with another. That was not enough. You accused a most chaste woman of misconduct. What can go beyond this? Yet you were not content with this. In a very full senate held on the first of January, while your uncle was present, you dared to say that this was your reason for hatred of Dolabella, that you had ascertained that he had committed adultery with your cousin and your wife. Who can decide whether it was more shameless of you to make such profligate and such impious statements against that unhappy woman in the senate, or more wicked to make them against Dolabella, or more scandalous to make them in the presence of her father, or more cruel to make them at all?

However, let us return to the subject of Cæsar's written papers. How were they verified by you? For the acts of Cæsar were for peace' sake confirmed by the senate; that is to say, the acts which Cæsar had really done, not those which Antonius said that Cæsar had done. Where do all these come from? By whom are they produced and vouched for? If they are false, why are they ratified? If they are true, why are they sold? But the vote which was come to enjoined you, after the first of June, to make an examination of Cæsar's acts with the assistance of a council. What council did you consult? whom did you ever invite to help you? what was the first of June that you waited for? Was it that day on which you, having travelled all through the colonies where the veterans were settled, returned escorted by a band of armed men?

Oh, what a splendid progress of yours was that in the months of April and May, when you attempted even to lead a colony to Capua! How you made your escape from

thence, or rather how you barely made your escape, we all know. And now you are still threatening that city. I wish you would try, and we should not then be forced to say "barely." However, what a splendid progress of yours that was! Why need I mention your preparations for banquets, why your frantic hard drinking? Those things are only an injury to yourself; these are injuries to us. We thought that a great blow was inflicted on the republic when the Campanian district was released from the payment of taxes, in order to be given to the soldiery; but you have divided it among your partners in drunkenness and gambling. I tell you, O conscript fathers, that a lot of buffoons and actresses have been settled in the district of Campania. Why should I now complain of what has been done in the district of Leontini? Although formerly these lands of Campania and Leontini were considered part of the patrimony of the Roman people, and were productive of great revenue, and very fertile. You gave your physician three thousand acres; what would you have done if he had cured you? and two thousand to your master of oratory; what would you have done if he had been able to make you eloquent? However, let us return to your progress, and to Italy.

You led a colony to Casilinum, a place to which Cæsar had previously led one. You did indeed consult me by letter about the colony of Capua (but I should have given you the same answer about Casilinum), whether you could legally lead a new colony to a place where there was a colony already. I said that a new colony could not be legally conducted to an existing colony, which had been established with a due observance of the auspices, as long as it remained in a flourishing state; but I wrote

you word that new colonists might be enrolled among the old ones. But you, elated and insolent, disregarding all the respect due to the auspices, led a colony to Casilinum, whither one had been previously led a few years before; in order to erect your standard there, and to mark out the line of the new colony with a plow. And by that plow you almost grazed the gate of Capua, so as to diminish the territory of that flourishing colony. After this violation of all religious observances, you hasten off to the estate of Marcus Varro, a most conscientious and upright man, at Casinum. By what right? with what face do you do this? By just the same, you will say, as that by which you entered on the estates of the heirs of Lucius Rubrius, or of the heirs of Lucius Turselius, or on other innumerable possessions. If you got the right from any auction, let the auction have all the force to which it is entitled; let writings be of force, provided they are the writings of Cæsar, and not your own; writings by which you are bound, not those by which you have released yourself from obligation.

But who says that the estate of Varro at Casinum was ever sold at all? who ever saw any notice of that auction? who ever heard the voice of the auctioneer? You say that you sent a man to Alexandria to buy it of Cæsar. It was too long to wait for Cæsar himself to come! But who ever heard (and there was no man about whose safety more people were anxious) that any part whatever of Varro's property had been confiscated? What? what shall we say if Cæsar even wrote you that you were to give it up? What can be said strong enough for such enormous impudence? Remove for a while those swords which we see around us. You shall now see that the cause of Cæsar's

auctions is one thing, and that of your confidence and rashness is another. For not only shall the owner drive you from that estate, but any one of his friends, or neighbors, or hereditary connections, and any agent, will have the right to do so.

But how many days did he spend revelling in the most scandalous manner in that villa! From the third hour there was one scene of drinking, gambling and vomiting. Alas for the unhappy house itself! how different a master from its former one has it fallen to the share of! Although, how is he the master at all? but by how different a person has it been occupied! For Marcus Varro used it as a place of retirement for his studies, not as a theatre for his lusts. What noble discussions used to take place in that villa! what ideas were originated there! what writings were composed there! The laws of the Roman people, the memorials of our ancestors, the consideration of all wisdom and all learning, were the topics that used to be dwelt on then —but now, while you were the intruder there (for I will not call you the master), every place was resounding with the voices of drunken men; the pavements were floating with wine; the walls were dripping; nobly-born boys were mixing with the basest hirelings; prostitutes with mothers of families. Men came from Casinum, from Aquinum, from Interamna to salute him. No one was admitted. That, indeed, was proper. For the ordinary marks of respect were unsuited to the most profligate of men. When going from thence to Rome he approached Aquinum, a pretty numerous company (for it is a populous municipality) came out to meet him. But he was carried through the town in a covered litter, as if he had been dead. The people of Aquinum acted foolishly, no doubt; but still

they were in his road. What did the people of Anagnia do? who, although they were out of his line of road, came down to meet him, in order to pay him their respects, as if he were consul. It is an incredible thing to say, but still it was only too notorious at the time, that he returned nobody's salutation; especially as he had two men of Anagnia with him, Mustela and Laco; one of whom had the care of his swords, and the other of his drinking-cups.

Why should I mention the threats and insults with which he inveighed against the people of Teanum Sidicinum, with which he harassed the men of Puteoli, because they had adopted Caius Cassius and the Bruti as their patrons? a choice dictated, in truth, by great wisdom, and great zeal, benevolence, and affection for them; not by violence and force of arms, by which men have been compelled to choose you, and Basilus, and others like you both—men whom no one would choose to have for his own clients, much less to be their client himself.

In the meantime, while you yourself were absent, what a day was that for your colleague when he overturned that tomb in the forum, which you were accustomed to regard with veneration! And when that action was announced to you, you—as is agreed upon by all who were with you at the time—fainted away. What happened afterward I know not. I imagine that terror and arms got the mastery. At all events, you dragged your colleague down from his heaven; and you rendered him, not even now like yourself, at all events very unlike his own former self.

After that what a return was that of yours to Rome! How great was the agitation of the whole city! We recollected Cinna being too powerful; after him we had seen

Sylla with absolute authority, and we had lately beheld Cæsar acting as king. There were perhaps swords, but they were sheathed, and they were not very numerous. But how great and how barbaric a procession is yours! Men follow you in battle array with drawn swords; we see whole litters full of shields borne along. And yet by custom, O conscript fathers, we have become inured and callous to these things. When on the first of June we wished to come to the senate, as it had been ordained, we were suddenly frightened and forced to flee. But he, as having no need of a senate, did not miss any of us, and rather rejoiced at our departure, and immediately proceeded to those marvellous exploits of his. He who had defended the memoranda of Cæsar for the sake of his own profit, overturned the laws of Cæsar—and good laws, too —for the sake of being able to agitate the republic. He increased the number of years that magistrates were to enjoy their provinces; moreover, though he was bound to be the defender of the acts of Cæsar, he rescinded them both with reference to public and private transactions.

In public transactions nothing is more authoritative than law; in private affairs the most valid of all deeds is a will. Of the laws, some he abolished without giving the least notice; others he gave notice of bills to abolish. Wills he annulled; though they have been at all times held sacred even in the case of the very meanest of the citizens. As for the statues and pictures which Cæsar bequeathed to the people, together with his gardens, those he carried away, some to the house which belonged to Pompeius, and some to Scipio's villa.

And are you then diligent in doing honor to Cæsar's memory? Do you love him even now that he is dead?

What greater honor had he obtained than that of having a holy cushion, an image, a temple, and a priest? As then Jupiter, and Mars, and Quirinus have priests, so Marcus Antonius is the priest of the god Julius. Why then do you delay? why are not you inaugurated? Choose a day; select some one to inaugurate you; we are colleagues; no one will refuse. O you detestable man, whether you are the priest of a tyrant, or of a dead man! I ask you then, whether you are ignorant what day this is? Are you ignorant that yesterday was the fourth day of the Roman games in the Circus? and that you yourself submitted a motion to the people, that a fifth day should be added besides, in honor of Cæsar? Why are we not all clad in the prætexta? Why are we permitting the honor which by your law was appointed for Cæsar to be deserted? Had you no objection to so holy a day being polluted by the addition of supplications, while you did not choose it to be so by the addition of ceremonies connected with a sacred cushion? Either take away religion in every case, or preserve it in every case.

You will ask whether I approve of his having a sacred cushion, a temple and a priest? I approve of none of those things. But you, who are defending the acts of Cæsar, what reason can you give for defending some, and disregarding others? unless, indeed, you choose to admit that you measure everything by your own gain, and not by his dignity. What will you now reply to these arguments (for I am waiting to witness your eloquence; I knew your grandfather, who was a most eloquent man, but I know you to be a more undisguised speaker than he was; he never harangued the people naked; but we have seen your breast, man, without disguise as you are)? Will

you make any reply to these statements? will you dare to open your mouth at all? Can you find one single article in this long speech of mine to which you trust that you can make any answer? However, we will say no more of what is past.

But this single day, this very day that now is, this very moment while I am speaking, defend your conduct during this very moment, if you can. Why has the senate been surrounded with a belt of armed men? Why are your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are not the folding-doors of the temple of Concord open? Why do you bring men of all nations the most barbarous, Ityreans, armed with arrows, into the forum? He says that he does so as a guard. Is it not, then, better to perish a thousand times than to be unable to live in one's own city without a guard of armed men? But believe me, there is no protection in that—a man must be defended by the affection and goodwill of his fellow-citizens, not by arms. The Roman people will take them from you, will wrest them from your hands; I wish that they may do so while we are still safe. But however you treat us, as long as you adopt those counsels, it is impossible for you, believe me, to last long. In truth, that wife of yours, who is so far removed from covetousness, and whom I mention without intending any slight to her, has been too long owing her third payment to the state. The Roman people has men to whom it can intrust the helm of the state; and wherever they are, there is all the defence of the republic, or rather, there is the republic itself; which as yet has only avenged, but has not re-established itself. Truly and surely has the republic most high-born youths ready to defend it—though they may for a time keep in the back-

ground from a desire for tranquillity, still they can be recalled by the republic at any time.

The name of peace is sweet, the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity; slavery is the worst of all evils—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war; who was a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man who was not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Recollect, then, O Marcus Antonius, that day on which you abolished the dictatorship. Set before you the joy of the senate and people of Rome; compare it with this infamous market held by you and by your friends; and then you will understand how great is the difference between praise and profit. But, in truth, just as some people, through some disease which has blunted the senses, have no conception of the niceness of food, so men who are lustful, avaricious, and criminal, have no taste for true

glory. But if praise cannot allure you to act rightly, still cannot even fear turn you away from the most shameful actions? You are not afraid of the courts of justice. If it is because you are innocent, I praise you; if because you trust in your power of overbearing them by violence, are you ignorant of what that man has to fear, who on such an account as that does not fear the courts of justice?

But if you are not afraid of brave men and illustrious citizens, because they are prevented from attacking you by your armed retinue, still, believe me, your own fellows will not long endure you. And what a life is it, day and night to be fearing danger from one's own people! Unless, indeed, you have men who are bound to you by greater kindnesses than some of those men by whom he was slain were bound to Cæsar; or unless there are points in which you can be compared with him.

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the republic, were, nevertheless, mighty deeds. Having for many years aimed at being a king, he had with great labor, and much personal danger, accomplished what he intended. He had conciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared to him. But from the many evils which by

him have been burned into the republic, there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learned how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think of these things? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learned how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic: think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the republic as a young man, I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours. No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person, if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death.

May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be

granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct toward the republic.

THE THIRD PHILIPPIC, OR THIRD ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

WE have been assembled at length, O conscript fathers, altogether later than the necessities of the republic required; but still we are assembled; a measure which I, indeed, have been every day demanding; inasmuch as I saw that a nefarious war against our altars and our hearths, against our lives and our fortunes, was, I will not say being prepared, but being actually waged by a profligate and desperate man. People are waiting for the first of January. But Antonius is not waiting for that day, who is now attempting with an army to invade the province of Decimus Brutus, a most illustrious and excellent man. And when he has procured reinforcements and equipments there, he threatens that he will come to this city. What is the use, then, of waiting, or of even a delay for the very shortest time? For although the first of January is at hand, still a short time is a long one for people who are not prepared. For a day, or I should rather say an hour, often brings great disasters, if no precautions are taken. And it is not usual to wait for a fixed day for holding a council, as it is for celebrating a festival. But if the first of January had fallen on the day when Antonius first fled from the city, or if people had not waited for it, we should by this time have no war at all. For we should easily have crushed

the audacity of that frantic man by the authority of the senate and the unanimity of the Roman people. And now, indeed, I feel confident that the consuls elect will do so, as soon as they enter on their magistracy. For they are men of the highest courage, of the most consummate wisdom, and they will act in perfect harmony with each other. But my exhortations to rapid and instant action are prompted by a desire not merely for victory, but for speedy victory.

For how long are we to trust to the prudence of an individual to repel so important, so cruel, and so nefarious a war? Why is not the public authority thrown into the scale as quickly as possible?

Caius Cæsar, a young man, or, I should rather say, almost a boy, endued with an incredible and godlike degree of wisdom and valor, at the time when the frenzy of Antonius was at its height, and when his cruel and mischievous return from Brundusium was an object of apprehension to all, while we neither desired him to do so, nor thought of such a measure, nor ventured even to wish it (because it did not seem practicable), collected a most trustworthy army from the invincible body of veteran soldiers, and has spent his own patrimony in doing so. Although I have not used the expression which I ought—for he has not spent it, he has invested it in the safety of the republic.

And although it is not possible to requite him with all the thanks to which he is entitled, still we ought to feel all the gratitude toward him which our minds are capable of conceiving. For who is so ignorant of public affairs, so entirely indifferent to all thoughts of the republic, as not to see that, if Marcus Antonius could have come with

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those forces which he made sure that he should have, from Brundusium to Rome, as he threatened, there would have been no description of cruelty which he would not have practiced? A man who in the house of his entertainer at Brundusium ordered so many most gallant men and virtuous citizens to be murdered, and whose wife's face was notoriously besprinkled with the blood of men dying at his and her feet. Who is there of us, or what good man is there at all, whom a man stained with this barbarity would ever have spared; especially as he was coming hither much more angry with all virtuous men than he had been with those whom he had massacred there? And from this calamity Cæsar has delivered the republic by his own individual prudence (and, indeed, there were no other means by which it could have been done). And if he had not been born in this republic we should, owing to the wickedness of Antonius, now have no republic at all.

For this is what I believe, this is my deliberate opinion, that if that one young man had not checked the violence and inhuman projects of that frantic man, the republic would have been utterly destroyed. And to him we must, O conscript fathers (for this is the first time, met in such a condition, that, owing to his good service, we are at liberty to say freely what we think and feel), we must, I say, this day give authority, so that he may be able to defend the republic, not because that defence has been voluntarily undertaken by him, but also because it has been intrusted to him by us.

Nor (since now after a long interval we are allowed to speak concerning the republic) is it possible for us to be silent about the Martial legion. For what single man has ever been braver, what single man has ever been more de-

voted to the republic than the whole of the Martial legion? which, as soon as it had decided that Marcus Antonius was an enemy of the Roman people, refused to be a companion of his insanity; deserted him though consul; which, in truth, it would not have done if it had considered him as consul, who, as it saw, was aiming at nothing and preparing nothing but the slaughter of the citizens, and the destruction of the state. And that legion has encamped at Alba. What city could it have selected either more suitable for enabling it to act, or more faithful, or full of more gallant men, or of citizens more devoted to the republic?

The fourth legion, imitating the virtue of this legion, under the leadership of Lucius Egnatuleius, the quæstor, a most virtuous and intrepid citizen, has also acknowledged the authority and joined the army of Caius Cæsar.

We, therefore, O conscript fathers, must take care that those things which this most illustrious young man, this most excellent of all men has of his own accord done, and still is doing, be sanctioned by our authority; and the admirable unanimity of the veterans, those most brave men, and of the Martial and of the fourth legion, in their zeal for the re-establishment of the republic, be encouraged by our praise and commendation. And let us pledge ourselves this day that their advantage, and honors, and rewards shall be cared for by us as soon as the consuls elect have entered on their magistracy.

And the things which I have said about Cæsar and about his army are, indeed, already well known to you. For by the admirable valor of Cæsar, and by the firmness of the veteran soldiers, and by the admirable discernment of those legions which have followed our authority, and the liberty of the Roman people, and the valor of

Cæsar, Antonius has been repelled from his attempts upon our lives. But these things, as I have said, happened before; but this recent edict of Decimus Brutus, which has just been issued, can certainly not be passed over in silence. For he promises to preserve the province of Gaul in obedience to the senate and people of Rome. O citizen, born for the republic; mindful of the name he bears; imitator of his ancestors! Nor, indeed, was the acquisition of liberty so much an object of desire to our ancestors when Tarquinius was expelled, as, now that Antonius is driven away, the preservation of it is to us. Those men had learned to obey kings ever since the foundation of the city, but we from the time when the kings were driven out have forgotten how to be slaves. And that Tarquinius, whom our ancestors expelled, was not either considered or called cruel or impious, but only The Proud. That vice which we have often borne in private individuals, our ancestors could not endure even in a king.

Lucius Brutus could not endure a proud king. Shall Decimus Brutus submit to the kingly power of a man who is wicked and impious? What atrocity did Tarquinius ever commit equal to the innumerable acts of the sort which Antonius has done and is still doing? Again, the kings were used to consult the senate; nor, as is the case when Antonius holds a senate, were armed barbarians ever introduced into the council of the king. The kings paid due regard to the auspices, which this man, though consul and augur, has neglected, not only by passing laws in opposition to the auspices, but also by making his colleague (whom he himself had appointed irregularly, and had falsified the auspices in order to do so) join in passing them. Again, what king was ever so preposterously impudent as

to have all the profits, and kindnesses, and privileges of his kingdom on sale? But what immunity is there, what rights of citizenship, what rewards that this man has not sold to individuals, and to cities, and to entire provinces? We have never heard of anything base or sordid being imputed to Tarquinius. But at the house of this man gold was constantly being weighed out in the spinning room, and money was being paid, and in one single house every soul who had any interest in the business was selling the whole empire of the Roman people. We have never heard of any executions of Roman citizens by the orders of Tarquinius; but this man both at Suessa murdered the man whom he had thrown into prison, and at Brundusium massacred about three hundred most gallant men and most virtuous citizens. Lastly, Tarquinius was conducting a war in defence of the Roman people at the very time when he was expelled. Antonius was leading an army against the Roman people at the time when, being abandoned by the legions, he cowered at the name of Cæsar and at his army, and neglecting the regular sacrifices, he offered up before daylight vows which he could never mean to perform; and at this very moment he is endeavoring to invade a province of the Roman people. The Roman people, therefore, has already received and is still looking for greater services at the hand of Decimus Brutus than our ancestors received from Lucius Brutus, the founder of this race and name which we ought to be so anxious to preserve.

But, while all slavery is miserable, to be slave to a man who is profligate, unchaste, effeminate, never, not even while in fear, sober, is surely intolerable. He, then, who keeps this man out of Gaul, especially by his own

private authority, judges, and judges most truly, that he is not consul at all. We must take care, therefore, O conscript fathers, to sanction the private decision of Decimus Brutus by public authority. Nor, indeed, ought you to have thought Marcus Antonius consul at any time since the Lupercalia. For on the day when he, in the sight of the Roman people, harangued the mob, naked, perfumed, and drunk, and labored, moreover, to put a crown on the head of his colleague, on that day he abdicated not only the consulship, but also his own freedom. At all events he himself must at once have become a slave, if Cæsar had been willing to accept from him that ensign of royalty. Can I, then, think him a consul, can I think him a Roman citizen, can I think him a freeman, can I even think him a man, who, on that shameful and wicked day, showed what he was willing to endure while Cæsar lived, and what he was anxious to obtain himself after he was dead?

Nor is it possible to pass over in silence the virtue and the firmness and the dignity of the province of Gaul. For that is the flower of Italy; that is the bulwark of the empire of the Roman people; that is the chief ornament of our dignity. But so perfect is the unanimity of the municipal towns and colonies of the province of Gaul that all men in that district appear to have united together to defend the authority of this order and the majesty of the Roman people. Wherefore, O tribunes of the people, although you have not actually brought any other business before us beyond the question of protection, in order that the consuls may be able to hold the senate with safety on the first of January, still you appear to me to have acted with great wisdom and great prudence in giving an opportunity of debating the general circumstances of the re-

public. For when you decided that the senate could not be held with safety, without some protection or other, you, at the same time, asserted by that decision that the wickedness and audacity of Antonius was still continuing its practices within our walls.

Wherefore, I will embrace every consideration in my opinion which I am now going to deliver, a course to which you, I feel sure, have no objection; in order that authority may be conferred by us on admirable generals, and that hope of reward may be held out by us to gallant soldiers, and that a formal decision may be come to, not by words only, but also by actions, that Antonius is not only not a consul, but is even an enemy. For if he be consul, then the legions which have deserted the consul deserve beating to death. Cæsar is wicked, Brutus is impious, since they, of their own heads, have levied an army against the consul. But if new honors are to be sought out for the soldiers on account of their divine and immortal merits, and if it is quite impossible to show gratitude enough to the generals, who is there who must not think that man a public enemy, whose conduct is such that those who are in arms against him are considered the saviors of the republic?

Again, how insulting is he in his edicts! how ignorant! how like a barbarian! In the first place, how has he heaped abuse on Cæsar, in terms drawn from his recollection of his own debauchery and profligacy. For where can we find any one who is chaster than this young man? who is more modest? where have we among our youth a more illustrious example of the old-fashioned strictness? Who, on the other hand, is more profligate than the man who abuses him? He reproaches the son of Caius Cæsar

with his want of noble blood, when even his natural father, if he had been alive, would have been made consul. His mother is a woman of Aricia. You might suppose he was saying a woman of Tralles, or of Ephesus. Just see how we all who come from the municipal towns—that is to say, absolutely all of us—are looked down upon; for how few of us are there who do not come from those towns? and what municipal town is there which he does not despise who looks with such contempt on Aricia; a town most ancient as to its antiquity; if we regard its rights, united with us by treaty; if we regard its vicinity, almost close to us; if we regard the high character of its inhabitants, most honorable? It is from Aricia that we have received the Voconian and Atinian laws; from Aricia have come many of those magistrates who have filled our curule chairs, both in our fathers' recollection and in our own; from Aricia have sprung many of the best and bravest of the Roman knights. But if you disapprove of a wife from Aricia, why do you approve of one from Tusculum? Although the father of this most virtuous and excellent woman, Marcus Atius Balbus, a man of the highest character, was a man of prætorian rank; but the father of your wife—a good woman, at all events a rich one—a fellow of the name of Bambalio, was a man of no account at all. Nothing could be lower than he was, a fellow who got his surname as a sort of insult, derived from the hesitation of his speech and the stolidity of his understanding. Oh, but your grandfather was nobly born. Yes, he was that Tuditanus who used to put on a cloak and buskins, and then go and scatter money from the rostra among the people. I wish he had bequeathed his contempt of money to his descendants! You have, indeed, a most glorious

nobility of family! But how does it happen that the son of a woman of Aricia appears to you to be ignoble, when you are accustomed to boast of a descent on the mother's side which is precisely the same? Besides, what insanity is it for that man to say anything about the want of noble birth in men's wives, when his father married Numitoria of Fregellæ, the daughter of a traitor, and when he himself has begotten children of the daughter of a freedman. However, those illustrious men Lucius Philippus, who has a wife who came from Aricia, and Caius Marcellus, whose wife is the daughter of an Arician, may look to this; and I am quite sure that they have no regrets on the score of the dignity of those admirable women.

Moreover, Antonius proceeds to name Quintus Cicero, my brother's son, in his edict; and is so mad as not to perceive that the way in which he names him is a panegyric on him. For what could happen more desirable for this young man than to be known by every one to be the partner of Cæsar's counsels, and the enemy of the frenzy of Antonius? But this gladiator has dared to put in writing that he had designed the murder of his father and of his uncle. Oh, the marvellous impudence, and audacity, and temerity of such an assertion! to dare to put this in writing against that young man, whom I and my brother, on account of his amiable manners, and pure character, and splendid abilities, vie with one another in loving, and to whom we incessantly devote our eyes, and ears, and affections! And as to me, he does not know whether he is injuring or praising me in those same edicts. When he threatens the most virtuous citizens with the same punishment which I inflicted on the most wicked and infamous of men, he seems to praise me as if he were

desirous of copying me; but when he brings up again the memory of that most illustrious exploit, then he thinks that he is exciting some odium against me in the breasts of men like himself.

But what is it that he has done himself? When he had published all these edicts, he issued another, that the senate was to meet in a full house on the twenty-fourth of November. On that day he himself was not present. But what were the terms of his edict? These, I believe, are the exact words of the end of it: "If any one fails to attend, all men will be at liberty to think him the adviser of my destruction and of most ruinous counsels." What are ruinous counsels? those which relate to the recovery of the liberty of the Roman people? Of those counsels I confess that I have been and still am an adviser and prompter to Cæsar. Although he did not stand in need of any one's advice; but still I spurred on the willing horse, as it is said. For what good man would not have advised putting you to death, when on your death depended the safety and life of every good man, and the liberty and dignity of the Roman people?

But when he had summoned us all by so severe an edict, why did he not attend himself? Do you suppose that he was detained by any melancholy or important occasion? He was detained drinking and feasting. If, indeed, it deserves to be called a feast, and not rather gluttony. He neglected to attend on the day mentioned in his edict; and he adjourned the meeting to the twenty-eighth. He then summoned us to attend in the Capitol; and at that temple he did arrive himself, coming up through some mine left by the Gauls. Men came, having been summoned, some of them indeed men of high distinction,

but forgetful of what was due to their dignity. For the day was such, the report of the object of the meeting such, such too the man who had convened the senate, that it was discreditable for a senate to feel no fear for the result. And yet to those men who had assembled he did not dare to say a single word about Cæsar, though he had made up his mind to submit a motion respecting him to the senate. There was a man of consular rank who had brought a resolution ready drawn up. Is it not now admitting that he is himself an enemy, when he does not dare to make a motion respecting a man who is leading an army against him while he is consul? For it is perfectly plain that one of the two must be an enemy; nor is it possible to come to a different decision respecting adverse generals. If then Caius Cæsar be an enemy, why does the consul submit no motion to the senate? If he does not deserve to be branded by the senate, then what can the consul say, who, by his silence respecting him, has confessed that he himself is an enemy? In his edicts he styles him Spartacus, while in the senate he does not venture to call him even a bad citizen.

But in the most melancholy circumstances what mirth does he not provoke? I have committed to memory some short phrases of one edict, which he appears to think particularly clever; but I have not as yet found any one who has understood what he intended by them. "That is no insult which a worthy man does." Now, in the first place, what is the meaning of "worthy"? For there are many men worthy of punishment, as he himself is. Does he mean what a man does who is invested with any dignity? if so, what insult can be greater? Moreover, what is the meaning of "doing an insult"? Who ever uses

such an expression? Then comes, "Nor any fear which an enemy threatens." What then? is fear usually threatened by a friend? Then came many similar sentences. Is it not better to be dumb than to say what no one can understand? Now see why his tutor, exchanging pleas for plows, has had given to him in the public domain of the Roman people two thousand acres of land in the Leontine district, exempt from all taxes, for making a stupid man still stupider at the public expense.

However, these perhaps are trifling matters. I ask now, why all on a sudden he became so gentle in the senate, after having been so fierce in his edicts? For what was the object of threatening Lucius Cassius, a most fearless tribune of the people, and a most virtuous and loyal citizen, with death if he came to the senate? of expelling Decimus Carfulenus, a man thoroughly attached to the republic, from the senate by violence and threats of death? of interdicting Titus Canutius, by whom he had been repeatedly and deservedly harassed by most legitimate attacks, not only from the temple itself but from all approach to it? What was the resolution of the senate which he was afraid that they would stop by the interposition of their veto? That, I suppose, respecting the supplication in honor of Marcus Lepidus, a most illustrious man! Certainly there was a great danger of our hindering an ordinary compliment to a man on whom we were every day thinking of conferring some extraordinary honor. However, that he might not appear to have had no reason at all for ordering the senate to meet, he was on the point of bringing forward some motion about the republic, when the news about the fourth legion came; which entirely bewildered him, and hastening to flee away, he

took a division on the resolution for decreeing this supplication, though such a proceeding had never been heard of before.

But what a setting out was his after this! what a journey when he was in his robe as a general! How did he shun all eyes, and the light of day, and the city, and the forum! How miserable was his flight! how shameful! how infamous! Splendid, too, were the decrees of the senate passed on the evening of that very day; very religiously solemn was the allotment of the provinces; and heavenly indeed was the opportunity, when every one got exactly what he thought most desirable. You are acting admirably, therefore, O tribunes of the people, in bringing forward a motion about the protection of the senate and consuls; and most deservedly are we all bound to feel and to prove to you the greatest gratitude for your conduct. For how can we be free from fear and danger while menaced by such covetousness and audacity? And as for that ruined and desperate man, what more hostile decision can be passed upon him than has already been passed by his own friends? His most intimate friend, a man connected with me too, Lucius Lentulus, and also Publius Naso, a man destitute of covetousness, have shown that they think that they have no provinces assigned them, and that the allotments of Antonius are invalid. Lucius Philippus, a man thoroughly worthy of his father and grandfather and ancestors, has done the same. The same is the opinion of Marcus Turanius, a man of the greatest integrity and purity of life. The same is the conduct of Publius Oppius; and those very men—who, influenced by their friendship for Marcus Antonius, have attributed to him more power than they would perhaps really approve

of—Marcus Piso, my own connection, a most admirable man and virtuous citizen, and Marcus Vehilius, a man of equal respectability, have both declared that they would obey the authority of the senate. Why should I speak of Lucius Cinna? whose extraordinary integrity, proved under many trying circumstances, makes the glory of his present admirable conduct less remarkable; he has altogether disregarded the province assigned to him; and so has Caius Cestius, a man of great and firm mind.

Who are there left then to be delighted with this heaven-sent allotment? Lucius Antonius and Marcus Antonius! O happy pair! for there is nothing that they wished for more. Caius Antonius has Macedonia. Happy, too, is he! For he was constantly talking about this province. Caius Calvisius has Africa. Nothing could be more fortunate, for he had only just departed from Africa, and, as if he had divined that he should return, he left two lieutenants at Utica. Then Marcus Iccius has Sicily, and Quintus Cassius Spain. I do not know what to suspect. I fancy the lots which assigned these two provinces were not quite so carefully attended to by the gods.

O Caius Cæsar (I am speaking of the young man), what safety have you brought to the republic! How unforeseen has it been! how sudden! for if he did these things when flying, what would he have done when he was pursuing? In truth, he had said in a harangue that he would be the guardian of the city; and that he would keep his army at the gates of the city till the first of May. What a fine guardian (as the proverb goes) is the wolf of the sheep! Would Antonius have been a guardian of the city, or its plunderer and destroyer? And he said too that he would come into the city and go out as he pleased. What more

need I say? Did he not say, in the hearing of all the people, while sitting in front of the temple of Castor, that no one should remain alive but the conqueror?

On this day, O conscript fathers, for the first time after a long interval do we plant our foot and take possession of liberty. Liberty, of which, as long as I could be, I was not only the defender, but even the savior. But when I could not be so, I rested; and I bore the misfortunes and misery of that period without abjectness, and not without some dignity. But as for this most foul monster, who could endure him, or how could any one endure him? What is there in Antonius except lust, and cruelty, and wantonness, and audacity? Of these materials he is wholly made up. There is in him nothing ingenuous, nothing moderate, nothing modest, nothing virtuous. Wherefore, since the matter has come to such a crisis that the question is whether he is to make atonement to the republic for his crimes, or we are to become slaves, let us at last, I beseech you, by the immortal gods, O conscript fathers, adopt our fathers' courage, and our fathers' virtue, so as either to recover the liberty belonging to the Roman name and race, or else to prefer death to slavery. We have borne and endured many things which ought not to be endured in a free city: some of us out of a hope of recovering our freedom, some from too great a fondness for life. But if we have submitted to these things, which necessity and a sort of force which may seem almost to have been put on us by destiny, have compelled us to endure; though, in point of fact, we have not endured them; are we also to bear with the most shameful and inhuman tyranny of this profligate robber?

What will he do in his passion, if ever he has the

power, who, when he is not able to show his anger against any one, has been the enemy of all good men? What will he not dare to do when victorious, who, without having gained any victory, has committed such crimes as these since the death of Cæsar? has emptied his well-filled house? has pillaged his gardens? has transferred to his own mansion all their ornaments? has sought to make his death a pretext for slaughter and conflagration? who, while he has carried two or three resolutions of the senate which have been advantageous to the republic, has made everything else subservient to his own acquisition of gain and plunder? who has put up exemptions and annuities to sale? who has released cities from obligations? who has removed whole provinces from subjection to the Roman empire? who has restored exiles? who has passed forged laws in the name of Cæsar, and has continued to have forged decrees engraved on brass and fixed up in the Capitol, and has set up in his own house a domestic market for all things of that sort? who has imposed laws on the Roman people? and who, with armed troops and guards, has excluded both the people and the magistrates from the forum? who has filled the senate with armed men? and has introduced armed men into the temple of Concord when he was holding a senate there? who ran down to Brundusium to meet the legions, and then murdered all the centurions in them who were well affected to the republic? who endeavored to come to Rome with his army to accomplish our massacre and the utter destruction of the city?

And he, now that he has been prevented from succeeding in this attempt by the wisdom and forces of Cæsar, and the unanimity of the veterans, and the valor of the

legions, even now that his fortunes are desperate, does not diminish his audacity, nor, mad that he is, does he cease proceeding in his headlong career of fury. He is leading his mutilated army into Gaul; with one legion, and that too wavering in its fidelity to him, he is waiting for his brother Lucius, as he cannot find any one more nearly like himself than him. But now what slaughter is this man, who has thus become a captain instead of a matador, a general instead of a gladiator, making, wherever he sets his foot! He destroys stores, he slays the flocks and herds, and all the cattle, wherever he finds them; his soldiers revel in their spoil; and he himself, in order to imitate his brother, drowns himself in wine. Fields are laid waste; villas are plundered; matrons, virgins, well-born boys are carried off and given up to the soldiery; and Marcus Antonius has done exactly the same wherever he has led his army.

Will you open your gates to these most infamous brothers? will you ever admit them into the city? will you not rather, now that the opportunity is offered to you, now that you have generals ready, and the minds of the soldiers eager for the service, and all the Roman people unanimous, and all Italy excited with the desire to recover its liberty—will you not, I say, avail yourself of the kindness of the immortal gods? You will never have an opportunity if you neglect this one. He will be hemmed in in the rear, in the front, and in flank, if he once enters Gaul. Nor must he be attacked by arms alone, but by our decrees also. Mighty is the authority, mighty is the name of the senate when all its members are inspired by one and the same resolution. Do you not see how the forum is crowded? how the Roman people is on tiptoe

with the hope of recovering its liberty? which now, beholding us, after a long interval, meeting here in numbers, hopes too that we are also met in freedom.

It was in expectation of this day that I avoided the wicked army of Marcus Antonius, at a time when he, while inveighing against me, was not aware for what an occasion I was reserving myself and my strength. If at that time I had chosen to reply to him, while he was seeking to begin the massacre with me, I should not now be able to consult the welfare of the republic. But now that I have this opportunity, I will never, O conscript fathers, neither by day nor by night, cease considering what ought to be thought concerning the liberty of the Roman people, and concerning your dignity. And whatever ought to be planned or done, I not only will never shrink from, but I will offer myself for, and beg to have intrusted to me. This is what I did before while it was in my power; when it was no longer in my power to do so, I did nothing. But now it is not only in my power, but it is absolutely necessary for me, unless we prefer being slaves to fighting with all our strength and courage to avoid being slaves. The immortal gods have given us these protectors, Cæsar for the city, Brutus for Gaul. For if he had been able to oppress the city we must have become slaves at once; if he had been able to get possession of Gaul, then it would not have been long before every good man must have perished and all the rest have been enslaved.

Now then that this opportunity is afforded to you, O conscript fathers, I entreat you in the name of the immortal gods, seize upon it; and recollect at last that you are the chief men of the most honorable council on the whole face of the earth. Give a token to the Roman

people that your wisdom shall not fail the republic, since that too professes that its valor shall never desert it either. There is no need for my warning you: there is no one so foolish as not to perceive that if we go to sleep over this opportunity we shall have to endure a tyranny which will be not only cruel and haughty, but also ignominious and flagitious. You know the insolence of Antonius; you know his friends; you know his whole household. To be slaves to lustful, wanton, debauched, profligate, drunken gamblers, is the extremity of misery combined with the extremity of infamy. And if now (but may the immortal gods avert the omen!) that worst of fates shall befall the republic, then, as brave gladiators take care to perish with honor, let us too, who are the chief men of all countries and nations, take care to fall with dignity rather than to live as slaves with ignominy.

There is nothing more detestable than disgrace; nothing more shameful than slavery. We have been born to glory and to liberty; let us either preserve them or die with dignity. Too long have we concealed what we have felt: now at length it is revealed: every one has plainly shown what are his feelings to both sides, and what are his inclinations. There are impious citizens, measured by the love I bear my country, too many; but in proportion to the multitude of well-affected ones, very few; and the immortal gods have given the republic an incredible opportunity and chance for destroying them. For, in addition to the defences which we already have, there will soon be added consuls of consummate prudence, and virtue, and concord, who have already deliberated and pondered for many months on the freedom of the Roman people. With these men for our advisers and leaders,

with the gods assisting us, with ourselves using all vigilance and taking great precautions for the future, and with the Roman people acting with unanimity, we shall indeed be free in a short time, and the recollection of our present slavery will make liberty sweeter.

Moved by these considerations, since the tribunes of the people have brought forward a motion to insure that the senate shall be able to meet in safety on the first of January, and that we may be able to deliver our sentiments on the general welfare of the state with freedom, I give my vote that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls elect, do take care that the senate be enabled to meet in safety on the first of January; and, as an edict has been published by Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, I vote that the senate thinks that Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul, deserves excellently well of the republic, inasmuch as he is upholding the authority of the senate, and the freedom and empire of the Roman people; and as he is also retaining the province of Gallia Citerior, a province full of virtuous and brave men, and of citizens most devoted to the republic, and his army, in obedience to the senate, I vote that the senate judges that he, and his army, and the municipalities and colonies of the province of Gaul, have acted and are acting properly, and regularly, and in a manner advantageous to the republic. And the senate thinks that it will be for the general interests of the republic that the provinces which are at present occupied by Decimus Brutus and by Lucius Plancus, both imperators, and consuls elect, and also by the officers who are in command of provinces, shall continue to be held by them in accordance with the provisions of the Julian law, until each of these officers has a

successor appointed by a resolution of the senate; and that they shall take care to maintain those provinces and armies in obedience to the senate and people of Rome, and as a defence to the republic. And since, by the exertions and valor and wisdom of Caius Cæsar, and by the admirable unanimity of the veteran soldiers, who, obeying his authority, have been and are a protection to the republic, the Roman people has been defended, and is at this present time being defended, from the most serious dangers. And as the Martial legion has encamped at Alba, in a municipal town of the greatest loyalty and courage, and has devoted itself to the support of the authority of the senate, and of the freedom of the Roman people; and as the fourth legion, behaving with equal wisdom and with the same virtue, under the command of Lucius Egnatuleius, the quæstor, an illustrious citizen, has defended and is still defending the authority of the senate and the freedom of the Roman people; I give my vote, That it is and shall be an object of anxious care to the senate to pay due honor and to show due gratitude to them for their exceeding services to the republic: and that the senate hereby orders that when Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls elect, have entered on their office, they take the earliest opportunity of consulting this body on these matters, as shall seem to them expedient for the republic, and worthy of their own integrity and loyalty.

THE FOURTH PHILIPPIC, OR FOURTH ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE great numbers in which you are here met this day, O Romans, and this assembly, greater than, it seems to me, I ever remember, inspires me with both an exceeding eagerness to defend the republic, and with a great hope of re-establishing it. Although my courage, indeed, has never failed; what has been unfavorable is the time; and the moment that that has appeared to show any dawn of light, I at once have been the leader in the defence of your liberty. And if I had attempted to have done so before, I should not be able to do so now. For this day, O Romans (that you may not think it is but a trifling business in which we have been engaged), the foundations have been laid for future actions. For the senate has no longer been content with styling Antonius an enemy in words, but it has shown by actions that it thinks him one. And now I am much more elated still, because you, too, with such great unanimity, and with such a clamor, have sanctioned our declaration that he is an enemy.

And, indeed, O Romans, it is impossible but that either the men must be impious who have levied armies against the consul, or else that he must be an enemy against whom they have rightly taken arms. And this doubt the senate has this day removed—not, indeed, that there really was any; but it has prevented the possibility of there being any. Caius Cæsar, who has upheld and who is still up-

holding the republic and your freedom by his zeal and wisdom, and at the expense of his patrimonial estate, has been complimented with the highest praises of the senate.

I praise you—yes, I praise you greatly, O Romans, when you follow with the most grateful minds the name of that most illustrious youth, or rather boy; for his actions belong to immortality, the name of youth only to his age. I can recollect many things; I have heard of many things; I have read of many things; but in the whole history of the whole world I have never known anything like this. For, when we were weighed down with slavery, when the evil was daily increasing, when we had no defence, while we were in dread of the pernicious and fatal return of Marcus Antonius from Brundusium, this young man adopted the design which none of us had ventured to hope for, which, beyond all question, none of us was acquainted with, of raising an invincible army of his father's soldiers, and so hindering the frenzy of Antonius, spurred on, as it was, by the most inhuman counsels, from the power of doing mischief to the republic.

For who is there who does not see clearly that, if Cæsar had not prepared an army, the return of Antonius must have been accompanied by our destruction? For, in truth, he returned in such a state of mind, burning with hatred of you all, stained with the blood of the Roman citizens, whom he had murdered at Suessa and at Brundusium, that he thought of nothing but the utter destruction of the republic. And what protection could have been found for your safety and for your liberty if the army of Caius Cæsar had not been composed of the bravest of his father's soldiers? And with respect to his

praises and honors—and he is entitled to divine and everlasting honors for his godlike and undying services—the senate has just consented to my proposals, and has decreed that a motion be submitted to it at the very earliest opportunity.

Now who is there who does not see that by this decree Antonius has been adjudged to be an enemy? For what else can we call him, when the senate decides that extraordinary honors are to be devised for those men who are leading armies against him? What? did not the Martial legion (which appears to me by some divine permission to have derived its name from that god from whom we have heard that the Roman people descended) decide by its resolutions that Antonius was an enemy before the senate had come to any resolution? For if he be not an enemy, we must inevitably decide that those men who have deserted the consul are enemies. Admirably and seasonably, O Romans, have you by your cries sanctioned the noble conduct of the men of the Martial legion, who have come over to the authority of the senate, to your liberty, and to the whole republic; and have abandoned that enemy, and robber, and parricide of his country. Nor did they display only their spirit and courage in doing this, but their caution and wisdom also. They encamped at Alba, in a city convenient, fortified, near, full of brave men and loyal and virtuous citizens. The fourth legion imitating the virtue of this Martial legion, under the leadership of Lucius Egnatuleius, whom the senate deservedly praised a little while ago, has also joined the army of Caius Cæsar.

What more adverse decisions, O Marcus Antonius, can you want? Cæsar, who has levied an army against you,

is extolled to the skies. The legions are praised in the most complimentary language, which have abandoned you, which were sent for into Italy by you; and which, if you had chosen to be a consul rather than an enemy, were wholly devoted to you. And the fearless and honest decision of those legions is confirmed by the senate, is approved of by the whole Roman people—unless, indeed, you to-day, O Romans, decide that Antonius is a consul and not an enemy. I thought, O Romans, that you did think as you show you do. What? do you suppose that the municipal towns, and the colonies, and the prefectures have any other opinion? All men are agreed with one mind; so that every one who wishes the state to be saved must take up every sort of arms against that pestilence. What? does, I should like to know, does the opinion of Decimus Brutus, O Romans, which you can gather from his edict, which has this day reached us, appear to any one deserving of being lightly esteemed? Rightly and truly do you say No, O Romans. For the family and name of Brutus has been by some especial kindness and liberality of the immortal gods given to the republic, for the purpose of at one time establishing, and at another of recovering, the liberty of the Roman people. What, then, has been the opinion which Decimus Brutus has formed of Marcus Antonius? He excludes him from his province. He opposes him with his army. He rouses all Gaul to war, which is already roused of its own accord, and in consequence of the judgment which it has itself formed. If Antonius be consul, Brutus is an enemy. Can we, then, doubt which of these alternatives is the fact?

And just as you now with one mind and one voice

affirm that you entertain no doubt, so did the senate just now decree that Decimus Brutus deserved excellently well of the republic, inasmuch as he was defending the authority of the senate and the liberty and empire of the Roman people. Defending it against whom? Why, against an enemy. For what other sort of defence deserves praise? In the next place the province of Gaul is praised, and is deservedly complimented in most honorable language by the senate for resisting Antonius. But if that province considered him the consul, and still refused to receive him, it would be guilty of great wickedness. For all the provinces belong to the consul of right, and are bound to obey him. Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, a citizen born for the republic, denies that he is consul; Gaul denies it; all Italy denies it; the senate denies it; you deny it. Who, then, think that he is consul except a few robbers? Although even they themselves do not believe what they say; nor is it possible that they should differ from the judgment of all men, impious and desperate men though they be. But the hope of plunder and booty blinds their minds; men whom no gifts of money, no allotment of land, nor even that interminable auction has satisfied; who have proposed to themselves the city, the properties and fortunes of all the citizens as their booty; and who, as long as there is something for them to seize and carry off, think that nothing will be wanting to them; among whom Marcus Antonius (O ye immortal gods, avert, I pray you, and efface this omen) has promised to divide this city. May things rather happen, O Romans, as you pray that they should, and may the chastisement of this frenzy fall on him and on his friends. And, indeed, I feel sure that it will be so. For

I think that at present not only men but the immortal gods have all united together to preserve this republic. For if the immortal gods foreshow us the future, by means of portents and prodigies, then it has been openly revealed to us that punishment is near at hand to him, and liberty to us. Or if it was impossible for such unanimity on the part of all men to exist without the inspiration of the gods, in either case how can we doubt as to the inclinations of the heavenly deities?

It only remains, O Romans, for you to persevere in the sentiments which you at present display.

I will act, therefore, as commanders are in the habit of doing when their army is ready for battle, who, although they see their soldiers ready to engage, still address an exhortation to them; and in like manner I will exhort you who are already eager and burning to recover your liberty. You have not—you have not, indeed, O Romans, to war against an enemy with whom it is possible to make peace on any terms whatever. For he does not now desire your slavery, as he did before, but he is angry now and thirsts for your blood. No sport appears more delightful to him than bloodshed, and slaughter, and the massacre of citizens before his eyes. You have not, O Romans, to deal with a wicked and profligate man, but with an unnatural and savage beast. And, since he has fallen into a well, let him be buried in it. For, if he escapes out of it, there will be no inhumanity of torture which it will be possible to avoid. But he is at present hemmed in, pressed, and besieged by those troops which we already have, and will soon be still more so by those which in a few days the new consuls will levy. Apply yourselves, then, to this business, as you are doing. Never have you shown

greater unanimity in any cause; never have you been so cordially united with the senate. And no wonder. For the question now is not in what condition we are to live, but whether we are to live at all, or to perish with torture and ignominy.

Although nature, indeed, has appointed death for all men: but valor is accustomed to ward off any cruelty or disgrace in death. And that is an inalienable possession of the Roman race and name. Preserve, I beseech you, O Romans, this attribute which your ancestors have left you as a sort of inheritance. Although all other things are uncertain, fleeting, transitory; virtue alone is planted firm with very deep roots; it cannot be undermined by any violence; it can never be moved from its position. By it your ancestors first subdued the whole of Italy; then destroyed Carthage, overthrew Numantia, and reduced the most mighty kings and most warlike nations under the dominion of this empire.

And your ancestors, O Romans, had to deal with an enemy who had also a republic, a senate house, a treasury, harmonious and united citizens, and with whom, if fortune had so willed it, there might have been peace and treaties on settled principles. But this enemy of yours is attacking your republic, but has none himself; is eager to destroy the senate, that is to say, the council of the whole world, but has no public council himself; he has exhausted your treasury, and has none of his own. For how can a man be supported by the unanimity of his citizens who has no city at all? And what principles of peace can there be with that man who is full of incredible cruelty, and destitute of faith?

The whole, then, of the contest, O Romans, which is

now before the Roman people, the conqueror of all nations, is with an assassin, a robber, a Spartacus. For as to his habitual boast of being like Catilina, he is equal to him in wickedness, but inferior in energy. He, though he had no army, rapidly levied one. This man has lost that very army which he had. As, therefore, by my diligence, and the authority of the senate, and your own zeal and valor, you crushed Catilina, so you will very soon hear that this infamous piratical enterprise of Antonius has been put down by your own perfect and unexampled harmony with the senate, and by the good fortune and valor of your armies and generals. I, for my part, as far as I am able to labor, and to effect anything by my care, and exertions, and vigilance, and authority, and counsel, will omit nothing which I may think serviceable to your liberty. Nor could I omit it without wickedness after all your most ample and honorable kindness to me. However, on this day, encouraged by the motion of a most gallant man, and one most firmly attached to you, Marcus Servilius, whom you see before you, and his colleagues also, most distinguished men, and most virtuous citizens; and partly, too, by my advice and my example, we have, for the first time after a long interval, fired up again with a hope of liberty.

THE FIFTH PHILIPPIC, OR FIFTH ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

NOTHING, O conscript fathers, has ever seemed to me longer than these calends of January; and I think that for the last few days you have all been feeling the same thing. For those who are waging war against the republic have not waited for this day. But we, while it would have been most especially proper for us to come to the aid of the general safety with our counsel, were not summoned to the senate. However, the speech just addressed to us by the consuls has removed our complaints as to what is past, for they have spoken in such a manner that the calends of January seem to have been long wished for rather than really to have arrived late.

And while the speeches of the consuls have encouraged my mind, and have given me a hope, not only of preserving our safety, but even of recovering our former dignity; on the other hand, the opinion of the man who has been asked for his opinion first would have disturbed me, if I had not confidence in your virtue and firmness. For this day, O conscript fathers, has dawned upon you, and this opportunity has been afforded you of proving to the Roman people how much virtue, how much firmness, and how much dignity exists in the counsels of this order. Recollect what a day it was thirteen days ago; how great was then your unanimity, and virtue, and firmness; and what great praise, what great glory, and what great gratitude you earned from the Roman people. And on that

day, O conscript fathers, you resolved that no other alternative was in your power, except either an honorable peace or a necessary war.

Is Marcus Antonius desirous of peace? Let him lay down his arms, let him implore our pardon, let him deprecate our vengeance: he will find no one more reasonable than me; though, while seeking to recommend himself to impious citizens, he has chosen to be an enemy instead of a friend to me. There is, in truth, nothing which can be given to him while waging war; there will, perhaps, be something which may be granted to him if he comes before us as a suppliant.

But to send ambassadors to a man respecting whom you passed a most dignified and severe decision only thirteen days ago, is not an act of lenity, but, if I am to speak my real opinion, of downright madness. In the first place, you praised those generals who, of their own head, had undertaken war against him; in the next place, you praised the veterans who, though they had been settled in those colonies by Antonius, preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the obligations which they were under to him. Is it not so? Why was the Martial legion? why was the fourth legion praised? For if they have deserted the consul, they ought to be blamed; if they have abandoned an enemy to the republic, then they are deservedly praised.

But as at that time you had not yet got any consuls, you passed a decree that a motion concerning the rewards for the soldiers and the honors to be conferred on the generals should be submitted to you at the earliest opportunity. Are you, then, going now to arrange rewards for those men who have taken arms against Antonius, and

to send ambassadors to Antonius? so as to deserve to be ashamed that the legions should have come to more honorable resolutions than the senate: if, indeed, the legions have resolved to defend the senate against Antonius, but the senate decrees to send ambassadors to Antonius. Is this encouraging the spirit of the soldiers, or damping their virtue?

This is what we have gained in the last twelve days, that the man whom no single person except Cotyla was then found to defend, has now advocates, even of consular rank. Would that they had all been asked their opinion before me (although I have my suspicions as to what some of those men who will be asked after me are intending to say); I should find it easier to speak against them if any argument appeared to have been advanced.

For there is an opinion in some quarters that some one intends to propose to decree Antonius that further Gaul, which Plancus is at present in possession of. What else is that but supplying an enemy with all the arms necessary for civil war: first of all, with the sinews of war, money in abundance, of which he is at present destitute; and secondly, with as much cavalry as he pleases? Cavalry do I say? He is a likely man to hesitate, I suppose, to bring with him the barbarian nations. A man who does not see this is senseless, he who does see it and still advocates such a measure, is impious. Will you furnish a wicked and desperate citizen with an army of Gauls and Germans, with money, and infantry, and cavalry, and all sorts of resources? All these excuses are no excuse at all:—"He is a friend of mine." Let him first be a friend of his country: "He is a relation of mine." Can any relationship be nearer than that of one's country, in which

even one's parents are comprised?—"He has given me money." I should like to see the man who will dare to say that. But when I have explained what is the real object aimed at, it will be easy for you to decide which opinion you ought to agree with and adopt.

The matter at issue is whether power is to be given to Marcus Antonius of oppressing the republic, of massacring the virtuous citizens, of plundering the city, of distributing the lands among his robbers, of overwhelming the Roman people in slavery; or, whether he is not to be allowed to do all this. Do you doubt what you are to do? "Oh, but all this does not apply to Antonius." Even Cotyla would not venture to say that. For what does not apply to him? A man who, while he says that he is defending the acts of another, perverts all those laws of his which we might most properly praise. Cæsar wished to drain the marshes: this man has given all Italy to that moderate man, Lucius Antonius, to distribute.—What? has the Roman people adopted this law?—What, could it be passed with a proper regard for the auspices? But this conscientious augur acts in reference to the auspices without his colleagues. Although those auspices do not require any interpretation: for who is there who is ignorant that it is impious to submit any motion to the people while it is thundering? The tribunes of the people carried laws respecting the provinces in opposition to the acts of Cæsar; Cæsar had extended the provisions of his law over two years; Antonius over six years. Has, then, the Roman people adopted this law? What? was it ever regularly promulgated? What? was it not passed before it was even drawn up? Did we not see the deed done before we even suspected that it was going to be done? Where

is the Cæcilian and Didian law? What is become of the law that such bills should be published on three market days? What is become of the penalty appointed by the recent Junian and Licinian law? Can these laws be ratified without the destruction of all other laws? Has any one had a right of entering the forum? Moreover, what thunder, and what a storm that was! so that even if the consideration of the auspices had no weight with Marcus Antonius, it would seem strange that he could endure and bear such exceeding violence of tempest, and rain, and whirlwind. When, therefore, he, as augur, says that he carried a law while Jupiter was not only thundering, but almost uttering an express prohibition of it by his clamor from heaven, will he hesitate to confess that it was carried in violation of the auspices? What? does the virtuous augur think that it has nothing to do with the auspices, that he carried the law with the aid of that colleague whose election he himself vitiated by giving notice of the auspices?

But perhaps we, who are his colleagues, may be the interpreters of the auspices? Do we also want interpreters of arms? In the first place, all the approaches to the forum were so fenced round that even if no armed men were standing in the way, still it would have been impossible to enter the forum except by tearing down the barricades. But the guards were arranged in such a manner, that, as the access of an enemy to a city is prevented, so you might in this instance see the burgesses and the tribunes of the people cut off by forts and works from all entrance to the forum. On which account I give my vote that those laws which Marcus Antonius is said to have carried were all carried by violence, and in violation of

the auspices; and that the people is not bound by them. If Marcus Antonius is said to have carried any law about confirming the acts of Cæsar and abolishing the dictatorship forever, and of leading colonies into any lands, then I vote that those laws be passed over again, with a due regard to the auspices, so that they may bind the people. For although they may be good measures which he passed irregularly and by violence, still they are not to be accounted laws, and the whole audacity of this frantic gladiator must be repudiated by our authority. But that squandering of the public money cannot possibly be endured by which he got rid of seven hundred millions of sesterces by forged entries and deeds of gifts, so that it seems an absolute miracle that so vast a sum of money belonging to the Roman people can have disappeared in so short a time. What? are those enormous profits to be endured which the household of Marcus Antonius has swallowed up? He was continually selling forged decrees; ordering the names of kingdoms and states, and grants of exemptions to be engraved on brass, having received bribes for such orders. And his statement always was, that he was doing these things in obedience to the memoranda of Cæsar, of which he himself was the author. In the interior of his house there was going on a brisk market of the whole republic. His wife, more fortunate for herself than for her husband, was holding an auction of kingdoms and provinces: exiles were restored without any law, as if by law: and unless all these acts are rescinded by the authority of the senate, now that we have again arrived at a hope of recovering the republic, there will be no likeness of a free city left to us.

Nor is it only by the sale of forged memoranda and

autographs that a countless sum of money was collected together in that house, while Antonius, whatever he sold, said that he was acting in obedience to the papers of Cæsar; but he even took bribes to make false entries of the resolutions of the senate; to seal forged contracts; and resolutions of the senate that had never been passed were entered on the records of that treasury. And of all this baseness even foreign nations were witnesses. In the meantime treaties were made; kingdoms given away; nations and provinces released from the burdens of the state; and false memorials of all these transactions were fixed up all over the Capitol, amid the groans of the Roman people. And by all these proceedings so vast a sum of money was collected in one house, that if it were all made available the Roman people would never want money again.

Moreover, he passed a law to regulate judicial proceedings, this chaste and upright man, this upholder of the tribunals and the law. And in this he deceived us. He used to say that he appointed men from the front ranks of the army, common soldiers, men of the Alauda, as judges. But he has in reality selected gamesters; he has selected exiles; he has selected Greeks. Oh, the fine bench of judges! Oh, the admirable dignity of that council! I do long to plead in behalf of some defendant before that tribunal—Cyda of Crete; a prodigy even in that island; the most audacious and abandoned of men. But even suppose he were not so. Does he understand Latin? Is he qualified by birth and station to be a judge! Does he—which is most important—does he know anything about our laws and manners? Is he even acquainted with any of the citizens? Why, Crete is better known to you than

Rome is to Cyda. In fact, the selection and appointment of the judges has usually been confined to our own citizens. But who ever knew, or could possibly have known this Gortynian judge? For Lysiades, the Athenian, we most of us do know. For he is the son of Phædrus, an eminent philosopher. And, besides, he is a witty man, so that he will be able to get on very well with Marcus Curius, who will be one of his colleagues, and with whom he is in the habit of playing. I ask if Lysiades, when summoned as a judge, should not answer to his name, and should have an excuse alleged for him that he is an Areopagite, and that he is not bound to act as a judge at both Rome and Athens at the same time, will the man who presides over the investigation admit the excuse of this Greekling judge, at one time a Greek, and at another a Roman? Or will he disregard the most ancient laws of the Athenians?

And what a bench will it be, O ye good gods! A Cretan judge, and he the most worthless of men. Whom can a defendant employ to propitiate him? How is he to get at him? He comes of a hard nation. But the Athenians are merciful. I dare say that Curius, too, is not cruel, inasmuch as he is a man who is himself at the mercy of fortune every day. There are besides other chosen judges who will perhaps be excused. For they have a legitimate excuse, that they have left their country in banishment, and that they have not been restored since. And would that madman have chosen these men as judges, would he have entered their names as such in the treasury, would he have trusted a great portion of the republic to them, if he had intended to leave the least semblance of a republic?

And I have been speaking of those judges who are known. Those whom you are less acquainted with I have been unwilling to name. Know then that dancers, harp-players, the whole troop, in fact, of Antonius's revellers, have all been pitchforked into the third decury of judges. Now you see the object of passing so splendid and admirable a law, amid excessive rain, storm, wind, tempest, and whirlwind, amid thunder and lightning; it was that he might have those men for our judges whom no one would like to have for guests. It is the enormity of his wickedness, the consciousness of his crimes, the plunder of that money of which the account was kept in the temple of Ops, which have been the real inventors of this third decury. And infamous judges were not sought for, till all hope of safety for the guilty was despaired of, if they came before respectable ones. But what must have been the impudence, what must have been the iniquity of a man who dared to select those men as judges, by the selection of whom a double disgrace was stamped on the republic: one, because the judges were so infamous; the other, because by this step it was revealed and published to the world how many infamous citizens we had in the republic? These then, and all other similar laws, I should vote ought to be annulled, even if they had been passed without violence, and with all proper respect for the auspices. But now why need I vote that they ought to be annulled, when I do not consider that they were ever legally passed?

Is not this, too, to be marked with the deepest ignominy, and with the severest animadversion of this order, so as to be recollected by all posterity, that Marcus Antonius (the first man who has ever done so since the foun-

dation of the city) has openly taken armed men about with him in this city? A thing which the kings never did, nor those men who, since the kings have been banished, have endeavored to seize on kingly power. I can recollect Cinna; I have seen Sylla; and lately Cæsar. For these three men are the only ones, since the city was delivered by Lucius Brutus, who have had more power than the entire republic. I cannot assert that no man in their trains had weapons. This I do say, that they had not many, and that they concealed them. But this pest was attended by an army of armed men. Classitius, Mustela, and Tiro, openly displaying their swords, led troops of fellows like themselves through the forum. Barbarian archers occupied their regular place in the army. And when they arrived at the temple of Concord, the steps were crowded, the litters full of shields were arranged; not because he wished the shields to be concealed, but that his friends might not be fatigued by carrying the shields themselves.

And what was most infamous not only to see, but even to hear of, armed men, robbers, assassins were stationed in the temple of Concord; the temple was turned into a prison; the doors of the temple were closed, and the conscript fathers delivered their opinions while robbers were standing among the benches of the senators. And if I did not come to a senate house in this state, he, on the first of September, said that he would send carpenters and pull down my house. It was an important affair, I suppose, that was to be discussed. He made some motion about a supplication. I attended the day after. He himself did not come. I delivered my opinion about the republic, not indeed with quite so much freedom as usual, but still with more than the threats of personal danger

to myself made perhaps advisable. But that violent and furious man (for Lucius Piso had done the same thing with great credit thirty days before) threatened me with his enmity, and ordered me to attend the senate on the nineteenth of September. In the meantime he spent the whole of the intervening seventeen days in the villa of Scipio, at Tibur, declaiming against me to make himself thirsty. For this is his usual object in declaiming. When the day arrived on which he had ordered me to attend, then he came with a regular army in battle array to the temple of Concord, and out of his impure mouth vomited forth an oration against me in my absence. On which day, if my friends had not prevented me from attending the senate as I was anxious to do, he would have begun a massacre by the slaughter of me. For that was what he had resolved to do. And when once he had dyed his sword in blood, nothing would have made him leave off but pure fatigue and satiety. In truth, his brother, Lucius Antonius, was present, an Asiatic gladiator, who had fought as a Mirmillo, at Mylasa; he was thirsting for my blood, and had shed much of his own in that gladiatorial combat. He was now valuing our property in his mind, taking notice of our possessions in the city and in the country; his indigence united with his covetousness was threatening all our fortunes; he was distributing our lands to whomsoever and in whatever shares he pleased; no private individual could get access to him, or find any means to propitiate him, and induce him to act with justice. Every former proprietor had just so much property as Antonius left him after the division of his estate. And although all these proceedings cannot be ratified, if you annul his laws, still I think that they ought all to be separately taken

note of, article by article; and that we ought formally to decide that the appointment of septemvirs was null and void; and that nothing is ratified which is said to have been done by them.

But who is there who can consider Marcus Antonius a citizen, rather than a most foul and barbarous enemy, who, while sitting in front of the temple of Castor, in the hearing of the Roman people, said that no one should survive except those who were victorious? Do you suppose, O conscript fathers, that he spoke with more violence than he would act? And what are we to think of his having ventured to say that, after he had given up his magistracy, he should still be at the city with his army; that he should enter the city as often as he pleased? What else was this but threatening the Roman people with slavery? And what was the object of his journey to Brundusium? and of that great haste? What was his hope, except to lead that vast army to the city, or rather into the city? What a proceeding was that selection of the centurions! What unbridled fury of an intemperate mind!

For when those gallant legions had raised an outcry against his promises, he ordered those centurions to come to him to his house, whom he perceived to be loyally attached to the republic, and then he had them all murdered before his own eyes and those of his wife, whom this noble commander had taken with him to the army. What disposition do you suppose that this man will display toward us whom he hates, when he was so cruel to those men whom he had never seen? And how covetous will he be with respect to the money of rich men, when he thirsted for even the blood of poor men? whose prop-

erty, such as it was, he immediately divided among his satellites and boon companions.

And he in a fury was now moving his hostile standards against his country from Brundusium, when Caius Cæsar, by the kind inspiration of the immortal gods, by the greatness of his own heavenly courage, and wisdom, and genius, of his own accord, indeed, and prompted by his own admirable virtue, but still with the approbation of my authority, went down to the colonies which had been founded by his father; convoked the veteran soldiery; in a few days raised an army; and checked the furious advance of this bandit. But after the Martial legion saw this admirable leader, it had no other thoughts but those of securing our liberty. And the fourth legion followed its example.

And Antonius, on hearing of this news, after he had summoned the senate, and provided a man of consular rank to declare his opinion that Caius Cæsar was an enemy of his country, immediately fainted away. And afterward, without either performing the usual sacrifices, or offering the customary vows, he, I will not say went forth, but took to flight in his robe as a general. But which way did he flee? To the province of our most resolute and bravest citizens; men who could never have endured him if he had not come bringing war in his train, an intemperate, passionate, insolent, proud man, always making demands, always plundering, always drunk. But he, whose worthlessness even when quiet was more than any one could endure, has declared war upon the province of Gaul; he is besieging Mutina, a valiant and splendid colony of the Roman people; he is blockading Decimus Brutus, the general, the consul elect, a citizen born not for himself, but

for us and the republic. Was then Hannibal an enemy, and is Antonius a citizen? What did the one do like an enemy, that the other has not done, or is not doing, or planning, and thinking of? What was there in the whole of the journey of the Antonii; except depopulation, devastation, slaughter, and rapine? Actions which Hannibal never did, because he was reserving many things for his own use, these men do, as men who live merely for the present hour; they never have given a thought not only to the fortunes and welfare of the citizens, but not even to their own advantage.

Are we then, O ye good gods, to resolve to send ambassadors to this man? Are those men who propose this acquainted with the constitution of the republic, with the laws of war, with the precedents of our ancestors? Do they give a thought to what the majesty of the Roman people and the severity of the senate require? Do you resolve to send ambassadors? If to beg his mercy, he will despise you; if to declare your commands, he will not listen to them; and last of all, however severe the message may be which we give the ambassadors, the very name of ambassadors will extinguish this ardor of the Roman people which we see at present, and break the spirit of the municipal towns and of Italy. To say nothing of these arguments, though they are weighty, at all events that sending of an embassy will cause delay and slowness to the war. Although those who propose it should say, as I hear that some intend to say—"Let the ambassadors go, but let war be prepared for all the same." Still the very name of ambassadors will damp men's courage and delay the rapidity of the war.

The most important events, O conscript fathers, are

often determined by very trivial moving influences in every circumstance that can happen in the republic, and also in war, and especially in civil war, which is usually governed a great deal by men's opinions and by reports. No one will ask what is the commission with which we have sent the ambassadors; the mere name of an embassy, and that sent by us of our own accord, will appear an indication of fear. Let him depart from Mutina; let him cease to attack Brutus; let him retire from Gaul. He must not be begged in words to do so; he must be compelled by arms. For we are not sending to Hannibal to desire him to retire from before Saguntum; to whom the senate formerly sent Publius Valerius Flaccus and Quintus Bæbius Tampilus; who, if Hannibal did not comply, were ordered to proceed to Carthage. Whither do we order our ambassadors to proceed, if Antonius does not comply? Are we sending an embassy to our own citizen, to beg him not to attack a general and a colony of the Roman people? Is it so? Is it becoming to us to beg this by means of ambassadors? What is the difference, in the name of the immortal gods, whether he attacks this city itself, or whether he attacks an outpost of this city, a colony of the Roman people, established for the sake of its being a bulwark and protection to us? The siege of Saguntum was the cause of the second Punic war, which Hannibal carried on against our ancestors. It was quite right to send ambassadors to him. They were sent to a Carthaginian, they were sent on behalf of those who were the enemies of Hannibal, and our allies. What is there resembling that case here? We are sending to one of our own citizens to beg him not to blockade a general of the Roman army, not to attack our army and our col-

ony—in short, not to be an enemy of ours. Come; suppose he obeys, shall we either be inclined, or shall we be able, by any possibility, to treat him as one of our citizens?

On the nineteenth of December, you overwhelmed him with your decrees; you ordained that this motion should be submitted to you on the first of January, which you see is submitted now, respecting the honors and rewards to be conferred on those who have deserved or do deserve well of the republic. And the chief of those men you have adjudged to be the man who really has done so, Caius Cæsar, who had diverted the nefarious attacks of Marcus Antonius against this city, and compelled him to direct them against Gaul; and next to him you consider the veteran soldiers who first followed Cæsar; then those excellent and heavenly-minded legions the Martial and the fourth, to whom you have promised honors and rewards, for having not only abandoned their consul, but for having even declared war against him. And on the same day, having a decree brought before you and published on purpose, you praised the conduct of Decimus Brutus, a most excellent citizen, and sanctioned with your public authority this war which he had undertaken of his own head.

What else, then, did you do on that day except pronounce Antonius a public enemy? After these decrees of yours, will it be possible for him to look upon you with equanimity, or for you to behold him without the most excessive indignation? He has been excluded and cut off and wholly separated from the republic, not merely by his own wickedness, as it seems to me, but by some especial good fortune of the republic. And if he should comply with the demands of the ambassadors and return to Rome,

do you suppose that abandoned citizens will ever be in need of a standard around which to rally? But this is not what I am so much afraid of. There are other things which I am more apprehensive of and more alarmed at. He never will comply with the demands of the ambassadors. I know the man's insanity and arrogance; I know the desperate counsels of his friends, to which he is wholly given up. Lucius his brother, as being a man who has fought abroad, leads on his household. Even suppose him to be in his senses himself, which he never will be; still he will not be allowed by these men to act as if he were so. In the meantime time will be wasted. The preparations for war will cool. How is it that the war has been protracted as long as this, if it be not by procrastination and delay?

From the very first moment after the departure, or rather after the hopeless flight of that bandit, that the senate could have met in freedom, I have always been demanding that we should be called together. The first day that we were called together, when the consuls elect were not present, I laid, in my opinion, amid the greatest unanimity on your part, the foundations of the republic; later, indeed, than they should have been laid; for I could not do so before; but still if no time had been lost after that day, we should have no war at all now. Every evil is easily crushed at its birth; when it has become of long standing, it usually gets stronger. But then everybody was waiting for the first of January; perhaps not very wisely.

However, let us say no more of what is past. Are we still to allow any further delay while the ambassadors are on their road to him? and while they are coming back

again? and the time spent in waiting for them will make men doubt about the war. And while the fact of the war is in doubt, how can men possibly be zealous about the levies for the army?

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, I give my vote that there should be no mention made of ambassadors. I think that the business that is to be done must be done without any delay, and instantly. I say that it is necessary that we should decree that there is sedition abroad, that we should suspend the regular courts of justice, order all men to wear the garb of war, and enlist men in all quarters, suspending all exemptions from military service in the city and in all Italy, except in Gaul. And if this be done, the general opinion and report of your severity will overwhelm the insanity of that wicked gladiator. He will feel that he has undertaken a war against the republic; he will experience the sinews and vigor of a unanimous senate. For at present he is constantly saying that it is a mere struggle between parties. Between what parties? One party is defeated; the other is the heart of Caius Cæsar's party. Unless, indeed, we believe that the party of Cæsar is attacked by Pansa and Hirtius the consuls, and by Caius Cæsar's son. But this war has been kindled, not by a struggle between parties, but by the nefarious hopes of the most abandoned citizens; by whom all our estates and properties have been marked down, and already distributed according as every one has thought them desirable.

I have read the letter of Antonius which he sent to one of the septemviri, a thorough-paced scoundrel, a colleague of his own. "Look out, and see what you take a fancy to; what you do fancy you shall certainly have." See to what a man we are sending ambassadors; against what a man

we are delaying to make war; a man who does not even let us draw lots for our fortunes, but hands us over to each man's caprice in such a way that he has not left even himself anything untouched, or which has not been promised to somebody. With this man, O conscript fathers, we must wage war—war, I say, and that instantly. We must reject the slow proceedings of ambassadors.

Therefore, that we may not have a number of decrees to pass every day, I give my vote that the whole republic should be committed to the consuls; and that they should have a charge given them to defend the republic, and to take care "that the republic suffer no injury." And I give my vote that those men who are in the army of Antonius be not visited with blame, if they leave him before the first of February.

If you adopt these proposals of mine, O conscript fathers, you will in a short time recover the liberty of the Roman people and your own authority. But if you act with more mildness, still you will pass those resolutions, but perhaps you will pass them too late. As to the general welfare of the republic, on which you, O consuls, have consulted us, I think that I have proposed what is sufficient.

The next question is about honors. And to this point I perceive that I must speak next. But I will preserve the same order in paying respect to brave men that is usually preserved in asking their opinions.

Let us, therefore, according to the usages of our ancestors, begin with Brutus, the consul elect; and, to say nothing of his former conduct—which has indeed been most admirable, but still such as has been praised by the individual judgments of men, rather than by public author-

ity—what words can we find adequate to his praise at this very time? For such great virtue requires no reward except this one of praise and glory; and even if it were not to receive that, still it would be content with itself, and would rejoice at being laid up in the recollection of grateful citizens, as if it were placed in the full light. The praise then of our deliberate opinion, and of our testimony in his favor, must be given to Brutus. Therefore, O conscript fathers, I give my vote that a resolution of the senate be passed in these words:

"As Decimus Brutus, imperator, consul elect, is maintaining the province of Gaul in obedience to the senate and people of Rome; and as he has enlisted and collected in so short a time a very numerous army, being aided by the admirable zeal of the municipal towns and colonies of the province of Gaul, which has deserved and still does deserve admirably well of the republic; he has acted rightly and virtuously, and greatly for the advantage of the republic. And that most excellent service done by Decimus Brutus to the republic is and always will be grateful to the senate and people of Rome. Therefore, the senate and the Roman people is of opinion that the exertions, and prudence, and virtue of Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, and the incredible zeal and unanimity of the province of Gaul, have been a great assistance to the republic at a most critical time."

What honor, O conscript fathers, can be too great to be due to such a mighty service as this of Brutus, and to such important aid as he has afforded the republic? For if Gaul had been open to Marcus Antonius—if after having overwhelmed the municipal towns and colonies unprepared to resist him, he had been able to penetrate

into that further Gaul—what great danger would have hung over the republic! That most insane of men, that man so headlong and furious in all his courses, would have been likely, I suppose, to hesitate at waging war against us, not only with his own army, but with all the savage troops of barbarism; so that even the wall of the Alps would not have enabled us to check his frenzy. These thanks then will be deservedly paid to Decimus Brutus, who, before any authority of yours had been interposed, acting on his own judgment and responsibility, refused to receive him as consul, but repelled him from Gaul as an enemy, and preferred to be besieged himself rather than to allow this city to be so. Let him therefore have, by your decree, an everlasting testimony to this most important and glorious action; and let Gaul, which always is and has been a protection to this empire and to the general liberty, be deservedly and truly praised for not having surrendered herself and her power to Antonius, but for having opposed him with them.

And, furthermore, I give my vote that the most ample honors be decreed to Marcus Lepidus, as a reward for his eminent services to the republic. He has at all times wished the Roman people to be free; and he gave the greatest proof of his inclination and opinion on that day, when, while Antonius was placing the diadem on Cæsar's head, he turned his face away, and by his groans and sorrow showed plainly what a hatred of slavery he had, how desirous he was for the Roman people to be free, and how he had endured those things which he had endured, more because of the necessity of the times than because they harmonized with his sentiments. And who of us can forget with what great moderation he behaved

during that crisis of the city which ensued after the death of Cæsar? These are great merits; but I hasten to speak of greater still. For (O ye immortal gods!) what could happen more to be admired by foreign nations, or more to be desired by the Roman people, than, at a time when there was a most important civil war, the result of which we were all dreading, that it should be extinguished by prudence rather than that arms and violence should be able to put everything to the hazard of a battle? And if Cæsar had been guided by the same principles in that odious and miserable war, we should have—to say nothing of their father—the two sons of Cnæus Pompeius, that most illustrious and virtuous man, safe among us; men whose piety and filial affection certainly ought not to have been their ruin. Would that Marcus Lepidus had been able to save them all! He showed that he would have done so, by his conduct in cases where he had the power; when he restored Sextus Pompeius to the state, a great ornament to the republic, and a most illustrious monument of his clemency. Sad was that picture, melancholy was the destiny then of the Roman people. For after Pompeius the father was dead, he who was the light of the Roman people, the son, too, who was wholly like his father, was also slain. But all these calamities appear to me to have been effaced by the kindness of the immortal gods, Sextus Pompeius being preserved to the republic.

For which cause, reasonable and important as it is, and because Marcus Lepidus, by his humanity and wisdom, has changed a most dangerous and extensive civil war into peace and concord, I give my vote, that a resolution of the senate be drawn up in these words:

"Since the affairs of the republic have repeatedly been

well and prosperously conducted by Marcus Lepidus, imperator, and Pontifex Maximus, and since the Roman people is fully aware that kingly power is very displeasing to him; and since by his exertions, and virtue, and prudence, and singular clemency and humanity, a most bitter civil war has been extinguished; and Sextus Pompeius Magnus, the son of Cnæus, having submitted to the authority of this order and laid down his arms, and, in accordance with the perfect goodwill of the senate and people of Rome, has been restored to the state by Marcus Lepidus, imperator, and Pontifex Maximus; the senate and people of Rome, in return for the important and numerous services of Marcus Lepidus to the republic, declares that it places great hopes of future tranquillity and peace and concord, in his virtue, authority, and good fortune; and the senate and people of Rome will ever remember his services to the republic; and it is decreed by the vote of this order, That a gilt equestrian statue be erected to him in the Rostra, or in whatever other place in the forum he pleases."

And this honor, O conscript fathers, appears to me a very great one, in the first place, because it is just; for it is not merely given on account of our hopes of the future, but it is paid, as it were, in requital of his ample services already done. Nor are we able to mention any instance of this honor having been conferred on any one by the senate by their own free and voluntary judgment before.

I come now to Caius Cæsar, O conscript fathers; if he had not existed, which of us could have been alive now? That most intemperate of men, Antonius, was flying from Brundusium to the city, burning with hatred, with a disposition hostile to all good men, with an army. What was

there to oppose to his audacity and wickedness? We had not as yet any generals, or any forces. There was no public council, no liberty; our necks were at the mercy of his nefarious cruelty; we were all preparing to have recourse to flight, though flight itself had no escape for us. Who was it—what god was it, who at that time gave to the Roman people this godlike young man, who, while every means for completing our destruction seemed open to that most pernicious citizen, rising up on a sudden, beyond every one's hope, completed an army fit to oppose to the fury of Marcus Antonius before any one suspected that he was thinking of any such step? Great honors were paid to Cnæus Pompeius when he was a young man, and deservedly; for he came to the assistance of the republic; but he was of a more vigorous age, and more calculated to meet the eager requirements of soldiers seeking a general. He had also been already trained in other kinds of war. For the cause of Sylla was not agreeable to all men. The multitude of the proscribed, and the enormous calamities that fell on so many municipal towns, show this plainly. But Cæsar, though many years younger, armed veterans who were now eager to rest; he has embraced that cause which was most agreeable to the senate, to the people, to all Italy—in short, to gods and men. And Pompeius came as a reinforcement to the extensive command and victorious army of Lucius Sylla; Cæsar had no one to join himself to. He, of his own accord, was the author and executor of his plan of levying an army, and arraying a defence for us. Pompeius found the whole Picene district hostile to the party of his adversaries; but Cæsar has levied an army against Antonius from men who were Antonius's own friends, but still greater friends to liberty. It was

owing to the influence of Pompeius that Sylla was enabled to act like a king. It is by the protection afforded us by Cæsar that the tyranny of Antonius has been put down.

Let us then confer on Cæsar a regular military command, without which the military affairs cannot be directed, the army cannot be held together, war cannot be waged. Let him be made proprætor with all the privileges which have ever been attached to that appointment. That honor, although it is a great one for a man of his age, still is not merely of influence as giving dignity, but it confers powers calculated to meet the present emergency. Therefore, let us seek for honors for him which we shall not easily find at the present day.

But I hope that we and the Roman people shall often have an opportunity of complimenting and honoring this young man. But at the present moment I give my vote that we should pass a decree in this form:

"As Caius Cæsar, the son of Caius, pontiff and proprætor, has at a most critical period of the republic exhorted the veteran soldiers to defend the liberty of the Roman people, and has enlisted them in his army; and as the Martial legion and the fourth legion, with great zeal for the republic, and with admirable unanimity, under the guidance and authority of Caius Cæsar, have defended and are defending the republic and the liberty of the Roman people; and as Caius Cæsar, proprætor, has gone with his army as a reinforcement to the province of Gaul; has made cavalry, and archers, and elephants, obedient to himself and to the Roman people, and has, at a most critical time for the republic, come to the aid of the safety and dignity of the Roman people;

on these accounts, it seems good to the senate that Caius Cæsar, the son of Caius, pontiff and proprætor, shall be a senator, and shall deliver his opinions from the bench occupied by men of prætorian rank; and that, on occasion of his offering himself for any magistracy, he shall be considered of the same legal standing and qualification as if he had been quæstor the preceding year."

For what reason can there be, O conscript fathers, why we should not wish him to arrive at the highest honors at as early an age as possible? For when, by the laws fixing the age at which men might be appointed to the different magistracies, our ancestors fixed a more mature age for the consulship, they were influenced by fears of the precipitation of youth; Caius Cæsar, at his first entrance into life, has shown us that, in the case of his eminent and unparalleled virtue, we have no need to wait for the progress of age. Therefore our ancestors, those old men, in the most ancient times, had no laws regulating the age for the different offices; it was ambition which caused them to be passed many years afterward, in order that there might be among men of the same age different steps for arriving at honors. And it has often happened that a disposition of great natural virtue has been lost before it had any opportunity of benefiting the republic.

But among the ancients, the Rulli, the Decii, the Corvini, and many others, and in more modern times the elder Africanus and Titus Flaminius were made consuls very young, and performed such exploits as greatly to extend the empire of the Roman people, and to embellish its name. What more? Did not the Macedonian Alexander, having begun to perform mighty deeds from his earliest youth, die when he was only in his thirty-

third year? And that age is ten years less than that fixed by our laws for a man to be eligible for the consulship. From which it may be plainly seen that the progress of virtue is often swifter than that of age.

For as to the fear which those men, who are enemies of Cæsar, pretend to entertain, there is not the slightest reason to apprehend that he will be unable to restrain and govern himself, or that he will be so elated by the honors which he receives from us as to use his power without moderation. It is only natural, O conscript fathers, that the man who has learned to appreciate real glory, and who feels that he is considered by the senate and by the Roman knights and the whole Roman people a citizen who is dear to, and a blessing to the republic, should think nothing whatever deserving of being compared to this glory. Would that it had happened to Caius Cæsar—the father, I mean—when he was a young man, to be beloved by the senate and by every virtuous citizen; but, having neglected to aim at that, he wasted all the power of genius which he had in a most brilliant degree in a capricious pursuit of popular favor. Therefore, as he had not sufficient respect for the senate and the virtuous part of the citizens, he opened for himself that path for the extension of his power which the virtue of a free people was unable to bear.

But the principles of his son are widely different; who is not only beloved by every one, but in the greatest degree by the most virtuous men. In him is placed all our hope of liberty; from him already has our safety been received; for him the highest honors are sought out and prepared. While, therefore, we are admiring his singular prudence, can we at the same time fear his folly?

For what can be more foolish than to prefer useless power, such influence as brings envy in its train, and a rash and slippery ambition of reigning, to real, dignified, solid glory? Has he seen this truth as a boy, and when he has advanced in age will he cease to see it? "But he is an enemy to some most illustrious and excellent citizens." That circumstance ought not to cause any fear. Cæsar has sacrificed all those enmities to the republic; he has made the republic his judge; he has made her the directress of all his counsels and actions. For he is come to the service of the republic in order to strengthen her, not to overturn her. I am well acquainted with all the feelings of the young man: there is nothing dearer to him than the republic, nothing which he considers of more weight than your authority; nothing which he desires more than the approbation of virtuous men; nothing which he accounts sweeter than genuine glory.

Wherefore you not only ought not to fear anything from him, but you ought to expect greater and better things still. Nor ought you to apprehend with respect to a man who has already gone forward to release Decimus Brutus from a siege, that the recollection of his domestic injury will dwell in his bosom, and have more weight with him than the safety of the city. I will venture even to pledge my own faith, O conscript fathers, to you, and to the Roman people, and to the republic, which, in truth, if no necessity compelled me to do so, I would not venture to do, and in doing which on slight grounds, I should be afraid of giving rise to a dangerous opinion of my rashness in a most important business; but I do promise, and pledge myself, and undertake, O conscript fathers, that Caius Cæsar will always be such a citizen as

he is this day, and as we ought, above all things, to wish and desire that he may turn out.

And as this is the case, I shall consider that I have said enough at present about Cæsar.

Nor do I think that we ought to pass over Lucius Egnatuleius, a most gallant and wise and firm citizen, and one thoroughly attached to the republic, in silence; but that we ought to give him our testimony to his admirable virtue, because it was he who led the fourth legion to Cæsar, to be a protection to the consuls, and senate, and people of Rome, and the republic. And for these acts I give my vote:

"That it be made lawful for Lucius Egnatuleius to stand for, and be elected to, and discharge the duties of any magistracy, three years before the legitimate time."

And by this motion, O conscript fathers, Lucius Egnatuleius does not get so much actual advantage as honor. For in a case like this it is quite sufficient to be honorably mentioned.

But concerning the army of Caius Cæsar, I give my vote for the passing of a decree in this form:

"The senate decrees that the veteran soldiers who have defended and are defending . . . of Cæsar, pontiff . . . and the authority of this order, should, and their children after them, have an exemption from military service. And that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius the consuls, one or both of them, as they think fit, shall inquire what land there is in those colonies in which the veteran soldiers have been settled, which is occupied in defiance of the provisions of the Julian law, in order that that may be divided among these veterans. That they shall institute a separate inquiry about the Campanian district, and

devise a plan for increasing the advantages enjoyed by these veteran soldiers; and with respect to the Martial legion, and to the fourth legion, and to those soldiers of the second and thirty-fifth legions who have come over to Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, and have given in their names, because the authority of the senate and the liberty of the Roman people is and always has been most dear to them, the senate decrees that they and their children shall have exemption from military service, except in the case of any Gallic and Italian sedition; and decrees further, that those legions shall have their discharge when this war is terminated; and that whatever sum of money Caius Cæsar, pontiff and proprætor, has promised to the soldiers of those legions individually, shall be paid to them. And that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, one or both of them, as it seems good to them, shall make an estimate of the land which can be distributed without injury to private individuals; and that land shall be given and assigned to the soldiers of the Martial legion and of the fourth legion, in the largest shares in which land has ever been given and assigned to soldiers."

I have now spoken, O consuls, on every point concerning which you have submitted a motion to us; and if the resolutions which I have proposed be decreed without delay, and seasonably, you will the more easily prepare those measures which the present time and emergency demand. But instant action is necessary. And if we had adopted that earlier, we should, as I have often said, now have no war at all.

THE SIXTH PHILIPPIC, OR SIXTH ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE

I IMAGINE that you have heard, O Romans, what has been done in the senate, and what has been the opinion delivered by each individual. For the matter which has been in discussion ever since the first of January, has been just brought to a conclusion; with less severity, indeed, than it ought to have been, but still in a manner not altogether unbecoming. The war has been subjected to a delay, but the cause has not been removed. Wherefore, as to the question which Publius Appuleius—a man united to me by many kind offices and by the closest intimacy, and firmly attached to your interests—has asked me, I will answer in such a manner that you may be acquainted with the transactions at which you were not present.

The cause which prompted our most fearless and excellent consuls to submit a motion on the first of January, concerning the general state of the republic, arose from the decree which the senate passed by my advice on the nineteenth of December. On that day, O Romans, were the foundations of the republic first laid. For then, after a long interval, the senate was free in such a manner that you, too, might become free. On which day, indeed—even if it had been to bring to me the end of my life—I received a sufficient reward for my exertions, when you all with one heart and one voice cried out together that

the republic had been a second time saved by me. Stimulated by so important and so splendid a decision of yours in my favor, I came into the senate on the first of January, with the feeling that I was bound to show my recollection of the character which you had imposed upon me, and which I had to sustain.

Therefore, when I saw that a nefarious war was waged against the republic, I thought that no delay ought to be interposed to our pursuit of Marcus Antonius; and I gave my vote that we ought to pursue with war that most audacious man, who, having committed many atrocious crimes before, was at this moment attacking a general of the Roman people, and besieging your most faithful and gallant colony; and that a state of civil war ought to be proclaimed; and I said further, that my opinon was that a suspension of the ordinary forms of justice should be declared, and that the garb of war should be assumed by the citizens, in order that all men might apply themselves with more activity and energy to avenging the injuries of the republic, if they saw that all the emblems of a regular war had been adopted by the senate. Therefore, this opinion of mine, O Romans, prevailed so much for three days, that although no division was come to, still all, except a very few, appeared inclined to agree with me. But to-day—I know not owing to what circumstance—the senate was more indulgent. For the majority decided on our making experiment, by means of ambassadors, how much influence the authority of the senate and your unanimity will have upon Antonius.

I am well aware, O Romans, that this decision is disapproved of by you; and reasonably, too. For to whom are we sending ambassadors? Is it not to him who, after having dissipated and squandered the public money, and

imposed laws on the Roman people by violence and in violation of the auspices—after having put the assembly of the people to flight and besieged the senate, sent for the legions from Brundusium to oppress the republic? who, when deserted by them, has invaded Gaul with a troop of banditti? who is attacking Brutus? who is besieging Mutina? How can you offer conditions to, or expect equity from, or send an embassy to, or, in short, have anything in common with, this gladiator? although, O Romans, it is not an embassy, but a denunciation of war if he does not obey. For the decree has been drawn up as if ambassadors were being sent to Hannibal. For men are sent to order him not to attack the consul elect, not to besiege Mutina, not to lay waste the province, not to enlist troops, but to submit himself to the power of the senate and people of Rome. No doubt he is a likely man to obey this injunction, and to submit to the power of the conscript fathers and to yours, who has never even had any mastery over himself. For what has he ever done that showed any discretion, being always led away wherever his lust, or his levity, or his frenzy, or his drunkenness has hurried him? He has always been under the dominion of two very dissimilar classes of men, pimps and robbers; he is so fond of domestic adulteries and forensic murders that he would rather obey a most covetous woman than the senate and people of Rome.

Therefore, I will do now before you what I have just done in the senate. I call you to witness, I give notice, I predict beforehand, that Marcus Antonius will do nothing whatever of those things which the ambassadors are commissioned to command him to do; but that he will lay waste the lands, and besiege Mutina, and enlist sol-

diers, wherever he can. For he is a man who has at all times despised the judgment and authority of the senate, and your inclinations and power. Will he do what it has been just now decreed that he shall do—lead his army back across the Rubicon, which is the frontier of Gaul, and yet at the same time not come nearer Rome than two hundred miles? Will he obey this notice? will he allow himself to be confined by the river Rubicon, and by the limit of two hundred miles? Antonius is not that sort of man. For if he had been, he would never have allowed matters to come to such a pass as for the senate to give him notice, as it did to Hannibal at the beginning of the Punic war not to attack Saguntum. But what ignominy it is to be called away from Mutina, and at the same time to be forbidden to approach the city as if he were some fatal conflagration! what an opinion is this for the senate to have of a man! What? As to the commission which is given to the ambassadors to visit Decimus Brutus and his soldiers, and to inform them that their excellent zeal in behalf of, and services done to the republic, are acceptable to the senate and people of Rome, and that that conduct shall tend to their great glory and to their great honor; do you think that Antonius will permit the ambassadors to enter Mutina? and to depart from thence in safety? He never will allow it, believe me. I know the violence of the man, I know his impudence, I know his audacity.

Nor, indeed, ought we to think of him as of a human being, but as of a most ill-omened beast. And as this is the case, the decree which the senate has passed is not wholly improper. The embassy has some severity in it; I only wish it had no delay. For as in the conduct of almost every affair slowness and procrastination are hate-

ful, so above all things does this war require promptness of action. We must assist Decimus Brutus; we must collect all our forces from all quarters; we cannot lose a single hour in effecting the deliverance of such a citizen without wickedness. Was it not in his power, if he had considered Antonius a consul, and Gaul the province of Antonius, to have given over the legions and the province to Antonius? and to return home himself? and to celebrate a triumph? and to be the first man in this body to deliver his opinion, until he entered on his magistracy? What was the difficulty of doing that? But as he remembered that he was Brutus, and that he was born for your freedom, not for his own tranquillity, what else did he do but—as I may almost say—put his own body in the way to prevent Antonius from entering Gaul? Ought we then to send ambassadors to this man, or legions? However, we will say nothing of what is past. Let the ambassadors hasten, as I see that they are about to do. Do you prepare your robes of war. For it has been decreed, that, if he does not obey the authority of the senate, we are all to betake ourselves to our military dress. And we shall have to do so. He will never obey. And we shall lament that we have lost so many days, when we might have been doing something.

I have no fear, O Romans, that when Antonius hears that I have asserted, both in the senate and in the assembly of the people, that he never will submit himself to the power of the senate, he will, for the sake of disproving my words, and making me to appear to have had no foresight, alter his behavior and obey the senate. He will never do so. He will not grudge me this part of my reputation; he will prefer letting me be thought wise by

you to being thought modest himself. Need I say more? Even if he were willing to do so himself, do you think that his brother Lucius would permit him? It has been reported that lately at Tibur, when Marcus Antonius appeared to him to be wavering, he, Lucius, threatened his brother with death. And do we suppose that the orders of the senate, and the words of the ambassadors, will be listened to by this Asiatic gladiator? It will be impossible for him to be separated from a brother, especially from one of so much authority. For he is another Africanus among them. He is considered of more influence than Lucius Trebellius, of more than Titus Plancus . . . a noble young man. As for Plancus, who, having been condemned by the unanimous vote of every one, amid the overpowering applause of you yourselves, somehow or other got mixed up in this crowd, and returned with a countenance so sorrowful that he appeared to have been dragged back rather than to have returned, he despises him to such degree, as if he were interdicted from fire and water. At times he says that that man who set the senate house on fire has no right to a place in the senate house. For at this moment he is exceedingly in love with Trebellius. He hated him some time ago, when he was opposing an abolition of debts; but now he delights in him, ever since he has seen that Trebellius himself cannot continue in safety without an abolition of debts. For I think that you have heard, O Romans, what indeed you may possibly have seen, that the sureties and creditors of Lucius Trebellius meet every day. Oh, confidence! for I imagine that Trebellius has taken this surname; what can be greater confidence than defrauding one's creditors? than flying from one's house? than, because of one's

debts, being forced to go to war? What has become of the applauses which he received on the occasion of Cæsar's triumph, and often at the games? Where is the ædileship that was conferred on him by the zealous efforts of all good men? who is there who does not now think that he acted virtuously by accident?

. . . . . .

However, I return to your love and especial delight, Lucius Antonius, who has admitted you all to swear allegiance to him. Do you deny it? is there any one of you who does not belong to a tribe? Certainly not. But thirty-five tribes have adopted him for their patron. Do you again cry out against my statement? Look at that gilt statue of him on the left: what is the inscription upon it? "The thirty-five tribes to their patron." Is then Lucius Antonius the patron of the Roman people? Plague take him! For I fully assent to your outcry. I won't speak of this bandit whom no one would choose to have for a client; but was there ever a man possessed of such influence, or illustrious for mighty deeds, as to dare to call himself the patron of the whole Roman people, the conqueror and master of all nations? We see in the forum a statue of Lucius Antonius; just as we see one of Quintus Tremulus, who conquered the Hernici, before the temple of Castor. Oh, the incredible impudence of the man! Has he assumed all this credit to himself, because as a mirmillo at Mylasa he slew the Thracian, his friend? How should we be able to endure him, if he had fought in this forum before the eyes of you all? But, however, this is but one statue. He has another erected by the Roman knights who received horses from the state; and they too inscribe on that, "To their patron." Who was ever before adopted

by that order as its patron? If it ever adopted any one as such, it ought to have adopted me. What censor was ever so honored? what imperator? "But he distributed land among them." Shame on their sordid natures for accepting it! shame on his dishonesty for giving it!

Moreover, the military tribunes who were in the army of Cæsar have erected him a statue. . . . What order is that? There have been plenty of tribunes in our numerous legions in so many years. Among them he has distributed the lands of Semurium. The Campus Martius was all that was left, if he had not first fled with his brother. But this allotment of lands was put an end to a little while ago, O Romans, by the declaration of his opinion by Lucius Cæsar, a most illustrious man and a most admirable senator. For we all agreed with him and annulled the acts of the septemvirs. So all the kindness of Nucula goes for nothing; and the patron Antonius is at a discount. For those who had taken possession will depart with more equanimity. They had not been at any expense; they had not yet furnished or stocked their domains, partly because they did not feel sure of their title, and partly because they had no money.

But as for that splendid statue, concerning which, if the times were better, I could not speak without laughing, "To Lucius Antonius, patron of the middle of Janus." Is it so? Is the middle of Janus a client of Lucius Antonius? Who ever was found in that Janus who would have lent Lucius Antonius a thousand sesterces?

However, we have been spending too much time in trifles. Let us return to our subject and to the war. Although it was not wholly foreign to the subject for some characters to be thoroughly appreciated by you, in

order that you might in silence think over who they were against whom you were to wage war.

But I exhort you, O Romans, though perhaps other measures might have been wiser, still now to wait with calmness for the return of the ambassadors. Promptness of action has been taken from our side; but still some good has accrued to it. For when the ambassadors have reported what they certainly will report, that Antonius will not submit to you nor to the senate, who then will be so worthless a citizen as to think him deserving of being accounted a citizen? For at present there are men, few indeed, but still more than there ought to be, or than the republic deserves that there should be, who speak in this way—"Shall we not even wait for the return of the ambassadors?" Certainly the republic itself will force them to abandon that expression and that pretence of clemency. On which account, to confess the truth to you, O Romans, I have less striven to-day, and labored all the less to-day, to induce the senate to agree with me in decreeing the existence of a seditious war, and ordering the apparel of war to be assumed. I preferred having my sentiments applauded by every one in twenty days' time, to having it blamed to-day by a few. Wherefore, O Romans, wait now for the return of the ambassadors, and devour your annoyance for a few days. And when they do return, if they bring back peace, believe me that I have been desirous that they should; if they bring back war, then allow me the praise of foresight. Ought I not to be provident for the welfare of my fellow-citizens? Ought I not day and night to think of your freedom and of the safety of the republic? For what do I not owe to you, O Romans, since you have preferred for all the honors

of the state a man who is his own father to the most nobly born men in the republic? Am I ungrateful? Who is less so? I, who, after I had obtained those honors, have constantly labored in the forum with the same exertions as I used while striving for them. Am I inexperienced in state affairs? Who has had more practice than I, who have now for twenty years been waging war against impious citizens?

Wherefore, O Romans, with all the prudence of which I am master, and with almost more exertion than I am capable of, will I put forth my vigilance and watchfulness in your behalf. In truth, what citizen is there, especially in this rank in which you have placed me, so forgetful of your kindness, so unmindful of his country, so hostile to his own dignity, as not to be roused and stimulated by your wonderful unanimity? I, as consul, have held many assemblies of the people; I have been present at many others; I have never once seen one so numerous as this one of yours now is. You have all one feeling, you have all one desire, that of averting the attempts of Marcus Antonius from the republic, of extinguishing his frenzy and crushing his audacity. All orders have the same wish. The municipal towns, the colonies, and all Italy are laboring for the same end. Therefore you have made the senate, which was already pretty firm of its own accord, firmer still by your authority. The time has come, O Romans, later altogether than for the honor of the Roman people it should have been, but still so that the things are now so ripe that they do not admit of a moment's delay. There has been a sort of fatality, if I may say so, which we have borne as it was necessary to bear it. But hereafter if any disaster happens to us it will be of our own seeking.

It is impossible for the Roman people to be slaves; that people whom the immortal gods have ordained should rule over all nations. Matters are now come to a crisis. We are fighting for our freedom. Either you must conquer, O Romans, which indeed you will do if you continue to act with such piety and such unanimity, or you must do anything rather than become slaves. Other nations can endure slavery. Liberty is the inalienable possession of the Roman people.

THE TENTH PHILIPPIC, OR TENTH ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE ARGUMENT

Despatches were received from Brutus by the consuls, giving an account of his success against Caius Antonius in Macedonia; stating that he had secured Macedonia, Illyricum and Greece, with the armies in those countries; that Caius Antonius had retired to Apollonia with seven cohorts; that a legion under Lucius Piso had surrendered to young Cicero, who was commanding his cavalry; that Dolabella's cavalry had deserted to him; and that Vatinius had surrendered Dyrrachium and its garrison to him. He likewise praised Quintus Hortensius, the proconsul of Macedonia, as having assisted him in gaining over the Grecian provinces and the armies in those districts.

As soon as Pansa received the despatches, he summoned the senate to have them read; and in a set speech greatly extolled Brutus, and moved a vote of thanks to him; but Calenus, who followed him, declared his opinion that as Brutus had acted without any public commission or authority, he should be required to give up his army to the proper governors of the provinces, or to whoever the senate should appoint to receive it. After he had sat down, Cicero rose, and delivered the following speech.

WE ALL, O Pansa, ought both to feel and to show the greatest gratitude to you, who—though we did not expect that you would hold any senate to-day—the moment that you received the letters of Marcus Brutus, that most excellent citizen, did not interpose even

the slightest delay to our enjoying the most excessive delight and mutual congratulation at the earliest opportunity. And not only ought this action of yours to be grateful to us all, but also the speech which you addressed to us after the letters had been read. For you showed plainly that that was true which I have always felt to be so, that no one envied the virtue of another who was confident of his own. Therefore I, who have been connected with Brutus by many mutual good offices and by the greatest intimacy, need not say so much concerning him; for the part that I had marked out for myself your speech has anticipated me in. But, O conscript fathers, the opinion delivered by the man who was asked for his vote before me, has imposed upon me the necessity of saying rather more than I otherwise should have said; and I differ from him so repeatedly at present, that I am afraid (what certainly ought not to be the case) that our continual disagreement may appear to diminish our friendship.

What can be the meaning of this argument of yours, O Calenus? what can be your intention? How is it that you have never once since the first of January been of the same opinion with him who asks you your opinion first? How is it that the senate has never yet been so full as to enable you to find one single person to agree with your sentiments? Why are you always defending men who in no point resemble you? why, when both your life and your fortune invite you to tranquillity and dignity, do you approve of those measures, and defend those measures, and declare those sentiments, which are adverse both to the general tranquillity and to your own individual dignity?

For to say nothing of former speeches of yours, at all

events I cannot pass over in silence this which excites my most especial wonder. What war is there between you and the Bruti? Why do you alone attack those men whom we are all bound almost to worship? Why are you not indignant at one of them being besieged, and why do you—as far as your vote goes—strip the other of those troops which by his own exertions and by his own danger he has got together by himself, without any one to assist him, for the protection of the republic, not for himself? What is your meaning in this? What are your intentions? Is it possible that you should not approve of the Bruti, and should approve of Antonius? that you should hate those men whom every one else considers most dear? and that you should love with the greatest constancy those whom every one else hates most bitterly? You have a most ample fortune; you are in the highest rank of honor; your son, as I both hear and hope, is born to glory—a youth whom I favor not only for the sake of the republic, but for your sake also. I ask, therefore, would you rather have him like Brutus or like Antonius? and I will let you choose whichever of the three Antonii you please. God forbid! you will say. Why, then, do you not favor those men and praise those men whom you wish your own son to resemble? For by so doing you will be both consulting the interests of the republic, and proposing him an example for his imitation.

But in this instance, I hope, O Quintus Fufius, to be allowed to expostulate with you, as a senator who greatly differs from you, without any prejudice to our friendship. For you spoke in this matter, and that too from a written paper; for I should think you had made a slip from want of some appropriate expression, if I were not acquainted

with your ability in speaking. You said "that the letters of Brutus appeared properly and regularly expressed." What else is this than praising Brutus's secretary, not Brutus? You both ought to have great experience in the affairs of the republic, and you have. When did you ever see a decree framed in this manner? or in what resolution of the senate passed on such occasions (and they are innumerable) did you ever hear of its being decreed that the letters had been well drawn up? And that expression did not—as is often the case with other men—fall from you by chance, but you brought it with you written down, deliberated on, and carefully meditated on.

If any one could take from you this habit of disparaging good men on almost every occasion, then what qualities would not be left to you which every one would desire for himself? Do, then, recollect yourself; do at last soften and quiet that disposition of yours; do take the advice of good men, with many of whom you are intimate; do converse with that wisest of men, your own son-in-law, oftener than with yourself; and then you will obtain the name of a man of the very highest character. Do you think it a matter of no consequence (it is a matter in which I, out of the friendship which I feel for you, constantly grieve in your stead) that this should be commonly said out of doors, and should be a common topic of conversation among the Roman people, that the man who delivered his opinion first did not find a single person to agree with him? And that I think will be the case to-day.

You propose to take the legions away from Brutus—which legions? Why, those which he has gained over from the wickedness of Caius Antonius, and has by his own authority gained over to the republic. Do you wish

then that he should again appear to be the only person stripped of his authority, and as it were banished by the senate? And you, O conscript fathers, if you abandon and betray Marcus Brutus, what citizen in the world will you ever distinguish? Whom will you ever favor? Unless, indeed, you think that those men who put a diadem on a man's head deserve to be preserved, and those who have abolished the very name of kingly power deserve to be abandoned. And of this divine and immortal glory of Marcus Brutus I will say no more; it is already embalmed in the grateful recollection of all the citizens, but it has not yet been sanctioned by any formal act of public authority. Such patience! O ye good gods! such moderation! such tranquillity and submission under injury! A man who, while he was prætor of the city, was driven from the city, was prevented from sitting as judge in legal proceedings, when it was he who had restored all law to the republic; and, though he might have been hedged round by the daily concourse of all virtuous men, who were constantly flocking round him in marvellous numbers, he preferred to be defended in his absence by the judgment of the good, to being present and protected by their force—who was not even present to celebrate the games to Apollo, which had been prepared in a manner suitable to his own dignity and to that of the Roman people, lest he should open any road to the audacity of most wicked men.

Although, what games or what days were ever more joyful than those on which at every verse that the actor uttered the Roman people did honor to the memory of Brutus, with loud shouts of applause? The person of their liberator was absent, the recollection of their liberty was

present, in which the appearance of Brutus himself seemed to be visible. But the man himself I beheld on those very days of the games, in the country-house of a most illustrious young man, Lucullus, his relation, thinking of nothing but the peace and concord of the citizens. I saw him again afterward at Velia, departing from Italy, in order that there might be no pretext for civil war on his account. Oh, what a sight was that! grievous, not only to men but to the very waves and shores. That its savior should be departing from his country; that its destroyers should be remaining in their country! The fleet of Cassius followed a few days afterward; so that I was ashamed, O conscript fathers, to return into the city from which those men were departing. But the design with which I returned you heard at the beginning, and since that you have known by experience. Brutus, therefore, bided his time. For, as long as he saw you endure everything, he himself behaved with incredible patience; after that he saw you roused to a desire of liberty, he prepared the means to protect you in your liberty.

But what a pest, and how great a pest was it which he resisted? For if Caius Antonius had been able to accomplish what he intended in his mind (and he would have been able to do so if the virtue of Marcus Brutus had not opposed his wickedness), we should have lost Macedonia, Illyricum, and Greece. Greece would have been a refuge for Antonius if defeated, or a support to him in attacking Italy; which at present, being not only arrayed in arms, but embellished by the military command and authority and troops of Marcus Brutus, stretches out her right hand to Italy, and promises it her protection. And the man who proposes to deprive him of his army, is taking away

a most illustrious honor, and a most trustworthy guard from the republic. I wish, indeed, that Antonius may hear this news as speedily as possible, so that he may understand that it is not Decimus Brutus whom he is surrounding with his ramparts, but he himself who is really hemmed in.

He possesses three towns only on the whole face of the earth. He has Gaul most bitterly hostile to him; he has even those men the people beyond the Po, in whom he placed the greatest reliance, entirely alienated from him; all Italy is his enemy. Foreign nations, from the nearest coast of Greece to Egypt, are occupied by the military command and armies of most virtuous and intrepid citizens. His only hope was in Caius Antonius; who being in age the middle one between his two brothers, rivalled both of them in vices. He hastened away as if he were being driven away by the senate into Macedonia, not as if he were prohibited from proceeding thither. What a storm, O ye immortal gods! what a conflagration! what a devastation! what a pestilence to Greece would that man have been, if incredible and godlike virtue had not checked the enterprise and audacity of that frantic man. What promptness was there in Brutus's conduct! what prudence! what valor! Although the rapidity of the movement of Caius Antonius also is not despicable; for if some vacant inheritances had not delayed him on his march, you might have said that he had flown rather than travelled. When we desire other men to go forth to undertake any public business, we are scarcely able to get them out of the city; but we have driven this man out by the mere fact of our desiring to retain him. But what business had he with Apollonia? what business had he with Dyrrachium? or

with Illyricum? What had he to do with the army of Publius Vatinius, our general? He, as he said himself, was the successor of Hortensius. The boundaries of Macedonia are well defined; the condition of the proconsul is well known; the amount of his army, if he has any at all, is fixed. But what had Antonius to do at all with Illyricum and with the legions of Vatinius?

But Brutus had nothing to do with them either. For that, perhaps, is what some worthless man may say. All the legions, all the forces which exist anywhere, belong to the Roman people. Nor shall those legions which have quitted Marcus Antonius be called the legions of Antonius rather than of the republic; for he loses all power over his army, and all the privileges of military command, who uses that military command and that army to attack the republic.

But if the republic itself could give a decision, or if all rights were established by its decrees, would it adjudge the legions of the Roman people to Antonius or to Brutus? The one had flown with precipitation to the plunder and destruction of the allies, in order, wherever he went, to lay waste, and pillage, and plunder everything, and to employ the army of the Roman people against the Roman people itself. The other had laid down this law for himself, that wherever he came he should appear to come as a sort of light and hope of safety. Lastly, the one was seeking aids to overturn the republic; the other to preserve it. Nor, indeed, did we see this more clearly than the soldiers themselves; from whom so much discernment in judging was not to have been expected.

He writes that Antonius is at Apollonia with seven cohorts, and he is either by this time taken prisoner (may

the gods grant it!) or, at all events, like a modest man, he does not come near Macedonia, lest he should seem to act in opposition to the resolution of the senate. A levy of troops has been held in Macedonia, by the great zeal and diligence of Quintus Hortensius; whose admirable courage, worthy both of himself and of his ancestors, you may clearly perceive from the letters of Brutus. The legion which Lucius Piso, the lieutenant of Antonius, commanded, has surrendered itself to Cicero, my own son. Of the cavalry, which was being led into Syria in two divisions, one division has left the quæstor who was commanding it, in Thessaly, and has joined Brutus; and Cnæus Domitius, a young man of the greatest virtue and wisdom and firmness, has carried off the other from the Syrian lieutenant in Macedonia. But Publius Vatinius, who has before this been deservedly praised by us, and who is justly entitled to further praise at the present time, has opened the gates of Dyrrachium to Brutus, and has given him up his army.

The Roman people then is now in possession of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and Greece. The legions there are all devoted to us, the light-armed troops are ours, the cavalry is ours, and, above all, Brutus is ours, and always will be ours—a man born for the republic, both by his own most excellent virtues, and also by some especial destiny of name and family, both on his father's and on his mother's side.

Does any one then fear war from this man, who, until we commenced the war, being compelled to do so, preferred lying unknown in peace to flourishing in war? Although he, in truth, never did lie unknown, nor can this expression possibly be applied to such great eminence

in virtue. For he was the object of regret to the state; he was in every one's mouth, the subject of every one's conversation. But he was so far removed from an inclination to war, that, though he was burning with a desire to see Italy free, he preferred being wanting to the zeal of the citizens, to leading them to put everything to the issue of war. Therefore, those very men, if there be any such, who find fault with the slowness of Brutus's movements, nevertheless at the same time admire his moderation and his patience.

But I see now what it is they mean: nor, in truth, do they use much disguise. They say that they are afraid how the veterans may endure the idea of Brutus having an army. As if there were any difference between the troops of Aulus Hirtius, of Caius Pansa, of Decimus Brutus, of Caius Cæsar, and this army of Marcus Brutus. For if these four armies which I have mentioned are praised because they have taken up arms for the sake of the liberty of the Roman people, what reason is there why this army of Marcus Brutus should not be classed under the same head? Oh, but the very name of Marcus Brutus is unpopular among the veterans.—More than that of Decimus Brutus?—I think not; for although the action is common to both the Bruti, and although their share in the glory is equal, still those men who were indignant at that deed were more angry with Decimus Brutus, because they said that it was more improper for it to be executed by him. What now are all those armies laboring at, except to effect the release of Decimus Brutus from a siege? And who are the commanders of those armies? Those men, I suppose, who wish the acts of Caius Cæsar to be overturned, and the cause of the veterans to be betrayed.

If Cæsar himself were alive, could he, do you imagine, defend his own acts more vigorously than that most gallant man Hirtius defends them? or, is it possible that any one should be found more friendly to the cause than his son? But the one of these, though not long recovered from a very long attack of a most severe disease, has applied all the energy and influence which he had to defending the liberty of those men by whose prayers he considered that he himself had been recalled from death; the other, stronger in the strength of his virtue than in that of his age, has set out with those very veterans to deliver Decimus Brutus. Therefore, those men who are both the most certain and at the same time the most energetic defenders of the acts of Cæsar, are waging war for the safety of Decimus Brutus; and they are followed by the veterans. For they see that they must fight to the uttermost for the freedom of the Roman people, not for their own advantages. What reason, then, is there why the army of Marcus Brutus should be an object of suspicion to those men who with the whole of their energies desire the preservation of Decimus Brutus?

But, moreover, if there were anything which were to be feared from Marcus Brutus, would not Pansa perceive it? Or if he did perceive it, would not he, too, be anxious about it? Who is either more acute in his conjectures of the future, or more diligent in warding off danger? But you have already seen his zeal for, and inclination toward Marcus Brutus. He has already told us in his speech what we ought to decree, and how we ought to feel with respect to Marcus Brutus. And he was so far from thinking the army of Marcus Brutus dangerous to the republic, that he considered it the most important and the most trusty bul-

wark of the republic. Either, then, Pansa does not perceive this (no doubt he is a man of dull intellect), or he disregards it. For he is clearly not anxious that the acts which Cæsar executed should be ratified—he, who in compliance with our recommendation is going to bring forward a bill at the comitia centuriata for sanctioning and confirming them.

Let those, then, who have no fear, cease to pretend to be alarmed, and to be exercising their foresight in the cause of the republic. And let those who really are afraid of everything, cease to be too fearful, lest the pretence of the one party and the inactivity of the other be injurious to us. What, in the name of mischief! is the object of always opposing the name of the veterans to every good cause? For even if I were attached to their virtue, as indeed I am, still, if they were arrogant I should not be able to tolerate their airs. While we are endeavoring to break the bonds of slavery, shall any one hinder us by saying that the veterans do not approve of it? For they are not, I suppose, beyond all counting, who are ready to take up arms in defence of the common freedom! There is no man, except the veteran soldiers, who is stimulated by the indignation of a freeman to repel slavery! Can the republic then stand, relying wholly on veterans, without a great reinforcement of the youth of the state? Whom, indeed, you ought to be attached to, if they be assistants to you in the assertion of your freedom, but whom you ought not to follow if they be the advisers of slavery.

Lastly (let me at last say one true word, one word worthy of myself!)—if the inclinations of this order are governed by the nod of the veterans, and if all our words and actions are to be referred to their will, death is what

we should wish for, which has always, in the minds of Roman citizens, been preferable to slavery. All slavery is miserable; but some may have been unavoidable. Do you think, then, that there is never to be a beginning of our endeavors to recover our freedom? Or, when we would not bear that fortune which was unavoidable, and which seemed almost as if appointed by destiny, shall we tolerate the voluntary bondage? All Italy is burning with a desire for freedom. The city cannot endure slavery any longer. We have given this warlike attire and these arms to the Roman people much later than they have been demanded of us by them.

We have, indeed, undertaken our present course of action with a great and almost certain hope of liberty. But even if I allow that the events of war are uncertain, and that the chances of Mars are common to both sides, still it is worth while to fight for freedom at the peril of one's life. For life does not consist wholly in breathing; there is literally no life at all for one who is a slave. All nations can endure slavery. Our state cannot. Nor is there any other reason for this, except that those nations shrink from toil and pain, and are willing to endure anything so long as they may be free from those evils; but we have been trained and bred up by our forefathers in such a manner as to measure all our designs and all our actions by the standard of dignity and virtue. The recovery of freedom is so splendid a thing that we must not shun even death when seeking to recover it. But if immortality were to be the result of our avoidance of present danger, still slavery would appear still more worthy of being avoided, in proportion as it is of longer duration. But as all sorts of death surround us on all sides night

and day, it does not become a man, and least of all a Roman, to hesitate to give up to his country that breath which he owes to nature.

Men flock together from all quarters to extinguish a general conflagration. The veterans were the first to follow the authority of Cæsar, and to repel the attempts of Antonius; afterward the Martial legion checked his frenzy; the fourth legion crushed it. Being thus condemned by his own legions, he burst into Gaul, which he knew to be adverse and hostile to him both in word and deed. The armies of Aulus Hirtius and Caius Cæsar pursued him; and afterward the levies of Pansa roused the city and all Italy. He is the one enemy of all men. Although he has with him Lucius his brother, a citizen very much beloved by the Roman people, the regret for whose absence the city is unable to endure any longer! What can be more foul than that beast? what more savage? who appears born for the express purpose of preventing Marcus Antonius from being the basest of all mortals. They have with them Trebellius, who, now that all debts are cancelled, is become reconciled to them; and Titus Plancus, and others like them; who are striving with all their hearts, and whose sole object is to appear to have been restored against the will of the republic. Saxa and Capho, themselves rustic and clownish men, men who never have seen and who never wish to see this republic firmly established, are tampering with the ignorant classes; men who are not upholding the acts of Cæsar but those of Antonius; who are led away by the unlimited occupation of the Campanian district; and who I marvel are not somewhat ashamed when they see that they have actors and actresses for their neighbors.

Why then should we be displeased that the army of Marcus Brutus is thrown into the scale to assist us in overwhelming these pests of the commonwealth? It is the army, I suppose, of an intemperate and turbulent man. I am more afraid of his being too patient; although in all the counsels and actions of that man there never has been anything either too much or too little. The whole inclinations of Marcus Brutus, O conscript fathers, the whole of his thoughts, the whole of his ideas, are directed toward the authority of the senate and the freedom of the Roman people. These are the objects which he proposes to himself; these are what he desires to uphold. He has tried what he could do by patience; as he did nothing, he has thought it necessary to encounter force by force. And, O conscript fathers, you ought at this time to grant him the same honors which on the nineteenth of December you conferred by my advice on Decimus Brutus and Caius Cæsar, whose designs and conduct in regard to the republic, while they also were but private individuals, were approved of and praised by your authority. And you ought to do the same now with respect to Marcus Brutus, by whom an unhoped-for and sudden reinforcement of legions and cavalry, and numerous and trusty bands of allies, have been provided for the republic.

Quintus Hortensius also ought to have a share of your praise, who, being governor of Macedonia, joined Brutus as a most faithful and untiring assistant in collecting that army. For I think that a separate motion ought to be made respecting Marcus Apuleius, to whom Brutus bears witness in his letters that he has been a prime assistant to him in his endeavors to get together and equip his army. And since this is the case—

"As Caius Pansa the consul has addressed to us a speech concerning the letters which have been received from Quintus Cæpio Brutus,[1] proconsul, and have been read in this assembly, I give my vote in this matter thus:

"Since, by the exertions and wisdom and industry and valor of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, at a most critical period of the republic, the province of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and all Greece, and the legions and armies and cavalry, have been preserved in obedience to the consuls and senate and people of Rome; Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, has acted well, and in a manner advantageous to the republic, and suitable to his own dignity and to that of his ancestors, and to the principles according to which alone the affairs of the republic can be properly managed; and that conduct is and will be grateful to the senate and people of Rome.

"And moreover, as Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, is occupying and defending and protecting the province of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and all Greece, and is preserving them in safety; and as he is in command of an army which he himself has levied and collected, he is at liberty, if he has need of any, to exact money for the use of the military service, which belongs to the public, and can lawfully be exacted, and to use it, and to borrow money for the exigencies of the war from whomsoever he thinks fit, and to exact corn, and to endeavor to approach Italy as near as he can with his forces. And as it has been understood from the letters of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, pro-

[1] Brutus had been adopted by his maternal uncle Quintus Servilius Cæpio; so that his legal designation was what is given in the text now, as Cicero is proposing a formal vote—though at all other times we see that he calls him Marcus Brutus.

consul, that the republic has been greatly benefited by the energy and valor of Quintus Hortensius, proconsul, and that all his counsels have been in harmony with those of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, and that that harmony has been of the greatest service to the republic; Quintus Hortensius has acted well and becomingly, and in a manner advantageous to the republic. And the senate decrees that Quintus Hortensius, proconsul, shall occupy the province of Macedonia with his quæstors, or proquæstors and lieutenants, until he shall have a successor regularly appointed by a resolution of the senate."

THE FOURTEENTH PHILIPPIC, OR FOURTEENTH (AND LAST) ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE ARGUMENT

Brutus gained great advantages in Macedonia over Caius Antonius, and took him prisoner. He treated him with great lenity, so much so as to displease Cicero, who remonstrated with him strongly on his design of setting him at liberty. He was also under some apprehension as to the steadiness of Plancus's loyalty to the senate; but on his writing to that body to assure them of his obedience, Cicero procured a vote of some extraordinary honors to him.

Cassius also about the same time was very successful in Syria, of which he wrote Cicero a full account. Meantime reports were being spread in the city by the partisans of Antonius, of his success before Mutina; and even of his having gained over the consuls. Cicero too was personally much annoyed at a report which they spread of his having formed the design of making himself master of the city and assuming the title of Dictator; but when Apuleius, one of his friends, and a tribune of the people, proceeded to make a speech to the people in Cicero's justification, the people all cried out that he had never done anything which was not for the advantage of the republic. About the same time news arrived of a victory gained over Antonius at Mutina.

Pansa was now on the point of joining Hirtius with four new legions, and Antonius endeavored to surprise him on the road before he could effect

that junction. A severe battle ensued, in which Hirtius came to Pansa's aid, and Antonius was defeated with great loss. On the receipt of the news the populace assembled about Cicero's house, and carried him in triumph to the Capitol. The next day Marcus Cornutus, the prætor, summoned the senate to deliberate on the letters received from the consul and Octavius, giving an account of the victory. Servilius declared his opinion that the citizens should relinquish the *sagum*, or robe of war; and that a supplication should be decreed in honor of the consuls and Octavius. Cicero rose next and delivered the following speech, objecting to the relinquishment of the robe of war, and blaming Servilius for not calling Antonius an enemy.

The measures which he himself proposed were carried.

IF, O conscript fathers, while I learned from the letters which have been read that the army of our most wicked enemies had been defeated and routed, I had also learned what we all wish for above all things, and which we do suppose has resulted from that victory which has been achieved—namely, that Decimus Brutus had already quitted Mutina—then I should without any hesitation give my vote for our returning to our usual dress out of joy at the safety of that citizen on account of whose danger it was that we adopted the robe of war. But before any news of that event which the city looks for with the greatest eagerness arrives, we have sufficient reason, indeed, for joy at this most important and most illustrious battle; but reserve, I beg you, your return to your usual dress for the time of complete victory. But the completion of this war is the safety of Decimus Brutus.

But what is the meaning of this proposal that our dress shall be changed just for to-day, and that to-morrow we should again come forth in the garb of war? Rather when we have once turned to that dress which we wish and desire to assume, let us strive to retain it forever;

for this is not only discreditable, but it is displeasing also to the immortal gods, to leave their altars, which we have approached in the attire of peace, for the purpose of assuming the garb of war. And I notice, O conscript fathers, that there are some who favor this proposal: whose intention and design is, as they see that that will be a most glorious day for Decimus Brutus on which we return to our usual dress out of joy for his safety, to deprive him of this great reward, so that it may not be handed down to the recollection of posterity that the Roman people had recourse to the garb of war on account of the danger of one single citizen, and then returned to their gowns of peace on account of his safety. Take away this reason, and you will find no other for so absurd a proposal. But do you, O conscript fathers, preserve your authority, adhere to your own opinions, preserve in your recollection what you have often declared, that the whole result of this entire war depends on the life of one most brave and excellent man.

For the purpose of effecting the liberation of Decimus Brutus, the chief men of the state were sent as ambassadors, to give notice to that enemy and parricidal traitor to retire from Mutina; for the sake of preserving that same Decimus Brutus, Aulus Hirtius, the consul, went by lot to conduct the war; a man the weakness of whose bodily health was made up for by the strength of his courage, and encouraged by the hope of victory; Cæsar, too, after he, with an army levied by his own resources and on his own authority, had delivered the republic from the first dangers that assailed it, in order to prevent any subsequent wicked attempts from being originated, departed to assist in the deliverance of the same Brutus,

and subdued some family vexation which he may have felt by his attachment to his country. What other object had Caius Pansa in holding the levies which he did, and in collecting money, and in carrying the most severe resolutions of the senate against Antonius, and in exhorting us, and in inviting the Roman people to embrace the cause of liberty, except to insure the deliverance of Decimus Brutus? For the Roman people in crowds demanded at his hands the safety of Decimus Brutus with such unanimous outcries that he was compelled to prefer it not only to any consideration of his own personal advantage, but even to his own necessities. And that end we now, O conscript fathers, are entitled to hope is either at the point of being achieved, or is actually gained; but it is right for the reward of our hopes to be reserved for the issue and event of the business, lest we should appear either to have anticipated the kindness of the gods by our over precipitation, or to have despised the bounty of fortune through our own folly.

But since the manner of your behavior shows plainly enough what you think of this matter, I will come to the letters which have arrived from the consuls and the proprætor, after I have said a few words relating to the letters themselves.

The swords, O conscript fathers, of our legions and armies have been stained with, or rather, I should say, dipped deep in blood in two battles which have taken place under the consuls, and a third, which has been fought under the command of Cæsar. If it was the blood of enemies, then great is the piety of the soldiers; but it is nefarious wickedness if it was the blood of citizens. How long, then, is that man, who has sur-

passed all enemies in wickedness, to be spared the name of enemy? unless you wish to see the very swords of our soldiers trembling in their hands while they doubt whether they are piercing a citizen or an enemy. You vote a supplication; you do not call Antonius an enemy. Very pleasing, indeed, to the immortal gods will our thanksgiving be, very pleasing, too, the victims, after a multitude of our citizens has been slain! "For the victory," says the proposer of the supplication, "over wicked and audacious men." For that is what this most illustrious man calls them; expressions of blame suited to lawsuits carried on in the city, not denunciations of searing infamy such as deserved by internecine war. I suppose they are forging wills, or trespassing on their neighbors, or cheating some young men; for it is men implicated in these and similar practices that we are in the habit of terming wicked and audacious. One man, the foulest of all banditti, is waging an irreconcilable war against four consuls. He is at the same time carrying on war against the senate and people of Rome. He is (although he is himself hastening to destruction, through the disasters which he has met with) threatening all of us with destruction, and devastation, and torments, and tortures. He declares that that inhuman and savage act of Dolabella's, which no nation of barbarians would have owned, was done by his advice; and what he himself would do in this city, if this very Jupiter, who now looks down upon us assembled in his temple, had not repelled him from this temple and from these walls, he showed, in the miseries of those inhabitants of Parma, whom, virtuous and honorable men as they were, and most intimately connected with the authority of this order, and with the dignity of

the Roman people, that villain and monster, Lucius Antonius, that object of the extraordinary detestation of all men, and (if the gods hate those whom they ought) of all the gods also, murdered with every circumstance of cruelty. My mind shudders at the recollection, O conscript fathers, and shrinks from relating the cruelties which Lucius Antonius perpetrated on the children and wives of the citizens of Parma. For whatever infamy the Antonii have willingly undergone in their own persons to their own infamy, they triumph in the fact of having inflicted on others by violence. But it is a miserable violence which they offered to them; most unholy lust, such as the whole life of the Antonii is polluted with.

Is there, then, any one who is afraid to call those men enemies, whose wickedness he admits to have surpassed even the inhumanity of the Carthaginians? For in what city, when taken by storm, did Hannibal even behave with such ferocity as Antonius did in Parma, which he filched by surprise? Unless, mayhap, Antonius is not to be considered the enemy of this colony, and of the others toward which he is animated with the same feelings. But if he is beyond all question the enemy of the colonies and municipal towns, then what do you consider him with respect to this city which he is so eager for, to satiate the indigence of his band of robbers? which that skilful and experienced surveyor of his, Saxa, has already marked out with his rule. Recollect, I entreat you, in the name of the immortal gods, O conscript fathers, what we have been fearing for the last two days, in consequence of infamous rumors carefully disseminated by enemies within the walls. Who has been

able to look upon his children or upon his wife without weeping? who has been able to bear the sight of his home, of his house, and his household gods? Already all of us were expecting a most ignominious death, or meditating a miserable flight. And shall we hesitate to call the men at whose hands we feared all these things enemies? If any one should propose a more severe designation I will willingly agree to it; I am hardly content with this ordinary one, and will certainly not employ a more moderate one.

Therefore, as we are bound to vote, and as Servilius has already proposed a most just supplication for those letters which have been read to you; I will propose altogether to increase the number of the days which it is to last, especially as it is to be decreed in honor of three generals conjointly. But, first of all, I will insist on styling those men imperator by whose valor, and wisdom, and good fortune we have been released from the most imminent danger of slavery and death. Indeed, who is there within the last twenty years who has had a supplication decreed to him without being himself styled imperator, though he may have performed the most insignificant exploits, or even almost none at all. Wherefore, the senator who spoke before me ought either not to have moved for a supplication at all, or he ought to have paid the usual and established compliment to those men to whom even new and extraordinary honors are justly due.

Shall the senate, according to this custom which has now obtained, style a man imperator if he has slain a thousand or two of Spaniards, or Gauls, or Thracians; and now that so many legions have been routed, now

that such a multitude of enemies has been slain—ay, enemies, I say, although our enemies within the city do not fancy this expression—shall we pay to our most illustrious generals the honor of a supplication, and refuse them the name of imperator? For with what great honor, and joy, and exultation ought the deliverers of this city themselves to enter into this temple, when yesterday, on account of the exploits which they have performed, the Roman people carried me in an ovation, almost in a triumph from my house to the Capitol, and back again from the Capitol to my own house? That is, indeed, in my opinion a just and genuine triumph, when men who have deserved well of the republic receive public testimony to their merits from the unanimous consent of the senate. For if, at a time of general rejoicing on the part of the Roman people, they addressed their congratulations to one individual, that is a great proof of their opinion of him; if they gave him thanks, that is a greater still; if they did both, then nothing more honorable to him can be possibly imagined.

Are you saying all this of yourself? some will ask. It is indeed against my will that I do so; but my indignation at injustice makes me boastful, contrary to my usual habit. Is it not sufficient that thanks should not be given to men who have well earned them, by men who are ignorant of the very nature of virtue? And shall accusations and odium be attempted to be excited against those men who devote all their thoughts to insuring the safety of the republic? For you well know that there has been a common report for the last few days, that the day before the wine feast, that is to say, on this very day, I was intending to come forth with the fasces as dictator. One would think

that this story was invented against some gladiator, or robber, or Catiline, and not against a man who had prevented any such step from ever being taken in the republic. Was I, who defeated and overthrew and crushed Catiline, when he was attempting such wickedness, a likely man myself all on a sudden to turn out Catiline? Under what auspices could I, an augur, take those fasces? How long should I have been likely to keep them? to whom was I to deliver them as my successor? The idea of any one having been so wicked as to invent such a tale! or so mad as to believe it! In what could such a suspicion, or rather such gossip, have originated?

When, as you know, during the last three or four days a report of bad news from Mutina has been creeping abroad, the disloyal part of the citizens, inflated with exultation and insolence, began to collect in one place, at that senate house which has been more fatal to their party than to the republic. There, while they were forming a plan to massacre us, and were distributing the different duties among one another, and settling who was to seize on the Capitol, who on the rostra, who on the gates of the city, they thought that all the citizens would flock to me. And in order to bring me into unpopularity, and even into danger of my life, they spread abroad this report about the fasces. They themselves had some idea of bringing the fasces to my house; and then, on pretence of that having been done by my wish, they had prepared a band of hired ruffians to make an attack on me as on a tyrant, and a massacre of all of you was intended to follow. The fact is already notorious, O conscript fathers, but the origin of all this wickedness will be revealed in its fitting time.

Therefore Publius Apuleius, a tribune of the people, who ever since my consulship has been the witness and partaker of, and my assistant in all my designs and all my dangers, could not endure the grief of witnessing my indignation. He convened a numerous assembly, as the whole Roman people were animated with one feeling on the subject. And when in the harangue which he then made, he, as was natural from our great intimacy and friendship, was going to exculpate me from all suspicion in the matter of the fasces, the whole assembly cried out with one voice, that I had never had any intentions with regard to the republic which were not excellent. After this assembly was over, within two or three hours, these most welcome messengers and letters arrived; so that the same day not only delivered me from a most unjust odium, but increased my credit by that most extraordinary act with which the Roman people distinguished me.

I have made this digression, O conscript fathers, not so much for the sake of speaking of myself (for I should be in a sorry plight if I were not sufficiently acquitted in your eyes without the necessity of making a formal defence), as with the view of warning some men, of too grovelling and narrow minds, to adopt the line of conduct which I myself have always pursued, and to think the virtue of excellent citizens worthy of imitation, not of envy. There is a great field in the republic, as Crassus used very wisely to say; the road to glory is open to many.

Would that those great men were still alive, who, after my consulship, when I myself was willing to yield to them, were themselves desirous to see me in the post of leader. But at the present moment, when there is such a dearth of wise and fearless men of consular rank, how great do you

not suppose must be my grief and indignation, when I see some men absolutely disaffected to the republic, others wholly indifferent to everything, others incapable of persevering with any firmness in the cause which they have espoused; and regulating their opinions not always by the advantage of the republic, but sometimes by hope, and sometimes by fear. But if any one is anxious and inclined to struggle for the leadership—though struggle there ought to be none—he acts very foolishly, if he proposes to combat virtue with vices. For as speed is only outstripped by speed, so among brave men virtue is only surpassed by virtue. Will you, if I am full of excellent sentiments with respect to the republic, adopt the worst possible sentiments yourself for the purpose of excelling me? Or if you see a race taking place for the acquisition of honors, will you summon all the wicked men you can find to your banner? I should be sorry for you to do so; first of all, for the sake of the republic, and secondly, for that of your own dignity. But if the leadership of the state were at stake, which I have never coveted, what could be more desirable for me than such conduct on your part? For it is impossible that I should be defeated by wicked sentiments and measures—by good ones perhaps I might be, and I willingly would be.

Some people are vexed that the Roman people should see, and take notice of, and form their opinion on these matters. Was it possible for men not to form their opinion of each individual as he deserved? For as the Roman people forms a most correct judgment of the entire senate, thinking that at no period in the history of the republic was this order ever more firm or more courageous; so also they all inquire diligently concerning every individual

among us; and especially in the case of those among us who deliver our sentiments at length in this place, they are anxious to know what those sentiments are; and in that way they judge of each one of us as they think that he deserves. They recollect that on the nineteenth of December I was the main cause of recovering our freedom; that from the first of January to this hour I have never ceased watching over the republic; that day and night my house and my ears have been open to the instruction and admonition of every one; that it has been by my letters, and my messengers, and my exhortations, that all men in every part of the empire have been roused to the protection of our country; that it is owing to the open declaration of my opinion ever since the first of January, that no ambassadors have been ever sent to Antonius; that I have always called him a public enemy, and this a war; so that I, who on every occasion have been the adviser of genuine peace, have been a determined enemy to this pretence of fatal peace.

Have not I also at all times pronounced Ventidius an enemy, when others wished to call him a tribune of the people? If the consuls had chosen to divide the senate on my opinion, their arms would long since have been wrested from the hands of all those robbers by the positive authority of the senate.

But what could not be done then, O conscript fathers, at present not only can be, but even must be done. I mean, those men who are in reality enemies must be branded in plain language, must be declared enemies by our formal resolution. Formerly, when I used the words War or Enemy, men more than once objected to record my proposition among the other propositions. But that

cannot be done on the present occasion. For in consequence of the letters of Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, and of Caius Cæsar, proprætor, we have all voted that honors be paid to the immortal gods. The very man who lately proposed and carried a vote for a supplication, without intending it pronounced those men enemies; for a supplication has never been decreed for success in civil war. Decreed, do I say? It has never even been asked for in the letters of the conqueror. Sylla as consul carried on a civil war; he led his legions into the city and expelled whomsoever he chose; he slew those whom he had in his power: there was no mention made of any supplication. The violent war with Octavius followed. Cinna the conqueror had no supplication voted to him. Sylla as imperator revenged the victory of Cinna, still no supplication was decreed by the senate. I ask you yourself, O Publius Servilius, did your colleague send you any letters concerning that most lamentable battle of Pharsalia? Did he wish you to make any motion about a supplication! Certainly not. But he did afterward when he took Alexandria; when he defeated Pharnaces; but for the battle of Pharsalia he did not even celebrate a triumph. For that battle had destroyed those citizens whose, I will not say lives, but even whose victory might have been quite compatible with the safety and prosperity of the state. And the same thing had happened in the previous civil wars. For though a supplication was decreed in my honor when I was consul, though no arms had been had recourse to at all, still that was voted by a new and wholly unprecedented kind of decree, not for the slaughter of enemies, but for the preservation of the citizens. Wherefore, a supplication on account of the

affairs of the republic having been successfully conducted must, O conscript fathers, be refused by you even though your generals demand it; a stigma which has never been affixed on any one except Gabinius; or else, by the mere fact of decreeing a supplication, it is quite inevitable that you must pronounce those men, for whose defeat you do decree it, enemies of the state.

What then Servilius did in effect I do in express terms, when I style those men imperators. By using this name, I pronounce those who have been already defeated, and those who still remain, enemies in calling their conquerors imperators. For what title can I more suitably bestow on Pansa? Though he has, indeed, the title of the highest honor in the republic. What, too, shall I call Hirtius? He, indeed, is consul; but this latter title is indicative of the kindness of the Roman people; the other of valor and victory. What? Shall I hesitate to call Cæsar imperator, a man born for the republic by the express kindness of the gods? He who was the first man who turned aside the savage and disgraceful cruelty of Antonius, not only from our throats, but from our limbs and bowels? What numerous and what important virtues, O ye immortal gods, were displayed on that single day. For Pansa was the leader of all in engaging in battle and in combating with Antonius; O general worthy of the Martial legion, legion worthy of its general! Indeed, if he had been able to restrain its irresistible impetuosity, the whole war would have been terminated by that one battle. But as the legion, eager for liberty, had rushed with too much precipitation against the enemy's line of battle, and as Pansa himself was fighting in the front ranks, he received two dangerous wounds, and was borne out of the battle, to

preserve his life for the republic. But I pronounce him not only imperator, but a most illustrious imperator; who, as he had pledged himself to discharge his duty to the republic either by death or by victory, has fulfilled one half of his promise; may the immortal gods prevent the fulfilment of the other half!

Why need I speak of Hirtius? who, the moment he heard of what was going on, with incredible promptness and courage led forth two legions out of the camp; that noble fourth legion, which, having deserted Antonius, formerly united itself to the Martial legion; and the seventh which, consisting wholly of veterans, gave proof in that battle that the name of the senate and people of Rome was dear to those soldiers who preserved the recollection of the kindness of Cæsar. With these twenty cohorts, with no cavalry, while Hirtius himself was bearing the eagle of the fourth legion—and we never heard of a more noble office being assumed by any general—he fought with the three legions of Antonius and with his cavalry, and overthrew, and routed, and put to the sword those impious men who were the real enemies to this temple of the all-good and all-powerful Jupiter, and to the rest of the temples of the immortal gods, and the houses of the city, and the freedom of the Roman people, and our lives and actual existence; so that that chief and leader of robbers fled away with a very few followers, concealed by the darkness of night, and frightened out of all his senses.

Oh, what a most blessed day was that which, while the carcasses of those parricidal traitors were strewed about everywhere, beheld Antonius flying with a few followers, before he reached his place of concealment.

But will any one hesitate to call Cæsar imperator? Most

certainly his age will not deter any one from agreeing to this proposition, since he has gone beyond his age in virtue. And to me, indeed, the services of Caius Cæsar have always appeared the more thankworthy, in proportion as they were less to have been expected from a man of his age. For when we conferred military command on him, we were in fact encouraging the hope with which his name inspired us; and now that he has fulfilled those hopes, he has sanctioned the authority of our decree by his exploits. This young man of great mind, as Hirtius most truly calls him in his letters, with a few cohorts defended the camp of many legions, and fought a successful battle. And in this manner the republic has on one day been preserved in many places by the valor, and wisdom, and good fortune of three imperators of the Roman people.

I therefore propose supplications of fifty days in the joint names of the three. The reasons I will embrace in the words of the resolution, using the most honorable language that I can devise.

But it becomes our good faith and our piety to show plainly to our most gallant soldiers how mindful of their services and how grateful for them we are; and accordingly I give my vote that our promises, and those pledges too which we promised to bestow on the legions when the war was finished, be repeated in the resolution which we are going to pass this day. For it is quite fair that the honor of the soldiers, especially of such soldiers as those, should be united with that of their commanders. And I wish, O conscript fathers, that it was lawful for us to dispense rewards to all the citizens; although we will give those which we have promised with the most careful usury. But that remains, as I will hope, to the conquer-

ors, to whom the faith of the senate is pledged; and, as they have adhered to it at a most critical period of the republic, we are bound to take care that they never have cause to repent of their conduct. But it is easy for us to deal fairly by those men whose very services, though mute, appear to demand our liberality. This is a much more praiseworthy and more important duty, to pay a proper tribute of grateful recollection to the valor of those men who have shed their blood in the cause of their country. And I wish more suggestions could occur to me in the way of doing honor to those men. The two ideas which principally do occur to me, I will at all events not pass over; the one of which has reference to the everlasting glory of those bravest of men; the other may tend to mitigate the sorrow and mourning of their relations.

I therefore give my vote, O conscript fathers, that the most honorable monument possible be erected to the soldiers of the Martial legion, and to those soldiers also who died fighting by their side. Great and incredible are the services done by this legion to the republic. This was the first legion to tear itself from the piratical band of Antonius; this was the legion which encamped at Alba; this was the legion that went over to Cæsar; and it was in imitation of the conduct of this legion that the fourth legion has earned almost equal glory for its virtue. The fourth is victorious without having lost a man; some of the Martial legion fell in the very moment of victory. Oh, happy death, which, due to nature, has been paid in the cause of one's country! But I consider you men born for your country; you whose very name is derived from Mars, so that the same god who begot this city for the advantage

of the nations, appears to have begotten you for the advantage of the city. Death in flight is infamous; in victory glorious. In truth, Mars himself seems to select all the bravest men from the battle array. Those impious men whom you slew shall even in the shades below pay the penalty of their parricidal treason. But you, who have poured forth your latest breath in victory, have earned an abode and place among the pious. A brief life has been allotted to us by nature; but the memory of a well-spent life is imperishable. And if that memory were no longer than this life, who would be so senseless as to strive to attain even the highest praise and glory by the most enormous labors and dangers?

You then have fared most admirably, being the bravest of soldiers while you lived, and now the most holy of warriors, because it will be impossible for your virtue to be buried, either through the forgetfulness of the men of the present age, or the silence of posterity, since the senate and Roman people will have raised to you an imperishable monument, I may almost say with their own hands. Many armies at various times have been great and illustrious in the Punic, and Gallic, and Italian wars; but to none of them has honors been paid of the description which are now conferred on you. And I wish that we could pay you even greater honors, since we have received from you the greatest possible services. You it was who turned aside the furious Antonius from this city; you it was who repelled him when endeavoring to return. There shall therefore be a vast monument erected with the most sumptuous work, and an inscription engraved upon it, as the everlasting witness of your godlike virtue. And never shall the most grateful language of all who either see or hear

of your monument cease to be heard. And in this manner you, in exchange for your mortal condition of life, have attained immortality.

But since, O conscript fathers, the gift of glory is conferred on these most excellent and gallant citizens by the honor of a monument, let us comfort their relations, to whom this indeed is the best consolation. The greatest comfort for their parents is the reflection that they have produced sons who have been such bulwarks of the republic; for their children, that they will have such examples of virtue in their family; for their wives, that the husbands whom they have lost are men whom it is a credit to praise, and to have a right to mourn for; and for their brothers, that they may trust that, as they resemble them in their persons, so they do also in their virtues.

Would that we were able by the expression of our sentiments and by our votes to wipe away the tears of all these persons; or that any such oration as this could be publicly addressed to them, to cause them to lay aside their grief and mourning, and to rejoice rather, that, while many various kinds of death impend over men, the most honorable kind of all has fallen to the lot of their friends; and that they are not unburied, nor deserted; though even that fate, when incurred for one's country, is not accounted miserable; nor burned with equable obsequies in scattered graves, but entombed in honorable sepulchres, and honored with public offerings; and with a building which will be an altar of their valor to insure the recollection of eternal ages.

Wherefore it will be the greatest possible comfort to their relations, that by the same monument are clearly displayed the valor of their kinsmen, and also their piety,

and the good faith of the senate, and the memory of this most inhuman war, in which, if the valor of the soldiers had been less conspicuous, the very name of the Roman people would have perished by the parricidal treason of Marcus Antonius. And I think also, O conscript fathers, that those rewards which we promised to bestow on the soldiers when we had recovered the republic, we should give with abundant usury to those who are alive and victorious when the time comes; and that in the case of the men to whom those rewards were promised, but who have died in the defence of their country, I think those same rewards should be given to their parents or children, or wives or brothers.

But that I may reduce my sentiments into a formal motion, I give my vote that,

"As Caius Pansa, consul, imperator, set the example of fighting with the enemy in a battle in which the Martial legion defended the freedom of the Roman people with admirable and incredible valor, and the legions of the recruits behaved equally well; and as Caius Pansa, consul, imperator, while engaged in the middle of the ranks of the enemy received wounds; and as Aulus Hirtius, consul, imperator, the moment that he heard of the battle, and knew what was going on, with a most gallant and loyal soul, led his army out of his camp and attacked Marcus Antonius and his army, and put his troops to the sword, with so little injury to his own army that he did not lose one single man; and as Caius Cæsar, proprætor, imperator, with great prudence and energy defended the camp successfully, and routed and put to the sword the forces of the enemy which had come near the camp:

"On these accounts the senate thinks and declares that

the Roman people has been released from the most disgraceful and cruel slavery by the valor, and military skill, and prudence, and firmness, and perseverance, and greatness of mind and good fortune of these their generals. And decrees that, as they have preserved the republic, the city, the temples of the immortal gods, the property and fortunes and families of all the citizens, by their own exertions in battle, and at the risk of their own lives; on account of these virtuous and gallant and successful achievements, Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, imperators, one or both of them, or, in their absence, Marcus Cornutus, the city prætor, shall appoint a supplication at all the altars for fifty days. And as the valor of the legions has shown itself worthy of their most illustrious generals, the senate will with great eagerness, now that the republic is recovered, bestow on our legions and armies all the rewards which it formerly promised them. And as the Martial legion was the first to engage with the enemy, and fought in such a manner against superior numbers as to slay many and take some prisoners; and as they shed their blood for their country without any shrinking; and as the soldiers of the other legions encountered death with similar valor in defence of the safety and freedom of the Roman people—the senate does decree that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, imperators, one or both of them if it seems good to them, shall see to the issuing of a contract for, and to the erecting, the most honorable possible monument to those men who shed their blood for the lives and liberties and fortunes of the Roman people, and for the city and temples of the immortal gods; that for that purpose they shall order the city quæstors to furnish and pay money, in order that it may be a witness

for the everlasting recollection of posterity of the wickedness of our most cruel enemies, and the godlike valor of our soldiers. And that the rewards which the senate previously appointed for the soldiers be paid to the parents or children, or wives or brothers of those men who in this war have fallen in defence of their country; and that all honors be bestowed on them which should have been bestowed on the soldiers themselves, if those men had lived who gained the victory by their death."

PLINY THE YOUNGER

CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS, nephew and son of the elder Pliny, was born at Novum Comum in 62 A.D. After studying rhetoric under Quintilian he began his career as advocate at the age of nineteen. He subsequently served in Syria as a military tribune, was a quæstor under Domitian, and consul under the emperor Trajan. About the year 112 he governed Bithynia as imperial legate, his death occurring shortly after, in the year 114. He was more or less of a *dilettante*, painstaking, very desirous of making a literary reputation, and amiable, but lacking in force of character and original thought. His Panegyric on Trajan is his only speech which really possessed vitality, and his letters, which exhibit his self-complacency, form entertaining reading.

PANEGYRIC IN PRAISE OF TRAJAN

[The following panegyric was pronounced by Pliny as an expression of his gratitude toward Trajan, who had recently appointed him consul.]

IT WAS a good and wise custom of our ancestors to begin no act or speech without prayer. They believed it only proper and prudent to reverence the gods and seek their aid and guidance. How much more ought we now to have recourse to prayer when, by command of the senate and the will of the people, your consul is about to make an expression of gratitude to a good prince! For what gift of the gods is better or nobler than a chaste, pious, godlike prince? And I am sure that even if there were still doubt as to whether rulers are given to the world by chance or by divine will, we should all feel that our prince was chosen by divine direction. For he was not found out by the secret power of fate, but by the open manifestation of Jupiter's will, and was chosen amid sacred altars in the same temple in which Jupiter dwells in person as clearly as he does in the starry heavens. It is

therefore all the more fitting that I should turn in prayer to thee, Jupiter, most mighty and good, and ask that my address may prove worthy of me as consul, worthy of our senate, and worthy of our prince; that my words may bear the stamp of freedom, faith, and truth, and lack as much the semblance, as they do the need, of flattery.

Not only a consul, but every citizen, should strive to say nothing of our prince that might seem proper enough if spoken of some other prince. Let us, therefore, repress the utterances of fear. Let us speak as we feel. Let us emphasize clearly in our discourse the difference between the present and the past. Let our language show unmistakably that it is Trajan we thank, and his age that we praise. But let us not address him with the flattering title of a god or divinity; for we speak not of a tyrant, but of a fellow citizen; not of a master, but of a father. He boasts that he is one of us; nor does he forget that he is only a man, though the ruler of men. Let us, then, appreciate our good fortune and prove ourselves worthy of it. Let us, too, consider again and again how unworthy it would be to show greater regard for princes who rejoice in the servitude of their fellow citizens than for those who rejoice in their freedom. The people of Rome, who have retained the right to choose their princes, now praise the courage of Trajan as enthusiastically as they did the beauty of Domitian, and applaud his devotion, self-restraint, and humanity as vociferously as they did the voice and the bearing of Nero. What, then, shall we commend? The divinity of our prince, his culture, his self-control, or his affability? We can do nothing worthier of our citizens and our senate than we have already done in conferring on him the surname of the Good — a title made peculiarly his by the arrogance of former princes. It is only natural and reasonable, then, that

we should esteem ourselves happy and our prince happy, and pray that he may ever do deeds deserving of our praise. At all this he is affected even to tears, for he knows and feels that we speak of him as a man, not as a prince.

Let us retain, then, individually, in the hour of calm reflection, the same spirit that we had in the first heat of our devotion; and let us bear in mind that there is no kind of gratitude more sincere or more acceptable than that which, like the acclamations of the populace, is too spontaneous to be feigned. So far as I can, I shall try to adapt my address to the modesty and moderation of our prince, and shall consider not less what his delicacy will permit than what his merits deserve. It is the peculiar glory of our prince that, when I am about to render him an expression of gratitude, I fear not that he will think me niggardly, but lavish in his praise. This is my only anxiety; this my only difficulty. For it is an easy matter to render thanks to one who deserves them. Nor is there any danger that he will mistake the praise of culture for the censure of conceit; the praise of frugality for the censure of luxury; the praise of clemency for the censure of cruelty; the praise of liberality for the censure of avarice; the praise of benignity for the censure of malice; the praise of continence for the censure of lust; the praise of industry for the censure of laziness; or the praise of courage for the censure of fear. I do not even fear that I shall seem grateful or ungrateful according as I say a great deal or very little. For I have observed that even the gods themselves are pleased not so much by flawless perfection in the form of prayer, as by the uprightness and piety of their votaries. They prefer him who brings to their altars a pure heart, to him who brings a studied prayer.

But I must comply with the will of the senate, which has

decreed for the public advantage that the consul, by way of an address of thanks, shall remind good princes of what they have done, and bad princes of what they ought to do. This is all the more necessary now because our prince suppresses all private expressions of gratitude, and would prevent also public ones if he were permitted to forbid what the senate has decreed. In both cases, Cæsar Augustus, you show moderation; for, in permitting here the expression of gratitude that you forbid in private, you honor not yourself, but us. Since, then, you have yielded to our wishes, the important thing is not for us to proclaim your merits, but for you to hear them.

I have often reflected how good and great the man should be whose beck and nod control the earth and sea, peace and war. But I should never, even if I had power equal to that of the gods, have conceived of a prince like ours. One man becomes great in war, but sinks into obscurity in peace. Another gains distinction in the arts of peace, but not in the profession of arms. One is feared because he is cruel; another loved because he is humble. One loses in public life the renown he gained in private; another loses in private life his public reputation. In short, there has been no prince in the past whose virtues have not been tarnished by vices. But our prince has obtained unprecedented praise and glory. His seriousness is not lessened by his cheerfulness, his gravity by his simplicity, or his dignity by his humanity. He is steady, tall, and stately in mien and bearing; and though he is in the prime of life his hair is becoming gray — a sign of approaching age. These are the marks that proclaim the prince. . . .

But though you possessed the proper qualifications, Cæsar, you were unwilling to become emperor. You had therefore to be forced. Yet you could not have been forced but for the

danger that threatened our country; you would not have assumed the imperial power were it not to save the empire. And I feel sure that the prætorians revolted because great force and danger were necessary to overcome your modesty. Just as the sea is calmer, and the sky clearer, after a storm, so the peace and security we now enjoy under your rule is greater after that uprising. So through all the vicissitudes of life adversity follows prosperity, prosperity adversity. The source of both lies hidden. Indeed the causes of good and evil in general deceive us by false appearances.

The revolt of the prætorians was a great disgrace to our age, a grave injury to the commonwealth. The emperor and father of the human race was besieged, taken, and shut up; the power of saving men was taken from the mildest of old men; our prince was deprived of his most salutary power — freedom of action. If only such calamity could induce you to assume the reins of government I should say that it was worth the price. The discipline of the camp was corrupted, that you might correct it; a bad example was set, that you might set a good one; finally a prince was forced to put men to death against his will, that he might give the world a prince who could not be forced. You were destined to be adopted at some time or other; but we should never have known how much the empire owed you, had you been adopted sooner. Adopted by the emperor and called upon by your countrymen, you responded as did the great generals of old when summoned from abroad to defend their country. Thus father and son made an exchange at one and the same time: he gave you the empire; you restored it to him. Nay you even put the giver under obligation; for in sharing the imperial power with him you assumed the burden of care, while he enjoyed greater security. . . .

During the preceding reigns the barbarians had become insolent, and no longer struggled to gain their liberty, but fought to enslave us. But on your accession they were again inspired with fear and a willingness to obey your commands. For they saw that you were a general of the old stamp — one of those who had earned their title on fields heaped high with slaughter, or on seas resounding with the shouts of victory. The result is that we now accept hostages; we do not buy them. Nor do we now make peace on disadvantageous terms in order to keep up the appearance of success. Our enemies seek and implore peace; we grant or deny it according as the dignity of the empire requires. Those who obtain their request thank us; those to whom it is denied dare not complain, for they know that you have attacked the fiercest nations at that very time of the year which has hitherto been deemed most favorable for them and most unfavorable for us. I mean the season when the Danube is spanned with ice and supports on its hardened back the ponderous engines of war — the season when the savage tribes of the north are armed, not only with weapons, but with the fury of the elements. But the elements have no terrors for you, and on your approach the enemy shut themselves up in their hiding-places while our troops cross the river triumphantly and hurl against the barbarians the fury of their own winter. Such is the awe with which you have inspired the barbarians. . . .

Above all we ought to feel grateful because you allow the men whom you have made consuls to act with consular power. You offer no dangers, no causes of fear, to swerve the consuls from their duty; they listen to nothing against their will, nor do they make decrees under compulsion. The dignity of the office still remains and will remain; and the consuls will not lose their security while they continue in power. If by any

chance the consular power is diminished, the fault will be ours, not that of our age; for so far as our prince is concerned men may now be consuls who were formerly princes. Is there any adequate return we can make for the benefits we have received? None, except that we can always remember that we were consuls under you. Let us feel and vote, then, as becomes the dignity of our office, and let our conduct show that we believe the commonwealth still exists. Let us not withdraw our counsel or active service, or feel that we have been severed from the consulate, but rather let us feel that we are inseparably bound up with it. Finally let us cheerfully endure the labors and cares of our office; its honors and dignity we enjoy in full measure.

In conclusion I invoke upon all mankind the blessing of the guardian gods of our empire; and I pray you, especially, Jupiter Capitolinus, to favor us and add to all your other gifts the gift of perpetuity. You have heard us curse a wicked prince; now hear us bless a good one. We shall not weary you with a multitude of prayers; for we ask not peace, or security, or wealth, or honors; our simple and all-embracing prayer is the health of our prince. Nor will you be reluctant to grant it; for you already received him under your protection when you snatched him from the clutches of a rapacious robber. Otherwise, at a time when the high and mighty of the empire were shaken, he who was higher than all could not have stood unmoved. He remained unnoticed by a bad prince, though he could not but attract the attention of a good prince. If, then, he rules the empire well and for the advantage of all, I ask you, Jupiter, to spare him for our grandsons and great-grandsons, and to give him a successor of his own blood whom he shall have instructed and made worthy of adoption; or, if fate deny him this, I ask you to

point out to him some one worthy of being adopted in the Capitol.

My indebtedness to you, conscript fathers, I need hardly speak of, for it is recorded on public monuments. You have borne witness in a most gratifying manner to the peace and quiet of my tribuneship, to my moderation and discretion as prætor, and to the zeal and constancy with which I looked after the interests of our allies. You have approved, too, of my appointment as consul with such unanimity as to show me that I must make a constant effort to retain and increase your good will, for I know that we cannot tell whether a candidate deserves office until he has obtained it. Although I saw, then, what short roads led to office, I preferred the longer road of honor. I have passed through a period of gloom and fear to an era of security and happiness. I have been hated by a bad prince; I love a good one. I shall always, therefore, show you the respect and deference due you from a man who looks upon himself not as a consul or ex-consul, but as a candidate for the consulship.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

SAINT CYPRIAN

THASCUS CÆCILIUS CYPRIANUS, a famous African bishop, was born in Africa about the year 200 A.D. He became bishop of Carthage in 248, and two years later fled into the desert to escape the Decian persecution of the Christians. Returning to Carthage in 251, he summoned a General Council of the Church. He was a strong advocate of the individual independence of the bishops, and was opposed to the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. He was beheaded under the emperor Valerian, September 14, 258. Of his thirteen treatises the most noted is "De Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Unitate." Centuries later his relics were given to Charlemagne by Haroun al Raschid, the famous Arabian caliph. His manner of speaking was dignified and conciliatory and many were attracted by the charm of his personality.

ON THE BENEFIT OF PATIENCE

HAVING to speak of patience, dearest brethren, and to set forth its fruits and blessings, how can I better begin than by saying that I feel your patience to be necessary, even for this present hearing of me? since now to hear me and learn of me cannot be done without patience. For it is then that wholesome words and reasoning are received with true profit, when the things spoken are listened to with patience. Nor do I find, dearest brethren, among the other paths of heavenly discipline in which the school of our hope and faith is guided to the attainment of divine rewards, anything more excellent, either for the aid of good living or for the increase of glory, than that we who have attached ourselves to the precepts of the Lord, in the obedience of fear and devotion, should specially, in all carefulness, watch unto patience. Of this, indeed, philosophers profess a pursuit, but in them patience is as false as their wisdom is false.

For how can he be either wise or patient who knows not

that wisdom and patience which is of God, since he himself gives warning concerning those who seem to themselves to be wise in this world, and says, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent."

Likewise blessed Paul, full of the Holy Spirit, and sent for the calling and building of the Gentiles, bears witness and teaches, saying, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the elements of the world, and not after Christ, because in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead." And in another place he says, "Let no man deceive himself; if any man among you thinketh himself to be wise, let him become a fool unto this world, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, I will rebuke the wise in their own craftiness; and again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise that they are foolish."

Wherefore, if true wisdom be not with them, neither can true patience be; for if he be the patient man who is humble and mild, and we find philosophers to be neither humble nor mild, but well satisfied with themselves, and, because self-satisfied, dissatisfying God, it is evident that there true patience cannot be where there is found the insolent daring of a claim of liberty and the immodest forwardness of an exposed and uncovered bosom.

But for us, dearest brethren, who are philosophers not in words but in deeds; who profess wisdom not in garb but in truth, who are acquainted rather with the experience of virtues than their boast, and who do not speak great things but live them; let us, as servants and worshippers of God, show that patience in spiritual submission which we learn by heavenly instructions.

For this virtue is common to us with God. Patience begins from him; from him its brightness and dignity take its source. The origin and greatness of patience proceeds from God, its Author. Man ought to love that thing which is dear to God. The divine Majesty, in loving that which is good, commends it. If God is our Lord and Father, let us follow after the patience of him who is both Lord to us and Father, for it belongs to servants to be obedient, and it becomes not children to be degenerate. But in God what patience and how abundant is it, that in the contempt of his majesty and honor, most patiently enduring profane temples instituted by men, and earthen images, and sacrilegious rites, he makes the day to spring and light of the sun to arise, equally on the good and the evil; and when he waters the earth with rain none is excluded from his bounties, but alike on the just and the unjust he yields the undistinguished showers.

We see, according to an impartial equality of patience, for sinful man and for innocent, for the religious and the impious, for them that thank him and for the unthankful, at the nod of God seasons obeying them, elements serving them, winds breathing, fountains flowing, the crops of corn swelling, fruits of the vineyard mellowing, trees stocked with apples, groves putting on their verdure, and meadows flowering.

And while God is offended by frequent, yea, by unceasing sins, he refrains his wrath and patiently awaits for the day of retribution once for all appointed. And while he has vengeance in his power, he rather long keeps patience; enduring, that is, in his compassion, and putting off, to the end that, if it be possible, a wickedness long continuing may one time change, and man involved in the contagion of errors and sins, though late, may yet turn to the Lord, according to his own warning and instruction. . . .

Neither, dearest brethren, did Jesus Christ our God and Lord only teach us this in words, but fulfilled it also in his deeds. And since he had said that to this end he came down to do the will of his Father, among the other wonders of his virtues, by which he expressed the proofs of a divine Majesty, he preserved also the patience of his Father by continuance of endurance. In fine, all his actions, even from his first coming, are marked by patience as their companion; because, first descending out of that heavenly height into earthly places, the Son of God scorned not to put on the flesh of man, and, while he himself was not a sinner, to bear the sins of others.

Meantime, putting off his immortality, he suffers himself to be made mortal, that he, the innocent, may be slain for the salvation of the guilty. The Lord is baptized by the servant, and he who was to give remission of sins himself disdains not to wash his body in the laver of regeneration. He for forty days doth fast by whom all others are fattened; he hungers and suffers famine that they who had been in famine of the Word and of grace may be filled with the bread of heaven.

He withstands the devil tempting them, and, content with only having conquered his foe, contends against him no longer than by words. He did not preside over his disciples as over servants in a lord's power, but gently and mildly he loved them with a brother's affection. He condescended also to wash the feet of the apostles; that, since he, being lord, dealt thus toward his servants, he might, by his example, teach what manner of man a fellow servant ought to be toward his fellows and equals.

Nor need it be wondered at that he became such unto the obedient, who in long patience could bear with Judas even unto extremity, taking food with his enemy, knowing the domestic foe, yet not publicly revealing him, nor refusing the kiss of the betrayer.

Moreover, in his bearing with the Jews, how great was his equanimity and how great his patience! Bending the unbelieving unto faith by persuading them, softening the unthankful by yielding to them, answering with gentleness to them that used contradiction, in clemency bearing with the proud, and with humility giving way to the persecutors; even unto the hour of his cross and passion ready to gather together men who slew the prophets and were ever rebellious against God. And in his very passion and cross, before they were come to the cruelty of death and shedding of blood, what reproaches of reviling were patiently heard by him, what sufferings of contumely endured! so that he received with patience the spittings of revilers, who a little before had with his spittle made eyes for a blind man; and he in whose name the devil with his angels is now by his servants scourged, himself suffered scourging; he was crowned with thorns, who crowns martyrs with eternal flowers; he smitten on the face with palms, who yields true palms to them that conquer; he stripped of his earthly raiment, who clothes others with the robe of immortality; he received gall for food, who gave the food of heaven, and he had vinegar to drink, who instituted the cup of salvation. He innocent, he just, yea, innocency itself and justice itself, is numbered with the transgressors; and truth is pressed with false testimonies, the future Judge is judged, and the Word of God led in silence to the slaughter.

And while the stars are confounded before the cross of the Lord, the elements disturbed, earth quakes, night shuts out day, and the sun, so he be not forced to witness the crime of the Jews, draws back both his rays and eyes. He speaks not, and moves not, nay, in his very passion, makes no profession of his majesty: all things, even unto the end, are perseveringly and unceasingly endured, to the end that a full and perfect patience may be finished in Christ.

And after all these things he gives acceptance, even to his murderers, if they come turning unto him; and with saving patience, bountiful to preserve, he shuts his Church to none; those adversaries, those blasphemous, those ever enemies of his name, if they do penitence for their sin, if they acknowledge the crime they had committed, he admits not only to forgiveness of their wickedness, but even to the reward of a heavenly kingdom. What can be named more patient, or what more bounteous?

The man is quickened by the blood of Christ, even who shed Christ's blood. Such and so great is the patience of Christ; had it not been such and so great, neither had the Church had Paul for an apostle. But if we also, dearest brethren, are in Christ, if we put him on, if he is the way of our salvation, let us, following Christ's steps in the paths of salvation, walk in the example of Christ; as John the Apostle instructs us, saying, "He who saith he abideth in Christ, ought himself also so to walk as he walked." Peter likewise, on whom the Church was founded by the good pleasure of the Lord, lays it down in his Epistle, and says: "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was deceit found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not: but delivered himself to him that unjustly judged him."

In fine, we find both patriarchs and prophets and all the just who in an antecedent image bare the figure of Christ, did nothing rather guard in the praise of their virtues, than the keeping hold of patience in firm and fixed evenness of mind.

Thus Abel, first to initiate and consecrate martyrdom in its origin and the passion of a just man, resists not, strives not, against the fratricide; but is killed, humble and meek through patience.

Thus Abraham, believing God, and first laying the root and foundation of faith, tempted in his son, hesitates not nor delays, but obeys the commands of God with an entire patience of devotion. And Isaac, made before in figure after the likeness of the Lord's sacrifice, when brought to be immolated by his father, is found patient; and Jacob, driven forth by his brother, departs out of his country patiently; and with greater patience afterward he, as a suppliant draws him back to concord, when yet more impious and persecuting, by peaceable presents.

Joseph, sold and banished by his brethren, not only patiently pardons them, but also largely and mercifully distributes free gifts of corn to them at their coming to him. Moses is oftentimes despised by an unthankful and unfaithful people, and is almost stoned by them, and yet mildly and patiently he entreats the Lord for that people.

But is David, of whom, according to the flesh, Christ's nativity sprang, how great and wonderful and Christian a patience to have had it within his hand to be able oftentimes to slay King Saul when persecuting and desiring to kill him, and yet to love rather to save him when placed in his power and delivered over to him, not rendering back a return to his enemy, nay, beyond this, avenging him when he was killed! So many prophets in fine are slain; so many martyrs honored with glorious deaths, who all came to heavenly crowns by the praise of patience. For neither can the crown of pains and passions be obtained, except in that pain and passion patience go before.

SAINT ATHANASIUS

ATHANASIUS, the most renowned of the Alexandrian bishops, was born in Alexandria about 296 A.D. As a young man he attended the great Council of Nice in 325, on which occasion his eloquence attracted much attention, while his zeal against the Arian party won for him the honor and esteem of the more orthodox. As a worthy champion of the Church he was made archbishop of Alexandria in 326 or 328, and one of his first official acts after his elevation was to organize the Church in Abyssinia. His zeal for orthodoxy does not seem at any time to have been tempered with very much discretion, and his enemies were consequently numerous and active. The Miletians and Arians continually opposed him, and he was several times banished and restored to power according as orthodoxy or Arianism was in the ascendant. His death occurred on May 2, 373. He was the most eminent of the orthodox leaders, and left many works behind him, polemical, historical, and moral, written in a simple, clear, logical style. The famous creed which bears his name was, however, not his composition, but the production of a later period; possibly dating from about 450. By some theologians it is supposed to have been compiled by Virgilius Tapsenius, an African bishop, in the fifth century.

THIRD DISCOURSE AGAINST THE ARIANS

Text: Matt. xxvi, 39: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"
John xii, 27: "Now is my soul troubled: and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour."

THEREFORE as, when the flesh advanced, he is said to have advanced, because the body was his own, so also what is said at the season of his death, that he was troubled, that he wept, must be taken in the same sense. For they, going up and down, as if thereby recommending their heresy anew, allege; "Behold, 'he wept,' and said, 'Now is my soul troubled,' and he besought that the cup might pass away; how, then, if he so spoke, is he God, and Word of the Father?" Yea, it is written that he wept, O God's enemies, and that he said, "I am troubled," and on the cross he said,

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," that is, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and he besought that the cup might pass away.

Thus certainly it is written; but again I would ask you (for the same rejoinder must of necessity be made to each of your objections), If the speaker is mere man, let him weep and fear death, as being man; but if he is the Word in flesh (for one must not be reluctant to repeat), whom had he to fear being God? or wherefore should he fear death who was himself life and was rescuing others from death? or how, whereas he said, "Fear not him that kills the body," should he himself fear? And how should he who said to Abraham, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and encouraged Moses against Pharaoh, and said to the son of Nun, "Be strong, and of a good courage," himself feel terror before Herod and Pilate?

Further, he who succors others against fear (for "the Lord," says Scripture, "is on my side, I will not fear what man shall do unto me"), did he fear governors, mortal men? did he who himself was come against death feel terror of death? Is it not both unseemly and irreligious to say that he was terrified at death or hades, whom the keepers of the gates of hades saw and shuddered? But if, as you would hold, the Word was in terror, wherefore, when he spoke long before of the conspiracy of the Jews, did he not flee, nay, said, when actually sought, "I am he?" for he could have avoided death, as he said, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again;" and "No one taketh it from me."

But these affections were not proper to the nature of the Word, as far as he was Word; but in the flesh which was thus affected was the Word, O Christ's enemies and unthankful Jews! For he said not all this prior to the flesh; but when the "Word became flesh," and has become man, then is it writ-

ten that he said this, that is, humanly. Surely he of whom this is written was he who raised Lazarus from the dead, and made the water wine, and vouchsafed sight to the man born blind, and said, "I and my Father are one."

If, then, they make his human attributes a ground for low thoughts concerning the Son of God, nay, consider him altogether man from the earth, and not from heaven, wherefore not from his divine works recognize the Word who is in the Father, and henceforward renounce their self-willed irreligion? For they are given to see how he who did the works is the same as he who showed that his body was passible by his permitting it to weep and hunger, and to show other properties of a body.

For while by means of such he made it known that, though God impassible, he had taken a passible flesh; yet from the works he showed himself the Word of God, who had afterward become man, saying, "Though ye believe not me, beholding me clad in a human body, yet believe the works, that ye may know that 'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.'" And Christ's enemies seem to me to show plain shamelessness and blasphemy; for when they hear "I and the Father are one" they violently distort the sense, and separate the unity of the Father and the Son; but, reading of his tears or sweat or sufferings, they do not advert to his body, but on account of these rank in the creation him by whom the creation was made.

What, then, is left for them to differ from the Jews in? for, as the Jews blasphemously ascribed God's works to Beelzebub, so also will these, ranking with the creatures the Lord who wrought those works, undergo the same condemnation as theirs without mercy.

But they ought, when they hear "I and the Father are one,"

to see in him the oneness of the Godhead and the propriety of the Father's Essence; and again when they hear "He wept," and the like, to say that these are proper to the body; especially since on each side they have an intelligible ground, namely, that this is written as of God, and that with reference to his manhood. For in the incorporeal the properties of body had not been unless he had taken a body corruptible and mortal; for mortal was Holy Mary, from whom was his body.

Wherefore of necessity, when he was in a body suffering, and weeping, and toiling, these things which are proper to the flesh are ascribed to him together with the body. If, then, he wept and was troubled, it was not the Word, considered as the Word, who wept and was troubled, but it was proper to the flesh; and if, too, he besought that the cup might pass away, it was not the Godhead that was in terror, but this affection too was proper to the manhood. And that the words "Why hast thou forsaken me?" are his, according to the foregoing explanations (though he suffered nothing, for the Word was impassible), is notwithstanding declared by the Evangelists; since the Lord became man, and these things are done and said as from a man, that he might himself lighten these very sufferings of the flesh, and free it from them.

Whence neither can the Lord be forsaken by the Father, who is ever in the Father, both before he spoke and when he uttered this cry. Nor is it lawful to say that the Lord was in terror, at whom the keepers of hell's gates shuddered and set open hell, and the graves did gape, and many bodies of the saints arose and appeared to their own people. Therefore be every heretic dumb, nor dare to ascribe terror to the Lord whom death, as a serpent, flees, at whom demons tremble, and the sea is in alarm; for whom the heavens are rent and all the powers are shaken.

For behold, when he says, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" the Father showed that he was ever and even then in him; for the earth, knowing its Lord who spoke, straightway trembled, and the vail was rent, and the sun was hidden, and the rocks were torn asunder, and the graves, as I have said, did gape, and the dead in them arose; and, what is wonderful, they who were then present and had before denied him, then seeing these signs, confessed that "truly he was the Son of God."

And as to his saying, "If it be possible, let the cup pass," observe how, though he thus spake, he rebuked Peter, saying, "Thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." For he willed what he deprecated, for therefore had he come; but his was the willing (for for it he came), but the terror belonged to the flesh. Wherefore as man he utters this speech also, and yet both were said by the same, to show that he was God, willing in himself, but when he had become man, having a flesh that was in terror. For the sake of this flesh he combined his own will with human weakness, that, destroying this affection, he might in turn make man undaunted in face of death.

Behold, then, a thing strange indeed! He to whom Christ's enemies impute words of terror, he by that so-called terror renders men undaunted and fearless. And so the blessed apostles after him, from such words of his, conceived so great a contempt of death as not even to care for those who questioned them, but to answer, "We ought to obey God rather than men." And the other holy martyrs were so bold as to think that they were rather passing to life than undergoing death.

Is it not extravagant, then, to admire the courage of the servants of the Word, yet to say that the Word himself was in terror, through whom they despised death? But from that

most enduring purpose and courage of the holy martyrs is shown that the Godhead was not in terror, but the Saviour took away our terror. For as he abolished death by death, and by human means all human evils, so by this so-called terror did he remove our terror, and brought about that never more should men fear death. His word and deed go together. For human were the sayings, "Let the cup pass," and "Why hast thou forsaken me?" and divine the act whereby the same did cause the sun to fail and the dead to rise. Again he said humanly, "Now is my soul troubled;" and he said divinely, "I have power to lay down my life, and power to take it again."

For to be troubled was proper to the flesh, and to have power to lay down his life and take it again when he will was no property of men, but of the Word's power. For man dies, not by his own power, but by necessity of nature and against his will; but the Lord, being himself immortal, but having a mortal flesh, had power, as God, to become separate from the body and to take it again when he would. Concerning this, too, speaks David in the Psalm, "Thou shalt not leave my soul in hades, neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." For it beseemed that the flesh, corruptible as it was, should no longer, after its own nature, remain mortal, but, because of the Word, who had put it on, should abide incorruptible. For as he, having come in our body, was conformed to our condition, so we, receiving him, partake of the immortality that is from him.

Idle, then, is the excuse for stumbling, and petty the notions concerning the Word, of these Ario-maniacs, because it is written, "He was troubled," and "He wept." For they seem not even to have human feeling if they are thus ignorant of man's nature and properties, which do but make it the greater

wonder that the Word should be in such a suffering flesh, and neither prevented those who were conspiring against him, nor took vengeance of those who were putting him to death, though he was able, he who hindered some from dying, and raised others from the dead.

And he let his own body suffer, for therefore did he come, as I said before, that in the flesh he might suffer, and thenceforth the flesh might be made impassible and immortal, and that, as we have many times said, contumely and other troubles might determine upon him and come short of others after him, being by him annulled utterly; and that henceforth men might forever abide incorruptible, as a temple of the Word.

Had Christ's enemies thus dwelt on these thoughts, and recognized the ecclesiastical scope as an anchor for the faith, they would not have made shipwreck of the faith, nor been so shameless as to resist those who would fain recover them from their fall, and to deem those as enemies who are admonishing them to be religious.

SAINT BASIL

SAINT BASIL, one of the most illustrious saints in the Greek Church, which annually celebrates his festival on the 1st of January, was born at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, 329 A.D. He was an elder brother of St. Gregory of Nyssa, but is more especially remembered as the friend of St. Gregory Nazianzen. Basil became archbishop of Cæsarea in 379, and of the fifty bishoprics in his gift bestowed upon his friend Gregory the most barren and desolate of them all, that of Sasima. His purpose in so doing has never been quite understood, but the event caused a bitter estrangement between the two friends, who had studied together from their youth and had been devoted to the same high ends. St. Basil's life was mainly devoted to efforts for the regulation of clerical discipline and the promotion of monasticism, and he may be styled the Father of Eastern Orders, as St. Benedict is of the Western Orders. He died in 379 or 380, and from him the Basilians, an order of monks reformed by Pope Gregory XIII, obtained their name. His letters, which have come down to us, furnish delightful examples of epistolary style. Of his many works which survive the most famous is the "Hexæmeron," consisting of nine homilies on the six days' work of Genesis.

HOMILY OF CÆSAREA

"The earth was invisible and unfinished."

IN the few words which have occupied us this morning we have found such a depth of thought that we despair of penetrating farther. If such is the forecourt of the sanctuary, if the portico of the temple is so grand and magnificent, if the splendor of its beauty thus dazzles the eyes of the soul, what will be the holy of holies? Who will dare to try to gain access to the innermost shrine? Who will look into its secrets? To gaze into it is indeed forbidden us, and language is powerless to express what the mind conceives.

However, since there are rewards, and most desirable ones, reserved by the just Judge for the intention alone of doing

good, do not let us hesitate to continue our researches. Although we may not attain to the truth, if, with the help of the Spirit, we do not fall away from the meaning of Holy Scripture, we shall not deserve to be rejected, and, with the help of grace, we shall contribute to the edification of the Church of God.

"The earth," says Holy Scripture, "was invisible and unfinished." The heavens and the earth were created without distinction. How, then, is it that the heavens are perfect whilst the earth is still unformed and incomplete? In one word, what was the unfinished condition of the earth and for what reason was it invisible? The fertility of the earth is its perfect finishing; growth of all kinds of plants, the upspringing of tall trees, both productive and sterile, flowers' sweet scents and fair colors, and all that which, a little later, at the voice of God came forth from the earth to beautify her, their universal Mother.

As nothing of all this yet existed, Scripture is right in calling the earth "without form." We could also say of the heavens that they were still imperfect and had not received their natural adornment, since at that time they did not shine with the glory of the sun and of the moon and were not crowned by the choirs of the stars. These bodies were not yet created. Thus you will not diverge from the truth in saying that the heavens also were "without form." The earth was invisible for two reasons: it may be because man, the spectator, did not yet exist, or because, being submerged under the waters which overflowed the surface, it could not be seen, since the waters had not yet been gathered together into their own places, where God afterward collected them and gave them the name of seas.

What is invisible? First of all, that which our fleshly eye

cannot perceive,— our mind, for example; then that which, visible in its nature, is hidden by some body which conceals it, like iron in the depths of the earth. It is in this sense, because it was hidden under the waters, that the earth was still invisible. However, as light did not yet exist, and as the earth lay in darkness because of the obscurity of the air above it, it should not astonish us that for this reason Scripture calls it "invisible."

But the corrupters of the truth, who, incapable of submitting their reason to Holy Scripture, distort at will the meaning of the Holy Scriptures, pretend that these words mean matter. For it is matter, they say, which from its nature is without form and invisible,— being by the conditions of its existence without quality and without form and figure. The Artificer submitting it to the working of his wisdom clothed it with a form, organized it, and thus gave being to the visible world.

If matter is uncreated, it has a claim to the same honors as God, since it must be of equal rank with him. Is this not the summit of wickedness that an extreme deformity, without quality, without form, shape, ugliness without configuration, to use their own expression, should enjoy the same prerogatives with him who is wisdom, power, and beauty itself, the Creator and the Demiurge of the universe? This is not all. If matter is so great as to be capable of being acted on by the whole wisdom of God, it would in a way raise its hypostasis to an equality with the inaccessible power of God, since it would be able to measure by itself all the extent of the divine intelligence.

If it is insufficient for the operations of God, then we fall into a more absurd blasphemy, since we condemn God for not being able, on account of the want of matter, to finish his own works. The poverty of human nature has deceived these

reasoners. Each of our crafts is exercised upon some special matter,— the art of the smith upon iron, that of the carpenter on wood. In all there is the subject, the form, and the work which results from the form. Matter is taken from without — art gives the form — and the work is composed at the same time of form and of matter.

Such is the idea that they make for themselves of the divine work. The form of the world is due to the wisdom of the supreme Artificer; matter came to the Creator from without; and thus the world results from a double origin. It has received from outside its matter and its essence, and from God its form and figure. They thus come to deny that the mighty God has presided at the formation of the universe, and pretend that he has only brought a crowning contribution to a common work; that he has only contributed some small portion to the genesis of beings: they are incapable, from the debasement of their reasonings, of raising their glances to the height of truth. Here, below, arts are subsequent to matter — introduced into life by the indispensable need of them. Wool existed before weaving made it supply one of nature's imperfections. Wood existed before carpentering took possession of it, and transformed it each day to supply new wants and made us see all the advantages derived from it, giving the oar to the sailor, the winnowing-fan to the laborer, the lance to the soldier.

But God, before all those things which now attract our notice existed, after casting about in his mind and determining to bring into being that which had no being, imagined the world such as it ought to be, and created matter in harmony with the form which he wished to give it. He assigned to the heavens the nature adapted for the heavens, and gave to the earth an essence in accordance with its form. He

formed, as he wished, fire, air, and water, and gave to each the essence which the object of its existence required.

Finally he welded all the diverse parts of the universe by links of indissoluble attachment and established between them so perfect a fellowship and harmony that the most distant, in spite of their distance, appeared united in one universal sympathy. Let those men, therefore, renounce their fabulous imaginations, who, in spite of the weakness of their argument, pretend to measure a power as incomprehensible to man's reason as it is unutterable by man's voice.

God created the heavens and the earth, but not only half; he created all the heavens and all the earth, creating the essence with the form. For he is not an inventor of figures, but the Creator even of the essence of beings. Further, let them tell us how the efficient power of God could deal with the passive nature of matter, the latter furnishing the matter without form, the former possessing the science of the form without matter, both being in need of each other; the Creator in order to display his art, matter in order to cease to be without form and to receive a form. But let us stop here and return to our subject.

"The earth was invisible and unfinished." In saying "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" the sacred writer passed over many things in silence,— water, air, fire, and the results from them, which, all forming in reality the true complement of the world, were, without doubt, made at the same time as the universe. By this silence history wishes to train the activity of our intelligence, giving it a weak point for starting, to impel it to the discovery of the truth.

Thus, we are not told of the creation of water; but, as we are told that the earth was invisible, ask yourself what could

have covered it and prevented it from being seen? Fire could not conceal it. Fire brightens all about it, and spreads light rather than darkness around. No more was it air that enveloped the earth. Air by nature is of little density and transparent. It receives all kinds of visible objects and transmits them to the spectators. Only one supposition remains: that which floated on the surface of the earth was water, the fluid essence which had not yet been confined to its own place.

Thus the earth was not only invisible; it was still incomplete. Even to-day excessive damp is a hindrance to the productiveness of the earth. The same cause at the same time prevents it from being seen and from being complete, for the proper and natural adornment of the earth is its completion: corn waving in the valleys, meadows green with grass and rich with many-colored flowers, fertile glades and hilltops shaded by forests. Of all this nothing was yet produced; the earth was in travail with it in virtue of the power that she had received from the Creator. But she was waiting for the appointed time and the divine order to bring forth.

"*Darkness was upon the face of the deep.*" A new source for fables and most impious imaginations if one distorts the sense of these words at the will of one's fancies. By "darkness" these wicked men do not understand what is meant in reality,— air not illumined, the shadow produced by the interposition of a body, or finally a place for some reason deprived of light. For them "darkness" is an evil power, or rather the personification of evil, having his origin in himself in opposition to, and in perpetual struggle with, the goodness of God. If God is light, they say, without any doubt the power which struggles against him must be darkness, "darkness" not owing its existence to a foreign origin, but an evil existing by itself. "Darkness" is the enemy of souls, the primary

cause of death, the adversary of virtue. The words of the prophet, they say in their error, show that it exists and that it does not proceed from God. From this what perverse and impious dogmas have been imagined! What grievous wolves, tearing the flock of the Lord, have sprung from these words to cast themselves upon souls! Is it not from hence that have come forth Marcions and Valentini and the detestable heresy of the Manicheans, which you may, without going far wrong, call the putrid humor of the churches.

O man, why wander thus from the truth and imagine for thyself that which will cause thy perdition? The word is simple and within the comprehension of all. "The earth was invisible." Why? Because the "deep" was spread over its surface. What is "the deep"? A mass of water of extreme depth. But we know that we can see many bodies through clear and transparent water. How, then, was it that no part of the earth appeared through the water? Because the air which surrounded it was still without light and in darkness. The rays of the sun, penetrating the water, often allow us to see the pebbles which form the bed of the river, but in a dark night it is impossible for our glance to penetrate under the water. Thus, these words, "the earth was invisible," are explained by those that follow; "the deep" covered it and itself was in darkness. Thus the deep is not a multitude of hostile powers, as has been imagined; nor "darkness" an evil sovereign force in enmity with good. In reality two rival principles of equal power, if engaged without ceasing in a war of mutual attacks, will end in self-destruction.

But if one should gain the mastery it would completely annihilate the conquered. Thus, to maintain the balance in the struggle between good and evil is to represent them as engaged in a war without end and in perpetual destruction,

where the opponents are at the same time conquerors and conquered. If good is the stronger, what is there to prevent evil from being completely annihilated? But if that be the case, the very utterance of which is impious, I ask myself how it is that they themselves are not filled with horror to think that they have imagined such abominable blasphemies.

It is equally impious to say that evil has its origin from God; because the contrary cannot proceed from its contrary. Life does not engender death; darkness is not the origin of light; sickness is not the maker of health. In the changes of conditions there are transitions from one condition to the contrary; but in genesis each being proceeds from its like and not from its contrary. If, then, evil is neither uncreate nor created by God, from whence comes its nature? Certainly, that evil exists, no one living in the world will deny. What shall we say, then? Evil is not a living animated essence; it is the condition of the soul opposed to virtue, developed in the careless on account of their falling away from good.

Do not, then, go beyond yourself to seek for evil, and imagine that there is an original nature of wickedness. Each of us — let us acknowledge it — is the first author of his own vice.

Among the ordinary events of life, some come naturally, like old age and sickness; others by chance, like unforeseen occurrences, of which the origin is beyond ourselves, often sad, sometimes fortunate,— as, for instance, the discovery of a treasure when digging a well, or the meeting of a mad dog when going to the market-place.

Others depend upon ourselves: such as ruling one's passions, or not putting a bridle on one's pleasures; to be master of our anger, or to raise the hand against him who irritates us; to tell the truth, or to lie; to have a sweet and well-regulated

disposition, or to be fierce and swollen and exalted with pride. Here you are the master of your actions. Do not look for the guiding cause beyond yourself, but recognize that evil, rightly so called, has no other origin than our voluntary falls. If it were involuntary, and did not depend upon ourselves, the laws would not have so much terror for the guilty, and the tribunals would not be so without pity when they condemn wretches according to the measure of their crimes.

But enough concerning evil rightly so called. Sickness, poverty, obscurity, death, finally all human afflictions, ought not to be ranked as evils, since we do not count among the greatest boons things which are their opposites. Among these afflictions some are the effect of nature, others have obviously been for many a source of advantage. Let us, then, be silent for the moment about these metaphors and allegories, and, simply following without vain curiosity the words of Holy Scripture, let us take from darkness the idea which it gives us.

But reason asks, Was darkness created with the world? Is it older than light? Why, in spite of its inferiority, has it preceded it? Darkness, we reply, did not exist in essence; it is a condition produced in the air by the withdrawal of light. What, then, is that light which disappeared suddenly from the world so that darkness should cover the face of the deep? If anything had existed before the formation of this sensible and perishable world, no doubt we conclude it would have been in light. The orders of angels, the heavenly hosts, all intellectual natures named or unnamed, all the ministering spirits, did not live in darkness, but enjoyed a condition fitted for them in light and spiritual joy.

No one will contradict this, least of all he who looks for celestial light as one of the rewards promised to virtue,— the light which, as Solomon says, is always a light to the righteous,

the light which made the Apostle say, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Finally, if the condemned are sent into outer darkness, evidently those who are made worthy of God's approval are at rest in heavenly light. When, then, according to the order of God, the heaven appeared, enveloping all that its circumference included, a vast and unbroken body separating outer things from those which it enclosed, it necessarily kept the space inside in darkness for want of communication with the outer light.

Three things are, indeed, needed to form a shadow: light, a body, a dark place. The shadow of heaven forms the darkness of the world. Understand, I pray you, what I mean, by a simple example,— by raising for yourself at mid-day a tent of some compact and impenetrable material, and shutting yourself up in it in sudden darkness. Suppose that original darkness was like this, not subsisting directly by itself, but resulting from some external causes. If it is said that it rested upon the deep, it is because the extremity of air naturally touches the surface of bodies; and as at that time the water covered everything, we are obliged to say that darkness was upon the face of the deep.

"*And the Spirit of God was borne upon the face of the waters.*" Does this spirit mean the diffusion of air? The sacred writer wishes to enumerate to you the elements of the world, to tell you that God created the heavens, the earth, water, and air, and that the last was now diffused and in motion; or rather, that which is truer and confirmed by the authority of the ancients, by the Spirit of God he means the Holy Spirit. It is, as has been remarked, the special name, the name above all others that Scripture delights to give to the Holy Spirit, and always by the Spirit of God the Holy

Spirit is meant, the Spirit which completes the divine and blessed Trinity. You will find it better, therefore, to take it in this sense. How, then, did the Spirit of God move upon the waters? The explanation that I am about to give you is not an original one, but that of a Syrian, who was as ignorant in the wisdom of this world as he was versed in the knowledge of the Truth.

He said, then, that the Syriac word was more expressive, and that, being more analogous to the Hebrew term, it was a nearer approach to the scriptural sense. This is the meaning of the word: by " was borne " the Syrians, he says, understand: it cherished the nature of the waters as one sees a bird cover the eggs with her body and impart to them vital force from her own warmth. Such is, as nearly as possible, the meaning of these words — the Spirit was borne: let us understand, that is, prepared the nature of water to produce living beings: a sufficient proof for those who ask if the Holy Spirit took an active part in the creation of the world.

" *And God said, Let there be light.*" The first word of God created the nature of light; it made darkness vanish, dispelled gloom, illuminated the world, and gave to all beings at the same time a sweet and gracious aspect. The heavens, until then enveloped in darkness, appeared with that beauty which they still present to our eyes. The air was lighted up, or rather made the light circulate mixed with its substance, and, distributing its splendor rapidly in every direction, so dispersed itself to its extreme limits. Up it sprang to the very ether and heaven. In an instant it lighted up the whole extent of the world, the North and the South, the East and the West. For the ether also is such a subtle substance and so transparent that it needs not the space of a moment for light to pass through it. Just as it carries our sight instantaneously

to the object of vision, so without the least interval, with a rapidity that thought cannot conceive, it receives these rays of light in its uttermost limits. With light the ether becomes more pleasing and the waters more limpid. These last, not content with receiving its splendor, return it by the reflection of light and in all directions send forth quivering flashes. The divine word gives every object a more cheerful and a more attractive appearance, just as when men in deep sea pour in oil they make the place about them clear. So, with a single word and in one instant the Creator of all things gave the boon of light to the world.

"Let there be light." The order was itself an operation, and a state of things was brought into being than which man's mind cannot even imagine a pleasanter one for our enjoyment. It must be well understood that when we speak of the voice, of the word, of the command of God, this divine language does not mean to us a sound which escapes from the organs of speech, a collision of air struck by the tongue; it is a simple sign of the will of God, and, if we give it the form of an order, it is only the better to impress the souls whom we instruct.

"*And God saw the light, that it was good.*" How can we worthily praise light after the testimony given by the Creator to its goodness? The word, even among us, refers the judgment to the eyes, incapable of raising itself to the idea that the senses have already received. But if beauty in bodies results from symmetry of parts and the harmonious appearance of colors how, in a simple and homogeneous essence like light, can this idea of beauty be preserved? Would not the symmetry in light be less shown in its parts than in the pleasure and delight at the sight of it? Such is also the beauty of gold, which it owes, not to the happy mingling of its parts, but only to its beautiful color, which has a charm attractive to the eyes.

Thus, again, the evening star is the most beautiful of the stars: not that the parts of which it is composed form a harmonious whole, but thanks to the unalloyed and beautiful brightness which meets our eyes. And further, when God proclaimed the goodness of light, it was not in regard to the charm of the eye, but as a provision for future advantage, because at that time there were as yet no eyes to judge of its beauty.

"*And God divided the light from the darkness.*" That is to say, God gave them natures incapable of mixing, perpetually in opposition to each other, and put between them the widest space and distance.

"*And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.*" Since the birth of the sun, the light that it diffuses in the air when shining on our hemisphere is day, and the shadow produced by its disappearance is night. But at that time it was not after the movement of the sun, but following this primitive light spread abroad in the air or withdrawn in a measure determined by God, that day came, and was followed by night.

"*And the evening and the morning were the first day.*" Evening is then the boundary common to day and night; and in the same way morning constitutes the approach of night to day. It was to give day the privileges of seniority that Scripture put the end of the first day before that of the first night, because night follows day: for, before the creation of light, the world was not in night, but in darkness. It is the opposite of day which was called night, and it did not receive its name until after day. Thus were created the evening and the morning. Scripture means the space of a day and a night, and afterward no more says day and night, but calls them both under the name of the more important: a custom which you

will find throughout Scripture. Everywhere the measure of time is counted by days without mention of nights. "The days of our years," says the Psalmist; "few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," said Jacob; and elsewhere "all the days of my life." Thus under the form of history the law is laid down for what is to follow.

"*And the evening and the morning were one day.*" Why does Scripture say "one day," not "the first day"? Before speaking to us of the second, the third, and the fourth days, would it not have been more natural to call that one the first which began the series? If it, therefore, says "one day," it is from a wish to determine the measure of day and night and to combine the time that they contain. Now, twenty-four hours fill up the space of one day — we mean of a day and of a night; and if, at the time of the solstices, they have not both an equal length, the time marked by Scripture does not the less circumscribe their duration. It is as though it said: Twenty-four hours measure the space of a day, or that in reality a day is the time that the heavens, starting from one point, take to return there. Thus, every time that, in the revolution of the sun, evening and morning occupy the world, their periodical succession never exceeds the space of one day.

But must we believe in a mysterious reason for this? God, who made the nature of time, measured it out and determined it by intervals of days; and, wishing to give it a week as a measure, he ordered the week to revolve from period to period upon itself, to count the movement of time, forming the week of one day revolving seven times upon itself: a proper circle begins and ends with itself. Such is also the character of eternity, to revolve upon itself and to end nowhere. If, then, the beginning of time is called "one day" rather than "the first day," it is because Scripture wishes to establish its rela-

tionship with eternity. It was, in reality, fit and natural to call "one" the day whose character is to be one wholly separated and isolated from all the others. If Scripture speaks to us of many ages, saying everywhere "age of age, and ages of ages," we do not see it enumerate them as first, second, and third. It follows that we are hereby shown, not so much limits, ends, and succession of ages, as distinctions between various states and modes of action. "The day of the Lord," Scripture says, "is great and very terrible," and elsewhere, "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord: to what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness and not light." A day of darkness for those who are worthy of darkness. No; this day without evening, without succession, and without end is not unknown to Scripture, and it is the day that the Psalmist calls the eighth day, because it is outside this time of weeks. Thus, whether you call it day or whether you call it eternity, you express the same idea. Give this state the name of day; there are not several, but only one. If you call it eternity still it is unique and not manifold. Thus it is in order that you may carry your thoughts forward toward a future life that Scripture marks by the word "one" the day which is the type of eternity, the first-fruits of days, the contemporary of light, the holy Lord's Day, honored by the Resurrection of our Lord. "And the evening and the morning were one day."

But while I am conversing with you about the first evening of the world, evening takes me by surprise and puts an end to my discourse. May the Father of the true light, who has adorned day with celestial light, who has made the fire to shine which illuminates us during the night, who reserves for us in the peace of a future age a spiritual and everlasting light, enlighten your hearts in the knowledge of truth, keep you

from stumbling, and grant that "you may walk honestly as in the day." Thus shall you shine as the sun in the midst of the glory of the saints, and I shall glory in you in the day of Christ, to whom belong all glory and power for ever and ever. Amen.

SAINT GREGORY

SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN, one of the most eloquent of the Greek Fathers, and equally celebrated for his piety and learning, was born at Arianzus, near Nazianzen, in Cappadocia, about 325 A.D. His father was bishop of Nazianzen and a man of learning, and his son had therefore every educational advantage. He studied first at the Cappadocian Cæsarea, then at Cæsarea in Palestine, and subsequently at Alexandria. He was the fellow student and friend of Basil the Great, and when the latter became archbishop of Cæsarea he bestowed upon Gregory the bishopric of Sasima, in 372. When Theodosius became emperor in 380 he raised Gregory to the archiepiscopal see of Constantinople, but the validity of his election was questioned by Gregory's brethren of the episcopate, and he resigned this high office. Retiring to Nazianzen he died there in 389. Forty-five sermons of his have been preserved, and a great number of poems also, nearly all of which are devoted to some exposition of the Nicene Creed.

ORATION ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE EGYPTIANS

[This oration was preached at Constantinople in 380 under the following circumstances:

Peter, Patriarch of Alexandria, had sent a mission of five of his suffragans to consecrate the impostor Maximus to the throne occupied by Gregory. This had led to much trouble, but in the end the intruder had been expelled and banished. Shortly afterward an Egyptian fleet, probably the regular corn ships, had arrived at Constantinople, apparently on the day before a festival. The crews of the ships, landing next day to go to church, passed by the numerous churches held by the Arians, and betook themselves to the little Anastasia. St. Gregory felt himself moved to congratulate them specially on such an act, after what had recently passed, and accordingly pronounced the following discourse:]

I WILL address myself, as is right, to those who have come from Egypt; for they have come here eagerly, having overcome ill will by zeal, from that Egypt which is enriched by the river raining out of the earth and like the sea in its season,—if I, too, may follow in my small measure those who have so eloquently spoken of these matters; and which is also enriched by Christ my Lord, who once was a

fugitive into Egypt and now is supplied by Egypt; the first, when he fled from Herod's massacre of the children; and now by the love of the fathers for their children, by Christ the new Food of those who hunger after good; the greatest alms of corn of which history speaks and men believe; the Bread which came down from heaven and giveth life to the world, that life which is indestructible and indissoluble, concerning whom I now seem to hear the Father saying, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

For from you hath sounded forth the Word to all men, healthfully believed and preached; and you are the best bringers of fruit of all men, specially of those who now hold the right faith, as far as I know, who am not only a lover of such food, but also its distributor, and not at home only, but also abroad. For you indeed supply bodily food to peoples and cities so far as your loving-kindness reaches; and you supply spiritual food also, not to a particular people, nor to this or that city, circumscribed by narrow boundaries, though its people may think it very illustrious, but to almost the whole world. And you bring the remedy, not for famine of bread or thirst of water, which is no very terrible famine — and to avoid it is easy; but to a famine of hearing the Word of the Lord, which it is most miserable to suffer, and a most laborious matter to cure at the present time, because iniquity hath abounded, and scarce anywhere do I find its genuine healers.

Such was Joseph your superintendent of corn measures, whom I may call ours also; who by his surpassing wisdom was able both to foresee the famine and to cure it by decrees of government, healing the ill-favored and starving kine by means of the fair and fat. And indeed you may understand by Joseph which you will, either the great lover and creator

and namesake of immortality or his successor in throne and word and hoary hair, our new Peter,[1] not inferior in virtue or fame to him by whom the middle course was destroyed and crushed, though it still wriggles a little weakly, like the tail of a snake after it is cut off; the one of whom, after having departed this life in a good old age after many conflicts and wrestlings, looks upon us from above, I well know, and reaches a hand to those who are laboring for the right; and this the more in proportion as he is freed from his bonds; and the other is hastening to the same end or dissolution of life, and is already drawing near the dwellers in heaven, but is still so far in the flesh as is needed to give the last aids to the Word and to take his journey with richer provision.

Of these great men and doctors, and soldiers of the truth and victors, you are the nurslings and offspring; of these neither times nor tyrants, reason nor envy, nor fear, nor accuser, nor slanderer, whether waging open war against them or plotting secretly; nor any who appeared to be of our side, nor any stranger, nor gold — that hidden tyrant through which now almost everything is turned upside down and made to depend on the hazard of a die; nor flatteries nor threats, nor long and distant exiles (for they only could not be affected by confiscation, because of their great riches, which were — to possess nothing), nor anything else, whether absent or present or expected, could induce to take the worse part, and to be anywise traitor to the Trinity or to suffer loss of the Godhead. On the contrary, indeed, they grew strong by dangers and became more zealous for true religion. For to suffer thus for Christ adds to one's love, and is, as it were, an earnest to high-souled men of further conflicts. These, O Egypt, are thy present tales and wonders.

[1] Athanasius.

Once thou didst praise me thy Mendesian goats, and thy Memphite Apis, a fatted and fleshy calf, and the rites of Isis, and the mutilations of Osiris, and thy venerable Serapis, a log that was honored by myths and ages and the madness of its worshippers, as some unknown and heavenly matter, however it may have been aided by falsehood; and things yet more shameful than these, multiform images of monstrous beasts and creeping things, all of which Christ and the heralds of Christ have conquered, both the others who have been illustrious in their own times, and also the Fathers whom I have named just now; by whom, O admirable country, thou art more famous to-day than all others put together, whether in ancient or modern history.

Wherefore I embrace and salute thee, O noblest of peoples and most Christian, and of warmest piety, and worthy of thy leaders; for I can find nothing greater to say of thee than this, nor anything by which better to welcome thee. And I greet thee to a small extent with my tongue, but very heartily with the movements of my affections. O my people, for I call you mine, as of one mind and one faith, instructed by the same Fathers, and adoring the same Trinity. My people, for mine thou art, though it seem not so to those who envy me. And that they who are in this case may be the deeper wounded, see, I give the right hand of fellowship before so many witnesses, seen and unseen. And I put away the old calumny by this new act of kindness.

O my people, for mine thou art, though in saying so I, who am least of all men, am claiming for myself that which is greatest. For such is the grace of the Spirit that it makes of equal honor those who are of one mind. O my people, for mine thou art, though it be afar, because we are divinely joined together, and in a manner wholly different to the

unions of carnal people; for bodies are united in place, but souls are fitted together by the Spirit. O my people, who didst formerly study how to suffer for Christ, but now, if thou wilt hearken unto me, wilt study, not to do aught, but to consider the power of doing to be a sufficient gain, and to deem that thou art offering a sacrifice to Christ, as in those days of thy endurance so in these of meekness. O people to whom the Lord hath prepared himself to do good, as to do evil to thine enemies. O people whom the Lord hath chosen to himself out of all peoples; O people who art graven upon the hands of the Lord, to whom saith the Lord, Thou art my Will; and, Thy gates are carved work, and all the rest that is said to them that are being saved. O people; — nay, marvel not at my insatiability that I repeat your name so often; for I delight in this continual naming of you, like those who can never have enough of their enjoyment of certain spectacles or sounds.

But, O people of God and mine, beautiful also was your yesterday's assembly, which you held upon the sea, and pleasant, if any sight ever was, to the eyes, when I saw the sea like a forest, and hidden by a cloud made with hands, and the beauty and speed of your ships, as though ordered for a procession, and the slight breeze astern, as though purposely escorting you, and wafting to the city your city of the sea. Yet the present assembly which we now behold is more beautiful and more magnificent. For you have not hastened to mingle with the larger number, nor have you reckoned religion by numbers, nor endured to be a mere unorganized rabble, rather than a people purified by the Word of God; but having, as is right, rendered to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, ye have offered besides to God the things that are God's: to the former, custom; to the latter, fear; and, after

feeding the people with your cargoes, you yourselves have come to be fed by us.

For we also distribute corn, and our distribution is perhaps not worth less than yours. Come, eat of my Bread and drink of the Wine which I have mingled for you.

I join with Wisdom in bidding you to my table. For I commend your good feeling, and I hasten to meet your ready mind, because ye came to us as to your own harbor, running to your like; and ye valued the kindred Faith, and thought it monstrous that, while they who insult higher things are in harmony with each other and think alike, and think to make good each man's individual falsehood by their common conspiracy, like ropes which get strength from being twisted together; yet you should not meet nor combine with those who are of the same mind, with whom it is more reasonable that you should associate, for we gather in the Godhead also. And that you may see that not in vain have you come to us, and that you have not brought up in a port among strangers and foreigners, but among your own people, and have been well guided by the Holy Ghost, we will discourse to you briefly concerning God; and do you recognize your own, like those who distinguish their kindred by the ensigns of their arms.

I find two highest differences in things that exist, namely, Rule, and Service; not such as among us either tyranny has cut or poverty has severed, but which nature has distinguished, if any like to use this word. For that which is First is also above nature. Of these the former is creative, and originating, and unchangeable; but the other is created, and subject, and changing; or, to speak yet more plainly, the one is above time, and the other subject to time.

The former is called God, and subsists in three greatest,

namely, the Cause, the Creator, and the Perfector; I mean the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, who are neither so separated from one another as to be divided in nature, nor so contracted as to be circumscribed by a single person; the one alternative being that of the Arian madness, the other that of the Sabellian heresy; but they are on the one hand more single than what is altogether divided, and on the other more abundant than what is altogether singular. The other division is with us, and is called Creation, though one may be exalted above another according to the proportion of their nearness to God.

This being so, if any be on the Lord's side let him come with us, and let us adore the One Godhead in the Three; not ascribing any name of humiliation to the unapproachable Glory, but having the exaltations of the Triune God continually in our mouth. For since we cannot properly describe even the greatness of its nature, on account of its infinity and undefinableness, how can we assert of it humiliation? But if any one be estranged from God, and therefore divideth the One Supreme Substance into an inequality of natures, it were marvellous if such an one were not cut in sunder by the sword, and his portion appointed with the unbelievers, reaping any evil fruit of his evil thought both now and hereafter.

What must we say of the Father, whom by common consent all who have been preoccupied with natural conceptions share, although he hath endured the beginnings of dishonor, having been first divided by ancient innovation into the Good and the Creator. And of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, see how simply and concisely we shall discourse. If any one could say of either that he was mutable or subject to change; or that either in time, or place, or power, or energy he could be measured; or that he was not naturally good,

or not self-moved, or not a free agent, or a minister, or a hymn-singer; or that he feared, or was a recipient of freedom, or was not counted with God; let him prove this and we will acquiesce, and will be glorified by the majesty of our fellow servants, though we lose our God. But if all that the Father has belongs likewise to the Son, except causality; and all that is the Son's belongs also to the Spirit, except his sonship, and whatsoever is spoken of him as to incarnation for me a man, and for my salvation, that, taking of mine, he may impart his own by this new commingling; then cease your babbling, though so late, O ye sophists of vain talk that falls at once to the ground; for why will ye die, O House of Israel?—if I may mourn for you in the words of Scripture.

For my part I revere also the titles of the Word, which are so many, and so high, and great, which even the demons respect. And I revere also the equal rank of the Holy Ghost; and I fear the threat pronounced against those who blaspheme him. And blasphemy is not the reckoning him God, but the severing him from the Godhead. And here you must remark that that which is blasphemed is Lord, and that which is avenged is the Holy Ghost, evidently as Lord. I cannot bear to be unenlightened after my enlightenment, by marking with a different stamp any of the three into whom I was baptized; and thus to be indeed buried in the water, and initiated, not into regeneration, but into death.

I dare to utter something, O Trinity; and may pardon be granted to my folly, for the risk is to my soul. I, too, am an image of God, of the Heavenly Glory, though I be placed on earth. I cannot believe that I am saved by one who is my equal. If the Holy Ghost is not God, let him first be made God, and then let him deify me his equal. But now what deceit this is on the part of grace, or rather of the givers

of grace, to believe in God and to come away godless; by one set of questions and confessions leading to another set of conclusions. Alas for this fair fame, if after the laver I am blackened, if I am to see those who are not yet cleansed brighter than myself; if I am cheated by the heresy of my baptizer; if I seek for the stronger Spirit and find him not. Give me a second font before you think evil of the first. Why do you grudge me a complete regeneration? Why do you make me, who am the Temple of the Holy Ghost as of God, the habitation of a creature? Why do you honor part of what belongs to me, and dishonor part, judging falsely of the Godhead, to cut me off from the gift, or rather to cut me in two by the gift? Either honor the whole, or dishonor the whole, O new theologian, that, if you are wicked, you may at any rate be consistent with yourself, and not judge unequally of an equal nature.

To sum up my discourse: Glorify him with the cherubim, who unite the Three Holies into One Lord, and so far indicate the Primal Substance as their wings open to the diligent. With David be enlightened, who said to the Light, In thy light shall we see light, that is, in the Spirit we shall see the Son; and what can be of farther-reaching ray? With John thunder, sounding forth nothing that is low or earthly concerning God, but what is high and heavenly, who is in the beginning, and is with God, and is God the Word, and true God of the true Father, and not a good fellow servant honored only with the title of Son; and the other Comforter (other, that is, from the Speaker, who was the Word of God). And when you read "I and the Father are One," keep before your eyes the Unity of Substance; but when you see "We will come to him and make our abode with him," remember the distinction of Persons; and when you see the names Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, think of the Three Personalities.

With Luke be inspired as you study the Acts of the Apostles. Why do you range yourself with Ananias and Sapphira, those vain embezzlers (if indeed the theft of one's own property be a vain thing), and that by appropriating, not silver or any other cheap and worthless thing, like a wedge of gold, or a didrachma, as did of old a rapacious soldier; but stealing the Godhead itself, and lying, not to men, but to God, as you have heard. What? Will you not reverence even the authority of the Spirit, who breathes upon whom, and when, and as he wills? He comes upon Cornelius and his companions before baptism, to others after baptism, by the hands of the Apostles; so that from both sides, both from the fact that he comes in the guise of a master and not of a servant, and from the fact of his being sought to make perfect, the Godhead of the Spirit is testified.

Speak of God with Paul, who was caught up to the third Heaven, and who sometimes counts up the Three Persons, and that in varied order, not keeping the same order, but reckoning one and the same Person now first, now second, now third; and for what purpose? Why, to show the equality of the Nature. And sometimes he mentions three, sometimes two or one, because that which is not mentioned is included. And sometimes he attributes the operation of God to the Spirit, as in no respect different from him, and sometimes, instead of the Spirit, he brings in Christ; and at times he separates the Persons, saying, "One God, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him;" at other times he brings together the one Godhead, "For of him and through him and in him are all things;" that is, through the Holy Ghost, as is shown by many places in Scripture. To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

SAINT AMBROSE

SAINT AMBROSE, one of the famous Latin Fathers of the Church, was the son of a Roman prefect in Gaul, and was born probably at Treves about 344 A.D. While an infant in the cradle a swarm of bees is said to have alighted upon him as he slept, but flew away without harming him, a circumstance that was afterward construed as prefiguring the sweet persuasiveness so characteristic of him. He studied law, became governor of Liguria and Æmilia with his residence at Milan, and was widely known for the moderation of his rule. When the bishop of Milan died in 374 a great contest between Arians and orthodox followed respecting a successor, and Ambrose, who was esteemed by both parties, was chosen for the office in spite of his not being a priest. In his episcopal career he opposed Arianism, but was not a persecutor. His moral courage was of a high order, and when Theodosius the Great ordered a massacre of the Thessalonians in 390 Ambrose forbade him to enter the church, made him do public penance for eight months, and exacted a promise that thereafter no sentence of death should be carried out until after an interval of thirty days. Ambrose died at Milan April 4, 397. He was the author of the method of singing known as the Ambrosian Chant, and besides the Te Deum (of which he was, however, not the author) over eighty metrical works are ascribed to him. He left a large number of prose writings, including sermons, epistles, and miscellaneous works. He was neither brilliant nor original in his writings, but they were greatly esteemed for their practical character and their soundness of doctrine.

FUNERAL ORATION ON HIS BROTHER

WE have brought hither, dearest brethren, my sacrifice, a sacrifice undefiled, a sacrifice well pleasing to God, my lord and my brother Satyrus. I did not forget that he was mortal, nor did my feelings deceive me, but grace abounded more exceedingly. And so I have nothing to complain of, but have cause for thankfulness to God, for I always desired that if any troubles should await either the Church or myself they should rather fall on me and on my house. Thanks, therefore, be to God that in this time of common fear, when everything is dreaded from

the barbarian movements, I ended the trouble of all by my personal grief, and that I dreaded for all which was turned upon me. And may this be fully accomplished, so that my grief may be a ransom for the grief of all.

Nothing among things of earth, dearest brethren, was more precious to me, nothing more worthy of love, nothing more dear than such a brother, but public matters come before private. And should any one inquire what was his feeling; he would rather be slain for others than live for himself, because Christ died according to the flesh for all, that we might learn not to live for ourselves alone.

To this must be added that I cannot be ungrateful to God; for I must rather rejoice that I had such a brother than grieve that I had lost a brother, for the former is a gift, the latter a debt to be paid. And so, as long as I might, I enjoyed the loan entrusted to me, now he who deposited the pledge has taken it back. There is no difference between denying that a pledge has been deposited and grieving at its being returned. In each there is untrustworthiness, and in each [eternal] life is risked. It is a fault if you refuse repayment, and piety if you refuse a sacrifice. Since, too, the lender of money can be made a fool of, but the Author of nature, the Lender of all that we need, cannot be cheated. And so the larger the amount of the loan, so much the more gratitude is due for the use of the capital.

Wherefore I cannot be ungrateful concerning my brother, for he has given back that which was common to nature and has gained what is peculiar to grace alone. For who would refuse the common lot? Who would grieve that a pledge specially entrusted to him is taken away, since the Father gave up his only Son to death for us? Who would think that he ought to be excepted from the lot of dying who has not been

excepted from the lot of being born? It is a great mystery of divine love that not even in Christ was exception made of the death of the body; and although he was the Lord of nature, he refused not the law of the flesh which he had taken upon him.

It is necessary for me to die; for him it was not necessary. Could not he who said of his servant, "If I will that he tarry thus until I come, what is that to thee?" not have remained as he was if so he willed? But by continuance of my brother's life here he would have destroyed his reward and my sacrifice. What is a greater consolation to us than that according to the flesh Christ also died? Or why should I weep too violently for my brother, knowing as I do that that divine love could not die.

Why should I alone weep more than others for him for whom you all weep? I have merged my personal grief in the grief of all, especially because my tears are of no use, whereas yours strengthen faith and bring consolation. You who are rich weep, and by weeping prove that riches gathered together are of no avail for safety, since death cannot be put off by a money payment, and the last day carries off alike the rich and the poor. You that are old weep, because in him you fear that you see the lot of your own children; and for this reason, since you cannot prolong the life of the body, train your children, not to bodily enjoyment, but to virtuous duties. And you that are young weep too, because the end of life is not the ripeness of old age. The poor too wept, and, which is of much more worth and much more fruitful, washed away his transgressions with their tears. Those are redeeming tears, those are groanings which hide the grief of death, that grief which through the plenteousness of eternal joy covers over the feeling of former grief. And so, though the fun-

eral be that of a private person, yet is the mourning public; and therefore cannot the weeping last long which is hallowed by the affection of all.

For why should I weep for thee, my most loving brother, who wast thus torn from me that thou mightest be the brother of all? For I have not lost but changed my intercourse with thee; before we were inseparable in the body, now we are undivided in affection, for thou remainest with me, and ever wilt remain. And, indeed, whilst thou wast living with me, our country never tore thee from me, nor didst thou thyself ever prefer our country to me; and now thou art become surety for that other country, for I begin to be no stranger there where the better portion of myself already is. I was never wholly engrossed in myself, but the greater part of each of us was in the other, yet we were each of us in Christ, in whom is the whole sum of all and the portion of each severally. This grave is more pleasing to me than thy natal soil, in which is the fruit, not of nature, but of grace, for in that body which now lies lifeless lies the better work of my life, since in this body, too, which I bear is the richer portion of thyself.

And would that, as memory and gratitude are devoted to thee, so, too, whatever time I have still to breathe this air, I could breathe it into thy life, and that half of my time might be struck off from me and be added to thine! For it had been just that for those, whose use of hereditary property was always undivided, the period of life should not have been divided, or at least that we, who always without difference shared everything in common during life, should not have a difference in our deaths.

But now, brother, whither shall I advance or whither shall I turn? The ox seeks his fellow, and conceives itself

incomplete, and by frequent lowing shows its tender longing, if perchance that one is wanting with whom it has been wont to draw the plow. And shall I, my brother, not long after thee? Or can I ever forget thee, with whom I always drew the plow of this life? In work I was inferior, but in love more closely bound; not so much fit through my strength, as endurable through thy patience, who with the care of anxious affection didst ever protect my side with thine, as a brother in thy love, as a father in thy care, as older in watchfulness, as younger in respect. So in the one degree of relationship thou didst expend on me the duties of many, so that I long after, not one only, but many lost in thee, in whom alone flattery was unknown, dutifulness was portrayed. For thou hadst nothing to which to add by pretence, inasmuch as all was comprised in thy dutifulness, so as neither to receive addition nor await a change.

But whither am I going, in my immoderate grief, forgetful of my duty, mindful of kindness received? The Apostle calls me back, and, as it were, puts a bit upon my sorrow, saying, as you heard just now: "We would not that ye should be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that sleep, that ye be not sorrowful, as the rest which have no hope." Pardon me, dearest brethren. For we are not all able to say: "Be ye imitators of me, as I am also of Christ." But if you seek one to imitate, you have One whom you may imitate. All are not fitted to teach; would that all were apt to learn.

But we have not incurred any grievous sin by our tears. Not all weeping proceeds from unbelief or weakness. Natural grief is one thing, distrustful sadness is another, and there is a very great difference between longing for what you have lost and lamenting that you have lost it. Not only grief has tears, joy also has tears of its own. Both piety

excites weeping, and prayer waters the couch, and supplication, according to the prophet's saying, washes the bed. Their friends made a great mourning when the patriarchs were buried. Tears, then, are marks of devotion, not producers of grief. I confess, then, that I too wept, but the Lord also wept. He wept for one not related to him, I for my brother. He wept for all in weeping for one; I will weep for thee in all, my brother. . . .

Thou hast nothing from me but tears. And perchance, secure of thy reward, thou desirest not those tears which are all that I have left. For even when thou wast yet alive, thou didst forbid me to weep, and didst show that our grief was more pain to thee than thine own death. Tears are bidden to flow no longer, and weeping is repressed. And gratitude to thee forbids them too, lest, while we weep for our loss, we seem to despair concerning thy merits.

But for myself at least thou lessenest the bitterness of that grief; I have nothing to fear who used to fear for thee. I have nothing which the world can now snatch from me. Although our holy sister still survives, venerable for her blameless life, thy equal in character, and not falling short in kindly offices, yet we both used to fear more for thee; we felt that all the sweetness of this life was stored up in thee. To live for thy sake was a delight, to die for thee were no cause of sorrow, for we both used to pray that thou mightest survive; it was no pleasure that we should survive thee. When did not our very soul shudder when a dread of this kind touched us? How were our minds dismayed by the tidings of thy sickness!

Alas for our wretched hopes! We thought that he was restored to us whom we see carried off, and we now recognize that thy departure hence was obtained by thy vows to

the holy martyr Lawrence! And indeed I would that thou hadst obtained, not only a safe passage hence, but also a longer time of life! Thou couldst have obtained many years of life, since thou wast able to obtain thy departure hence. And I indeed thank thee, almighty everlasting God, that thou hast not denied us at least this last comfort, that thou hast granted us the longed-for return of our much-loved brother from the regions of Sicily and Africa; for he was snatched away so soon after his return as though his death were delayed for this alone, that he might return to his brethren.

Now, I clearly have my pledge which no change can any more tear from me; I have the relics which I may embrace; I have the tomb which I may cover with my body; I have the grave on which I may lie; and I shall believe that I am more acceptable to God because I shall rest upon the bones of that holy body. Would that I had been able in like manner to place my body in the way of thy death! Hadst thou been attacked with the sword, I would have rather offered myself to be pierced for thee; had I been able to recall thy life as it was passing away, I would have rather offered my own.

It profited me nothing to receive thy last breath, nor to have breathed into the mouth of thee dying, for I thought that either I myself should receive thy death or should transfer my life to thee. O that sad, yet sweet pledge of the last kiss! O the misery of that embrace in which the lifeless body began to stiffen, the last breath vanished! I tightened my arms indeed, but had already lost him whom I was holding; I drew in thy last breath with my mouth, that I might share thy death. But in some way that breath became life-giving to me, and even in death diffused an odor of greater love. And if I was unable to lengthen thy life by my breath, would that at least the strength of thy last breath might have been

transfused into my mind, and that our affection might have inspired me with that purity and innocence of thine. Thou wouldst have left me, dearest brother, this inheritance, which would not smite the affections with tears of grief, but commend thine heir by notable grace.

What, then, shall I now do, since all the sweetness, all the solace, in fine, all the charms of that life are lost to me? For thou wast alone my solace at home, my charm abroad; thou, I say, my adviser in counsel, the sharer in my cares, the averter of anxiety, the driver away of sorrow; thou wast the protector of my acts and the defender of my thoughts; thou, lastly, the only one on whom rested care of home and public matters. I call thy holy soul to witness that in the building of the church I often feared lest I might displease thee. Lastly, when thou camest back thou didst chide thy delay. So wast thou, at home and abroad, the instructor and teacher of the priest, that thou didst not suffer him to think of domestic matters, and didst take thought to care for public matters. But I may not fear to seem to speak boastingly, for this is thy meed of praise, that thou, without displeasing any, both didst manage thy brother's house and recommend his priesthood.

I feel, indeed, that my mind is touched by the repetition of thy services and the enumeration of thy virtues, and yet in being thus affected I find my rest, and although these memories renew my grief they nevertheless bring pleasure. Am I able either not to think of thee, or ever to think of thee without tears? And shall I ever be able either not to remember such a brother, or to remember him without tearful gratitude? For what has ever been pleasant to me that has not had its source in thee? What, I say, has ever been a pleasure to me without thee, or to thee without me? Had we not every practice in common, almost to our very eyesight and our

sleep? Were our wills ever at variance? And what step did we not take in common? So that we almost seemed in raising our feet to move each other's body.

But if ever either had to go forth without the other, one would think that his side was unprotected; one could see his countenance troubled; one would suppose that his soul was sad; the accustomed grace, the usual vigor did not shine forth; the loneliness was a subject of dread to all, and made them fearful of some sickness. Such a strange thing it seemed to all that we were separated. I certainly, impatient at my brother's absence, and having it constantly in mind, kept on turning my head seeking him, as it were, present, and seemed to myself then to see him and to speak to him. . . .

These and other matters, which were then a pleasure to me, now sharpen the remembrance of my grief. They abide, however, and always will do so, nor do they ever pass away like a shadow; for the grace of virtue dies not with the body, nor do natural life and merits come to an end at the same time, although the use of natural life does not perish forever, but rests in a kind of exemption for a time.

For one, then, who has performed such good deeds and is rescued from perils, I shall weep rather from longing for him than for the loss. For the very opportuneness of his death bids us bear in mind that we must follow him rather with grateful veneration than grieve for him, for it is written that private grief should cease in public sorrow. This is said in the prophetical language, not only to that one woman who is figured there, but to each, since it seems to be said to the Church.

To me, then, does this message come, and Holy Scripture says: "Dost thou teach this? is it thus that thou instructest the people of God? Knowest thou not that thy example is

a danger to others? save that perchance thou complainest that thy prayer is not heard. First of all this is shameless arrogance, to desire to obtain for thyself what thou knowest to have been denied to many, even saints, when thou art aware that God is no respecter of persons?" For although God is merciful, yet, if he always heard all, he would appear to act no longer of his own free will, but by a kind of necessity. Then, since all ask, if he were to hear all, no one would die. For how much dost thou daily pray? Is, then, God's appointment to be made void in consideration of thee? Why, then, dost thou lament that that is sometimes not obtained which thou knowest cannot always be obtained?

"Thou fool," it says, "above all women, seest thou not our mourning, and what hath happened to us, how that Sion our mother is saddened with all sadness and humbled with humbling. Mourn now also very sore, since we all mourn, and be sad since we all are sad, and thou art grieved for a brother. Ask the earth and she shall tell thee that it is she which ought to mourn, outliving so many that grow upon her. And out of her," it says, "were all born in the beginning, and out of her shall others come, and, behold, they walk almost all into destruction, and a multitude of them is utterly rooted out. Who, then, ought to make more mourning than she that hath lost so great a mutltitude, and not thou, which art sorry but for one?"

Let, then, the common mourning swallow up ours and cut off the bitterness of our private sorrow. For we ought not to grieve for those whom we see to be set free, and we bear in mind that so many holy souls are not without a purpose at this time loosed from the chains of the body. For we see, as if by God's decree, such reverend widows dying so closely at one time, that it seems to be a sort of setting out on

a journey, not a sinking in death, lest their chastity in which they have served God their full time should be exposed to peril. What groans, what mourning, does so bitter a recollection stir up in me! And if I had no leisure for mourning, yet in my own personal grief, in the loss of the very flower of so much merit, the common lot of nature consoled me; and my grief in consideration of one alone veiled the bitterness of the public funeral by the show of piety at home.

I seek again, then, O sacred Scripture, thy consolations, for it delights me to dwell on thy precepts and on thy sentences. How far more easy is it for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail! But let us now listen to what is written: "Now," it says, "keep thy sorrow to thyself, and bear with a good courage the things which have befallen thee. For if thou shalt acknowledge the determination of God to be just, thou shalt both receive thy son in time and shalt be praised among women." If this is said to a woman, how much more to a priest! If such words are said of a son it is certainly not unfitting that they should be uttered also concerning the loss of a brother; though if he had been my son I could never have loved him more. For as in the death of children the lost labor and the pain borne to no purpose seem to increase the sorrow, so, too, in the case of brothers, the habits of intercourse and joint occupations inflame the bitterness of grief.

But, lo! I hear the Scripture saying: "Do not continue this discourse, but allow thyself to be persuaded. For how great are the misfortunes of Sion! Be comforted in regard of the sorrow of Jerusalem. For thou seest that our holy places are polluted, and the name that was called upon us is almost profaned, they that are ours have suffered shame, our priests are burnt, our Levites gone into captivity; our wives are polluted, our virgins suffer violence, our righteous men

are carried away, our little ones given up, our young men brought in bondage, and our strong men become weak. And, which is the greatest of all, the seal of Sion hath lost her glory, since now she is delivered into the hands of them that hate us. Do thou, then, shake off thy great heaviness, and put from thee the multitude of sorrows, that the Mighty may be merciful to thee again, and the Highest shall give thee rest by easing thy labors."

So, then, my tears shall cease, for one must yield to healthful remedies, since there ought to be some difference between believers and unbelievers. Let them, therefore, weep who cannot have the hope of the resurrection, of which not the sentence of God but the strictness of the faith deprives them. Let there be this difference between the servants of Christ and the worshippers of idols, that the latter weep for their friends, whom they suppose to have perished forever; that they should never cease from tears, and gain no rest from sorrow, who think that the dead have no rest. But from us, for whom death is the end not of our nature, but of this life only, since our nature itself is restored to a better state, let the advent of death wipe away all tears.

And certainly if they have ever found any consolation who have thought that death is the end of sensation and the failing of our nature, how much more must we find it so to whom the consciousness of good done brings the promise of better rewards! The heathen have their consolation, because they think that death is a cessation of all evils, and as they are without the fruit of life, so, too, they think that they have escaped all the feeling and pain of those severe and constant sufferings which we have to endure in this life. We, however, as we are better supported by our rewards, so, too, ought we to be more patient through our consolation, for they seem to be not

lost but sent before, whom death is not going to swallow up, but eternity to receive. . . .

So, then, I hold thee, my brother, and neither death nor time shall tear thee from me. Tears themselves are sweet, and weeping itself a pleasure, for by these the eagerness of the soul is assuaged, and affection, being eased, is quieted. For neither can I be without thee, nor ever forget thee, or think of thee without tears. O bitter days, which show that our union is broken! O nights worthy of tears, which have lost for me so good a sharer of my rest, so inseparable a companion! What sufferings would ye cause me, unless the likeness of him present offered itself to me, unless the visions of my soul represented him whom my bodily sight shows me no more!

Now, now, O brother, dearest to my soul, although thou art gone by too early a death, happy at least art thou, who dost not endure these sorrows, and art not compelled to mourn the loss of a brother, separation from whom thou couldst not long endure, but didst quickly return and visit him again. But if, then, thou didst hasten to banish the weariness of my loneliness, to lighten the sadness of thy brother's mind, how much more often oughtest thou now to revisit my afflicted soul, and thyself lighten the sorrow which has its origin from thee! . . .

But why should I delay thee, brother, why should I wait that my address should die and as it were be buried with thee? Although the sight and form of thy lifeless body, and its remaining comeliness and figure abiding here, comfort the eyes, I delay no longer, let us go on to the tomb. But first, before the people I utter the last farewell, declare peace to thee, and pay the last kiss. Go before us to that home, common and waiting for all, and certainly now longed for by me

beyond others. Prepare a common dwelling for him with whom thou hast dwelt, and as here we have had all things in common, so there, too, let us know no divided rights.

Do not, I pray thee, long put off him who is desirous of thee, expect him who is hastening after thee, help him who is hurrying, and, if I seem to thee to delay too long, summon me. For we have not ever been long separated from each other, but thou wast always wont to return. Nor since thou canst not return again, I will go to thee; it is just that I should repay the kindness and take my turn. Never was there much difference in the condition of our life; whether health or sickness, it was common to both, so that if one sickened the other fell ill, and when one began to recover, the other, too, was convalescent. How have we lost our rights? This time, too, we had our sickness in common, how is it that death was not ours in common?

And now to thee, Almighty God, I commend this guileless soul; to thee I offer my sacrifice; accept favorably and mercifully the gift of a brother, the offering of a priest. I offer beforehand these first libations of myself. I come to thee with this pledge, a pledge not of money but of life; cause me not to remain too long a debtor of such an amount. It is not the ordinary interest of a brother's love, nor the common course of nature, which is increased by such an amount of virtue. I can bear it if I shall be soon compelled to pay it.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, the most voluminous of the Greek Fathers, and the most famous preacher of the Church, was born at Antioch about 347 A.D. and died at Comana, in Pentus, in 407. He is frequently referred to as "The Golden-Mouthed," his name being derived from the Greek Chrusos stoma or "gold mouth." He studied rhetoric under Libanus, a famous sophist, and philosophy under Andragathius, intending to fit himself for the law. Relinquishing this purpose, however, he devoted himself to Scripture study and lived for some years as a monk. Later he was ordained as a priest, and in 398 was consecrated archbishop of Constantinople. His elevation to this high office, joined to his great activity as a reformer, raised up many enemies against him, chief of whom were Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, and the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Arcadius. By their influence he was deposed and banished in 403, but this brought about such a storm of popular indignation that he was almost immediately recalled. Banished again in 404 to Armenia, he still continued, by means of an extensive correspondence, to exert so powerful an influence over the people that Arcadius ordered him sent to Pitynus in the Caucasus, a most desolate locality on the extreme eastern shore of the Black Sea. But the saint was unable to endure the hardships of the journey and expired on the way, September 14, 407. He was small in stature, very ornate in his style of eloquence, but intensely practical withal, and absolutely fearless. His rebukes were terrible in their intensity, one of the most famous instances occurring in a sermon of his wherein the Empress Eudoxia was compared to the daughter of Herodias. In ecclesiastical affairs he conceded to the Bishop of Rome "the primacy of honor, but not the supremacy of jurisdiction."

SERMON ON FOOLISHNESS OF THE CROSS CONQUERING

"For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world.'—1 Cor. 1, 18-20.

TO the sick and broken-spirited even wholesome meats are unpleasant, friends and relations burdensome, who are oftentimes not even recognized, but are rather accounted intruders. Much like this is often the case of those who are perishing in their souls. For the things

which tend to salvation they know not; and those who are careful about them they consider to be troublesome. Now this ensues not from the nature of the thing, but from their disease. And just what the insane do, hating those who take care of them, and ever after reviling them, the same is the case with unbelievers also. But as in the case of the former, they who are insulted then more than ever compassionate them, and weep, taking this as the worst symptom of the disease in its intense form, when they know not their best friends; so also in the case of the Gentiles let us act; yea more than for our wives let us wail over them, because they know not the common salvation. For not so dearly ought a man to love his wife as we should love all mankind, and draw them over unto salvation; be a man a Gentile, or be he what he may. For these, then, let us weep; for the preaching of the cross is to them foolishness, being itself wisdom and power. "For," saith he, "the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness."

For since it was likely that they, the cross being derided by the Greeks, would resist and contend by aid of that wisdom, which came (forsooth) of themselves, as being disturbed by the expressions of the Greeks; Paul comforting them, saith, Think it not strange and unaccountable, which is taking place. This is the nature of that which we now treat of, to have them that perish fail in acknowledging its power. For they are beside themselves, and behave as madmen; and so they rail and are disgusted at the medicines which bring health.

But what sayest thou, O man? Christ became a slave for thee, "having taken the form of a slave," and was crucified, and rose again. And when thou oughtest to adore him risen for this and admire his loving-kindness; because what neither

father, nor friend, nor son, did for thee, all this the Lord wrought for thee, the enemy and offender,— when, I say, thou oughtest to admire him for these things, callest thou that foolishness which is full of so great wisdom? Well, it is nothing wonderful; for it is a mark of them that perish not to recognize the things which lead to salvation. Be not troubled, therefore, for it is no strange or unaccountable event that things truly great are mocked at by those who are beside themselves. Now such as are in this mind you cannot convince by human wisdom. Yea, if you want so to convince them, you do but the contrary. For the things which transcend reasoning require faith alone. Thus, should we set about convincing men by reasonings, how God became man and entered into the Virgin's womb, and not commit the matter unto faith, they will but deride the more. Therefore they who inquire by reasonings, these are they who perish.

And why speak I of God? for in regard of created things, should we do this, great derision will ensue. For suppose a man wishing to make out all things by reasoning; and let him try by thy discourse to convince himself how we see the light; and do thou try to convince him by reasoning. Nay, thou canst not: for if thou sayest that it sufficest to see by opening the eyes, thou hast not expressed the manner, but the fact. For "why we see not," one will say, "by our hearing, and with our eyes hear? And why hear we not with the nostril and with the hearing smell?" If, then, he being in doubt about these things, and we unable to give the explanation of them, he is to begin laughing, shall not we rather laugh him to scorn? "For since both have their origin from one brain, since the two members are near neighbors to each other, why can they not do the same work?" Now we shall not be able to state the cause or the method of the unspeakable and curi-

ous operation; and should we make the attempt we shall be laughed to scorn. Wherefore, leaving this unto God's power and boundless wisdom, let us be silent.

Just so with regard to the things of God; should we desire to explain them by the wisdom which is from without, great derision will ensue, not from their infirmity, but from the folly of man. For the great things of all no language can explain.

Now observe: when I say, "He was crucified;" the Greek saith, "And how can this be reasonable? Himself he helped not when undergoing crucifixion and sore trial at the moment of the cross: how, then, after these things, did he rise again and help others? For if he had been able, before death was the proper time." (For this the Jews actually said.) "But he who helped not himself, how helped he others? There is no reason in it," saith he.

True, O man, for indeed it is above reason; and unspeakable is the power of the cross. For that, being actually in the midst of horrors, he should have shown himself above all horrors, and, being in the enemy's hold, should have overcome: this cometh of infinite power. For as in the case of the Three Children, their not entering the furnace would not have been so astonishing as that, having entered in, they trampled upon the fire; and in the case of Jonah it was a greater thing by far, after he had been swallowed by the fish, to suffer no harm from the monster than if he had not been swallowed at all. So, also, in regard of Christ, his not dying would not have been so inconceivable as that, being dead, he should loose the bands of death. Say not, then, "Why did he not help himself on the cross?" for he was hastening on to close conflict with death himself. He descended not from the cross, not because he could not, but because he would not. For him

whom the tyranny of death restrained not, how could the nails of the cross restrain?

But these things, though known to us, are not so as yet to the unbelievers. Wherefore he said that "the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved it is in the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the understanding of the prudent will I bring to nothing." Nothing from himself which might give offence does he advance up to this point; but first he comes to the testimony of the Scripture, and then, furnished with boldness from thence, adopts more vehement words and saith, "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Having said, "It is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise," he subjoins the demonstration from facts, saying, "Where is the wise? where is the scribe?" at the same time glancing at both Gentiles and Jews. For what sort of philosopher, which among those who have studied logic, which of those knowing in Jewish matters hath saved us and made known the truth? Not one. It was the Fishermen's work, the whole of it.

Having then inferred what he had in view, and brought down their pride, and said, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" he states the reason, also, why these things were so done. "For after that by the wisdom of God," saith he, "the world by wisdom knew not God," the cross appeared. Now what means "by the wisdom of God?" The wisdom apparent in those works whereby it was his will to make himself known. For to this end did he frame them,

and frame them such as they are, that by a sort of proportion, from the things which are seen, admiration of the Maker might be learned. Is the heaven great, and the earth boundless? Wonder, then, at him who made them. For this heaven, great as it is, not only was made by him, but made with ease; and that boundless earth, too, was brought into being even as if it had been nothing. Wherefore of the former he saith, "The works of thy fingers are the heavens;" and concerning the earth, "Who hath made the earth as it were nothing." Since then, by this wisdom, the world was unwilling to acknowledge God, he employed what seemed to be foolishness, that is, the gospel, to persuade men; not by reasonings, but by faith. It remains that where God's wisdom is there is no longer need of man's. For before, to infer that he who made the world such and so great must in all reason be a God possessed of a certain uncontrollable, unspeakable power, and by these means to apprehend him,— this was the part of human wisdom. But now we need no more reasonings, but faith alone. For to believe on him that was crucified and buried, and to be most fully persuaded that this person himself both rose again and sat down on high,— this needeth not wisdom, nor reasonings, but faith. For the apostles themselves came in, not by wisdom, but by faith, and surpassed the heathen wise men in wisdom and loftiness, and that so much the more, by how much to raise disputings is less than to receive by faith the things of God. For this transcends all human understanding.

But how hath he "destroyed wisdom?" Being made known to us by Paul and others like him, he hath shown it to be unprofitable. For toward receiving the evangelical proclamation, neither is the wise profited at all by wisdom, nor the unlearned injured at all by ignorance. But if one

may speak somewhat even wonderful, ignorance rather than wisdom is a condition suitable for that impression, and more easily dealt with. For the shepherd and the rustic will more quickly receive this, once for all repressing all doubting thoughts and delivering himself to the Lord. In this way, then, he hath destroyed wisdom. For since she first cast herself down, she is ever after useful for nothing. Thus, when she ought to have displayed her proper powers, and by the works to have seen the Lord, she would not. Wherefore, though she were now willing to introduce herself, she is not able. For the matter is not of that kind: this way of knowing God being far greater than the other. You see, then, faith and simplicity are needed, and this we should seek everywhere and prefer it before the wisdom which is from without. For "God," saith he, "hath made wisdom foolish."

But what is "he hath made foolish?" He hath shown it foolish in regard of receiving the faith. For since they prided themselves on it he lost no time in exposing it. For what sort of wisdom is it when it cannot discover the chief of things that are good? He caused her, therefore, to appear foolish after she had first convicted herself. For if, when discoveries might have been made by reasoning, she proved nothing, now, when things proceed on a larger scale, how will she be able to accomplish aught? now, when there is need of faith alone, and not of acuteness? You see, then, God hath shown her to be foolish.

It was his good pleasure too, by the foolishness of the gospel, to save; foolishness, I say, not real, but appearing to be such. For that which is more wonderful yet is his having prevailed by bringing in, not another such wisdom more abundant than the first, but what seemed to be foolish-

ness. He cast out Plato, for example, not by means of another philosopher of more skill, but by an unlearned fisherman, for thus the defeat became greater and the victory more splendid.

Next, to show the power of the cross, he saith, "For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

Vast is the import of the things here spoken! For he means to say how by contraries God hath overcome, and how the gospel is not of man. What he saith is something of this sort. When, saith he, we say unto the Jews, Believe; they answer, Raise the dead, Heal the demoniacs, Show unto us signs. But instead thereof what say we? That he was crucified, and died, who is preached. And this is enough, not only to fail in drawing over the unwilling, but utterly to drive away those even who are willing. Nevertheless, it drives not away, but attracts, and holds fast, and overcomes.

Again; the Greeks demand of us a rhetorical style and the acuteness of sophistry. But we to these also preach the cross: and that which in the case of the Jews is deemed to be of weakness, this in the case of the Greeks is foolishness. Wherefore, when we not only fail in producing what they demand, but also produce the very opposites of their demand (for the cross has not merely no appearance of being a sign sought out by reasoning, but even the very annihilation of a sign; is not merely deemed no proof of power, but a conviction of weakness; not merely no display of wisdom, but a ground for surmising foolishness); when, therefore, they who

seek for signs and wisdom not only receive not the things which they ask, but even hear the contrary to what they desire, and then by means of contraries are persuaded,—how is not the power of him that is preached unspeakable? As if to some one tempest-tossed and longing for a haven, you were to show, not a haven but another wilder portion of the sea, and so could make him follow with thankfulness! Or as if a physician could attract to himself the man that was wounded and in need of remedies, by promising to cure him, not with drugs, but with burning of him again! For this is a result of great power indeed. So also the apostles prevailed, not simply by a sign, but even by a thing which seemed contrary to all the known signs. Which thing also Christ did in the case of the blind man. For when he would heal him, he restored him by a thing which increased the blindness: that is, he put on clay. As, then, by means of clay he healed the blind man, so also by means of the cross hath he brought the world to himself. That certainly was adding an offence, not taking an offence away. So did he also in the Creation, working out things by their contraries. With sand, for instance, he walled in the sea, having made the weak a bridle to the strong. He placed the earth upon water, having taken order that the heavy and the dense might be borne on the soft and fluid. By means of the prophets again, with a small piece of wood he raised up iron from the bottom. In like manner also with the cross he hath drawn the world to himself. For as the water beareth up the earth, so also the cross beareth up the world. You see, now, it is proof of great power and wisdom, to convince by means of the things which tell directly against us. Thus the cross seems to be matter of offence, and yet, far from scandalizing, it even attracts.

All these things, therefore, Paul bearing in mind, and being

struck with astonishment, said, that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men;" in relation to the cross, speaking of a folly and weakness not real but apparent. For he is answering with respect unto the other party's opinion. For that which philosophers were not able by means of reasoning to accomplish, this, what seemed to be foolishness, did excellently well. Which then, is the wiser, he that persuadeth the many or but few, I should say, no one? He who persuadeth concerning the greatest points or about matters which are nothing? What great labors did Plato endure, and his followers, discoursing to us about a line, and an angle, and a point, and about numbers even and odd, and equal unto one another and unequal, and such like spider-webs (for indeed those webs are not more useless to man's life than were these subjects): and without doing good to any one great or small by their means, so he made an end of his life. How greatly did he labor endeavoring to show that the soul is immortal! and even as he came he went away, having spoken nothing with certainty nor persuaded any hearer. But the cross wrought persuasion by means of unlearned men; yea, it persuaded even the whole world: and not about common things, but in discourse of God and the godliness which is according to truth, and the evangelical way of life and the judgment of the things to come. And of all men it made philosophers — the very rustics, the utterly unlearned. Behold how "the foolishness of God is wiser than men," and "the weakness stronger!"

How stronger? Because it overran the whole world, and took all by main force, and while men were endeavoring by ten thousands to quench the name of the Crucified, the contrary came to pass: that flourished and increased more and more, but they perished and wasted away; and the living,

in war with the dead, had no power. So that when the Greek calls me foolish he shows himself exceedingly above measure foolish: since I, who am esteemed by him a fool, evidently appear wiser than the wise. When he calleth me weak, then he showeth himself to be weaker. For the noble things which publicans and fishermen were able to effect by the grace of God, these, philosophers, and rhetoricians, and tyrants, and in short the whole world, running ten thousand ways here and there, could not even form a notion of. For what did not the cross introduce? The doctrine concerning the immortality of the soul; that concerning the resurrection of the body; that concerning the contempt of things present; that concerning the desire of things future. Yea, angels it hath made of men, and all, everywhere, practise self-denial and show forth all kinds of fortitude.

But among them also, it will be said, many have been found contemners of death. Tell me who? was it he who drank the hemlock? But if thou wilt I can bring forward ten thousand such from within the Church. For had it been lawful, when persecution befell them, to drink hemlock and depart, all had become more famous than he. And besides, he drank when he was not at liberty to drink or not to drink; but, willing or against his will, he must have undergone it: no effect surely of fortitude, but of necessity, and nothing more. For even robbers and man-slayers, having fallen under the condemnation of their judges, have suffered things more grievous.

But with us it is all quite the contrary. For not against their will did the martyrs endure, but of their will, and being at liberty not to suffer; showing forth fortitude harder than all adamant. This, then, you see is no great wonder that he whom I was mentioning drank hemlock, it being no longer

in his power not to drink, and also when he had arrived at a very great age. For when he despised life he stated himself to be seventy years old; if this can be called despising. For I, for my part, could not affirm it: nor, what is more, can any one else.

But show me some one enduring firm in torments for godliness' sake, as I show thee ten thousand everywhere in the world. Who, while his nails were tearing out, nobly endured? Who, while his joints were wrenching asunder? Who, while his body was enduring spoil, member by member? or his head? Who, while his bones were being heaved out by levers? Who, while placed without intermission upon frying-pans? Who, when thrown into a caldron? Show me these instances. For to die by hemlock is all as one with a sleeping man's continuing in a state of sleep. Nay, even sweeter than sleep is this sort of death, if report say true. But if certain [of them] did endure torments, yet of these too the praise is gone to nothing. For on some disgraceful occasion they perished; some for revealing mysteries; some for aspiring to dominion; others detected in the foulest crimes; others again at random, and fruitlessly, and ignorantly, there being no reason for it, made away with themselves. But not so with us. Wherefore of their deeds nothing is said; but these flourish and daily increase. Which Paul having in mind said, "The weakness of God is stronger than all men."

For that the gospel is divine, even from hence, is evident; namely, from what quarter could it have occurred to twelve ignorant men to attempt such great things? who sojourned in marshes, in rivers, in deserts; who never at any time, perhaps, had entered into a city nor into a forum: whence did it occur to set themselves in array against the whole world? For that they were timid and unmanly he shows

who wrote of them, not shrinking back nor enduring to throw their failings into the shade: which indeed of itself is a very great token of the truth. What, then, doth he say about them? That when Christ was apprehended, after ten thousand wonders, the rest fled; and he who remained, being the leader of the rest, denied. Whence was it, then, that they who, when Christ was alive, endured not the attack of the Jews, now that he was dead and buried, and, as ye say, had not risen again, nor had any talk with them, nor infused courage into them,— whence did they set themselves in array against so great a world?

Would they not have said among themselves, "What ever meaneth this? Himself he was not able to save, and will he protect us? Himself he defended not when alive, and will he stretch out the hand unto us now that he is dead? Himself, when alive, subdued not even one nation; and are we to convince the whole world by uttering his name?" How, I ask, could all this be reasonable, I will not say, as something to be done, but even as something to be imagined? From whence it is plain that had they not seen him after he was risen, and received most ample proof of his power, they would not have ventured so great a cast.

For suppose they had possessed friends innumerable; would they not presently have got them all for enemies, disturbing ancient customs, and removing their fathers' landmarks? But as it was, they had before gotten them for enemies, all, both their own countrymen and foreigners. For although they had been recommended to veneration by everything external, would not all men have abhorred them, introducing a new polity? But now they were even void of all, and it was likely that even on that account all would hate and scorn them at once. For whom will you name? The Jews? Nay, they

had against them an inexpressible hatred on account of the things which had been done unto the Master. The Greeks, then? Why, first of all, these had rejected one not inferior to them; and no men know these things so well as the Greeks. For Plato,—who wished to strike out a new form of government, or rather a part of government, and that, not by changing the customs relating to the gods, but merely by substituting one line of conduct for another,—being cast out of Sicily, went near to lose his life.

This, however, did not ensue, so that he lost his liberty alone. And had not a certain barbarian been more gentle than the tyrant of Sicily, nothing could have rescued the philosopher from slavery throughout life in a foreign land. And yet it is not all one to innovate in affairs of a kingdom and in matters of religious worship. For the latter more than anything else causes disturbance and troubles men. For to say, "Let such and such an one marry such a woman, and let the guardians [of the commonwealth] exercise their guardianship so and so," is not enough to cause any great disturbance: and especially when all this is lodged in a book, and no great anxiety on the part of the legislator to carry the proposals into practice. On the other hand, to say, "They be no gods which men worship, but demons; he who was crucified is God,"—ye well know how great wrath it kindled, how severely men must have paid for it, what a flame of war it fanned.

For Protagoras, who was one of them, having dared to say, "I know of no gods," not going round the world and proclaiming it, but in a single city, was in the most imminent peril of his life. And Diagoras the Milesian, and Theodorus, who was called Atheist, although they had friends and that influence which comes from eloquence, and were held in admi-

ration because of their philosophy, yet nevertheless none of these profited them. And the great Socrates, too, he who surpassed in philosophy all among them, for this reason drank hemlock, because in his discourses concerning the gods he was suspected of moving things a little aside. Now, if the suspicion alone of innovation brought so great danger on philosophers and wise men, and on those who had attained boundless popularity; and if they were not only unable to do what they wished, but were themselves also driven from life and country; how canst thou choose but be in admiration and astonishment when thou seest that the fisherman hath produced such an effect upon the world and accomplished his purposes — hath overcome both barbarians and Greeks, all of them?

But they did not, you will say, introduce strange gods as the others did. Well, and in that you are naming the very point most to be wondered at: that the innovation is twofold, both to pull down those which are, and to announce the Crucified. For from whence came it into their minds to proclaim such things? whence, to be confident about their event? Whom of those before them could they perceive to have prospered in any such attempt? Were not all men worshipping devils? Were not all used to make gods of the elements? Was not the difference [but] in the mode of impiety?

But nevertheless they attacked all, and overthrew all, and overran in a short time the whole world, like a sort of winged beings; making no account of dangers, of deaths, of the difficulty of the thing, of their own fewness, of the multitude of the opponents, of the authority, the rank, the wisdom of those at war with them. For they had, above all these, mightier aid, the power of him that had been crucified

and was risen again. It would not have been so wondrous had they chosen to wage war with the world in the literal sense as this which in fact has taken place. For according to the law of battle they might have stood over against the enemies, and, occupying some adverse ground, have arrayed themselves accordingly, to meet the array of their foes, and have taken their time for attack and close conflict. But in this case it is not so. For they had no camp of their own, but were absolutely mingled with their enemies, and thus overcame them. Even in the midst of their enemies, as they went about, they glided away from their hold, and became superior, and achieved a splendid victory; a victory which fulfils the prophecy that saith, "Even in the midst of thine enemies thou shalt have dominion." For this it was which was full of all astonishment, that their enemies, having them in their power and casting them into prisons and chains, not only did not vanquish them, but themselves also eventually had to stoop under them: the scourgers to the scourged, the binders in chains to those who were bound, the persecutors to the fugitives.

All these things, then, we say unto the Greeks, yea, rather more than these; for the truth has enough and greatly to spare. And if ye will follow the argument we will teach you the whole method of fighting against them. In the meanwhile let us hold fast these two heads: How did the weak overcome the strong? and, From whence came it into their thoughts, being such as they were, to form such plans, unless they enjoyed divine aid?

So far, then, as to what we have to say. But let us show forth by our actions all excellences of conduct and kindle abundantly the fire of virtue. For "ye are lights," saith he, "shining in the midst of the world." And unto each of

us God hath committed a greater function than he hath to the sun: greater than heaven, and earth, and sea; and by so much greater as spiritual things be more excellent than things sensible.

When, then, we look unto the solar orb, and admire the beauty, and the body, and the brightness of the luminary, let us consider again that greater and better is the light which is in us as indeed the darkness also is more dreadful unless we take heed. And in fact a deep night oppresses the whole world. This is what we have to dispel and dissolve. It is night, not among heretics nor among Greeks only, but also in the multitude on our side in respect of doctrines and of life. For many entirely disbelieve the resurrection; many fortify themselves with their horoscope; many adhere to superstitious observances, and to omens, and auguries, and presages. And some likewise employ amulets and charms. But to these also we will speak afterward, when we have finished what we have to say to the Greeks.

In the meanwhile hold fast the things which have been said, and be ye fellow helpers with me in the battle; by your way of life attracting them to us and changing them. For, as I am always saying, He that teaches high morality ought first to teach it in his own person, and be such as his hearers cannot do without. Let us, therefore, become such, and make the Greeks feel kindly toward us. And this will come to pass if we make up our minds not to do ill, but rather to suffer ill. Do we not see when little children, being borne in their father's arms, give him that carries them blows on the cheek, how sweetly the father lets the boy have his fill of wrath, and when he sees that he has spent his passion how his countenance brightens up? In like manner let us also act; and, as fathers with children, so let us discourse with

the Greeks. For all the Greeks are children. And this, some of their own writers have said, that "that people are children always, and no Greek is an old man." Now children cannot bear to take thought for anything useful; so also the Greeks would be forever at play; and they lie on the ground, grovelling in posture and in affections. Moreover, children oftentimes, when we are discoursing about important things, give no heed to anything that is said, but will even be laughing all the time: such also are the Greeks. When we discourse of the Kingdom, they laugh. And as spittle dropping in abundance from an infant's mouth, which oftentimes spoils its meat and drink, such also are the words flowing from the mouth of the Greeks, vain and unclean. Even if thou art giving children their necessary food, they keep on vexing those who furnish it with evil speech, and we must bear with them all the while.

Again, children, when they see a robber entering and taking away the furniture, far from resisting, even smile on him in his mischievous craft; but shouldst thou take away the little basket or the jingles or any other of their playthings, they take it to heart and fret, tear themselves, and stamp on the floor; just so do the Greeks also: when they behold the devil pilfering all their paternal wealth, and even the things which support their life, they laugh and run to him as to a friend: but should any one take away any possession, be it wealth or any childish thing whatsoever of that kind, they cry, they tear themselves. And as children expose their limbs unconsciously and blush not for shame; so the Greeks, wallowing in whoredoms and adulteries, and laying bare the laws of nature, and introducing unlawful intercourses, are not abashed.

Ye have given me vehement applause and acclamation;

but with all your applause have a care lest you be among those of whom these things are said. Wherefore I beseech you all to become men; since, so long as we are children, how shall we teach them manliness? How shall we restrain them from childish folly? Let us, therefore, become men, that we may arrive at the measure of the stature which hath been marked out for us by Christ, and may obtain the good things to come, through the grace and loving-kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ, with whom, unto the Father together with the Holy Spirit, be glory, power, honor, now and henceforth and forevermore. Amen.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, November 13, 353 A.D. He was the son of Patricius and his wife Monica. He was educated in the best schools of Carthage and in his youth became greatly addicted to habits of sensuality and debauchery, to the great grief of his mother, who was a devout Christian. For some nine or ten years he taught rhetoric at Carthage and Tagaste, and became a professor of rhetoric at Milan in 384. He had adopted the Manichæan tenets at the age of nineteen, but had renounced them and was studying Plato at Milan when he came under the influence of Ambrose, by whom he was baptized in 384. He returned to Africa soon after, was ordained priest in 391, and made bishop of Hippo in 396. He died at Hippo, August 28, 430, during its siege by the Vandals. Of all the theologians of the past no one has impressed himself more deeply upon the Church than has Saint Augustine by his character and his writings. Of his many works the most noted are the "De Civitate Dei;" "De Doctrina Christiana;" "De Trinitate;" "De Vera Religione;" the "Confessions;" and the "Retractiones." He was involved in three great controversies during his life as bishop,— with the Manichæans, the Donatists, and the Pelasgians,— and these disputes are reflected in his works.

DISCOURSE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER

"Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."— Matt. vi, 9-13.

THE order established for your edification requires that ye learn first what to believe, and afterward what to ask. For so saith the Apostle, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." This testimony blessed Paul cited out of the prophet; for by the prophet were those times foretold when all men should call upon God; "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." And he added, "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? Or how shall

they hear without a preacher? Or how shall they preach except they be sent?" Therefore were preachers sent. They preached Christ. As they preached, the people heard; by hearing they believed, and by believing called upon him. Because, then, it was most rightly and most truly said, "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?" therefore have ye first learned what to believe: and to-day have learned to call on him in whom ye have believed.

The Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, hath taught us a prayer; and though he be the Lord himself, as ye have heard and repeated in the Creed, the only Son of God, yet he would not be alone. He is the only Son, and yet would not be alone; he hath vouchsafed to have brethren. For to whom doth he say, "Say, Our Father which art in heaven"? Whom did he wish us to call our Father save his own Father? Did he grudge us this? Parents sometimes, when they have gotten one, or two, or three children, fear to give birth to any more, lest they reduce the rest to beggary. But because the inheritance which he promised us is such as many may possess and no one be straitened, therefore hath he called into his brotherhood the peoples of the nations; and the only Son hath numberless brethren who say, "Our Father which art in heaven." So said they who have been before us; and so shall say those who will come after us. See how many brethren the only Son hath in his grace, sharing his inheritance with those for whom he suffered death. We had a father and mother on earth, that we might be born to labors and to death: but we have found other parents, God our Father, and the Church our Mother, by whom we are born unto life eternal. Let us then consider, beloved, whose children we have begun to be; and let us live so as becomes those who have such a Father. See how that our Creator had condescended to be our Father!

We have heard whom we ought to call upon, and with what hope of an eternal inheritance we have begun to have a Father in heaven; let us now hear what we must ask of him. Of such a Father what shall we ask? Do we not ask rain of him to-day, and yesterday, and the day before? This is no great thing to have asked of such a Father, and yet ye see with what sighings and with what great desire we ask for rain when death is feared,— when that is feared which none can escape. For sooner or later every man must die, and we groan, and pray, and travail in pain, and cry to God, that we may die a little later. How much more ought we to cry to him that we may come to that place where we shall never die!

Therefore is it said, "Hallowed be thy name." This we also ask of him that his name may be hallowed in us; for holy is it always. And how is his name hallowed in us, except while it makes us holy? For once we were not holy, and we are made holy by his name; but he is always holy, and his name always holy. It is for ourselves, not for God, that we pray. For we do not wish well to God, to whom no ill can ever happen. But we wish what is good for ourselves, that his holy name may be hallowed, that that which is always holy may be hallowed in us.

"Thy kingdom come." Come it surely will, whether we ask or no. Indeed, God hath an eternal kingdom. For when did he not reign? When did he begin to reign? For his kingdom hath no beginning, neither shall it have any end. But that ye may know that in this prayer also we pray for ourselves, and not for God (for we do not say "Thy kingdom come" as though we were asking that God may reign), we shall be ourselves his kingdom if, believing in him, we make progress in this faith. All the faithful, redeemed by the

blood of his only Son, will be his kingdom. And this his kingdom will come when the resurrection of the dead shall have taken place; for then he will come himself. And when the dead are arisen he will divide them, as he himself saith, "and he shall set some on the right hand, and some on the left." To those who shall be on the right hand he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom." This is what we wish and pray for when we say, "Thy kingdom come,"—that it may come to us. For if we shall be reprobates, that kingdom will come to others, but not to us. But if we shall be of that number who belong to the members of his only-begotten Son, his kingdom will come to us and will not tarry. For are there as many ages yet remaining as have already passed away? The apostle John hath said, "My little children, it is the last hour." But it is a long hour proportioned to this long day; and see how many years this last hour lasteth. But, nevertheless, be ye as those who watch, and so sleep, and rise again, and reign. Let us watch now, let us sleep in death; at the end we shall rise again and shall reign without end.

"Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth." The third thing we pray for is that his will may be done as in heaven so in earth. And in this too we wish well for ourselves. For the will of God must necessarily be done. It is the will of God that the good should reign and the wicked be damned. Is it possible that this will should not be done? But what good do we wish ourselves when we say, "Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth?" Give ear. For this petition may be understood in many ways, and many things are to be in our thoughts in this petition when we pray God, "Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth." As thy angels offend thee not, so may we also not offend thee. Again, how is "Thy will be done as in heaven, so

in earth," understood? All the holy patriarchs, all the prophets, all the apostles, all the spiritual are, as it were, God's heaven; and we in comparison of them are earth. "Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth;" as in them, so in us also. Again, "Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth;" the Church of God is heaven, his enemies are earth. So we wish well for our enemies, that they too may believe and become Christians, and so the will of God be done as in heaven, so also in earth. Again, "Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth." Our spirit is heaven, and the flesh earth. As our spirit is renewed by believing, so may our flesh be renewed by rising again, and "the will of God be done as in heaven, so in earth." Again, our mind whereby we see the truth, and delight in this truth, is heaven; as, "I delight in the law of God, after the inward man." What is the earth? "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind." When this strife shall have passed away, and a full concord be brought about of the flesh and spirit, the will of God will be done as in heaven, so also in earth. When we repeat this petition, let us think of all these things, and ask them all of the Father. Now all these things which we have mentioned, these three petitions, beloved, have respect to the life eternal. For if the name of God is sanctified in us, it will be for eternity. If his kingdom come, where we shall live forever, it will be for eternity. If his will be done as in heaven, so in earth, in all ways which I have explained, it will be for eternity.

There remain now the petitions for this life of our pilgrimage; therefore follows, "Give us this day our daily bread." Give us eternal things, give us things temporal. Thou hast promised a kingdom, deny us not the means of subsistence. Thou wilt give everlasting glory with thyself

hereafter, give us in this earth temporal support. Therefore is it "day by day," and "to-day," that is, in this present time. For when this life shall have passed away, shall we ask for daily bread then? For then it will not be called "day by day," but "to-day." Now it is called "day by day" when one day passes away and another day succeeds. Will it be called "day by day" when there will be one eternal day? This petition for daily bread is doubtless to be understood in two ways, both for the necessary supply of our bodily food and for the necessities of our spiritual support. There is a necessary supply of bodily food, for the preservation of our daily life, without which we cannot live. This is food and clothing, but the whole is understood in a part. When we ask for bread, we thereby understand all things. There is a spiritual food also which the faithful know, which ye too will know when ye shall receive it at the altar of God. This also is "daily bread," necessary only for this life. For shall we receive the Eucharist when we shall have come to Christ himself and begun to reign with him forever? So, then, the Eucharist is our daily bread; but let us in such wise receive it that we be not refreshed in our bodies only, but in our souls. For the virtue which is apprehended there is unity, that, gathered together into his body, and made his members, we may be what we receive. Then will it indeed be our daily bread.

Again, what I am handling before you now is "daily bread;" and the daily lessons which ye hear in church are daily bread, and the hymns ye hear and repeat are daily bread. For all these are necessary in our state of pilgrimage. But when we shall have got to heaven, shall we hear the word, we who shall see the Word himself, and hear the Word himself, and eat and drink him as the angels do now? Do the

angels need books, and interpreters, and readers? Surely not. They read in seeing, for the Truth itself they see and are abundantly satisfied from that fountain from which we obtain some few drops. Therefore has it been said, touching our daily bread, that this petition is necessary for us in this life.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Is this necessary except in this life? For in the other we shall have no debts. For what are debts but sins? See, ye are on the point of being baptized, then all your sins will be blotted out, none whatever will remain. Whatever evil ye have done, in deed, or word, or desire, or thought, all will be blotted out. And yet if, in the life which is after baptism, there were security from sin, we should not learn such a prayer as this, "Forgive us our debts." Only let us by all means do what comes next, "As we forgive our debtors."

Do ye, then, who are about to enter in to receive a plenary and entire remission of your debts, do ye, above all things, see that ye have nothing in your hearts against any other, so as to come forth from baptism secure, as it were free and discharged of all debts, and then begin to purpose to avenge yourselves on your enemies who in time past have done you wrong. Forgive, as ye are forgiven. God can do no one wrong, and yet he forgiveth who oweth nothing. How, then, ought he to forgive who is himself forgiven, when he forgiveth all who oweth nothing that can be forgiven him?

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Will this, again, be necessary in the life to come? "Lead us not into temptation" will not be said except where there can be temptation. We read in the book of holy Job, "Is not the life of man upon earth a temptation?" What, then,

do we pray for? Hear what. The apostle James saith, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God." He spoke of those evil temptations whereby men are deceived and brought under the yoke of the devil. This is the kind of temptation he spoke of. For there is another sort of temptation which is called a proving; of this kind of temptation it is written, "The Lord your God tempteth (proveth) you to know whether ye love Him." What means "to know?" "To make you know," for he knoweth already. With that kind of temptation whereby we are deceived and seduced, God tempteth no man. But undoubtedly in his deep and hidden judgment he abandons some. And when he hath abandoned them the tempter finds his opportunity. For he finds in him no resistance against his power, but forthwith presents himself to him as his possessor, if God abandon him. Therefore, that he may not abandon us, do we say, "Lead us not into temptation." "For every one is tempted," says the same apostle James, "when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

What, then, has he hereby taught us? To fight against our lusts. For ye are about to put away your sins in holy baptism; but lusts will still remain, wherewith ye must fight after that ye are regenerate. For a conflict with your own selves still remains. Let no enemy from without be feared: conquer thine own self, and the whole world is conquered. What can any tempter from without, whether the devil or the devil's minister, do against thee? Whosoever sets the hope of gain before thee to seduce thee, let him only find no covetousness in thee; and what can he who would tempt thee by gain effect? Whereas, if covetousness be found in

thee, thou takest fire at the sight of gain, and art taken by the bait of this corrupt food. But if he find no covetousness in thee, the trap remains spread in vain.

Or should the tempter set before thee some woman of surpassing beauty; if chastity be within, iniquity from without is overcome. Therefore, that he may not take thee with the bait of a strange woman's beauty, fight with thine own lust within; thou hast no sensible perception of thine enemy, but of thine own concupiscence thou hast. Thou dost not see the devil, but the object that engageth thee thou dost see. Get the mastery, then, over that of which thou art sensible within. Fight valiantly, for he who hath regenerated thee is thy Judge; he hath arranged the lists, he is making ready the crown. But because thou wilt without doubt be conquered if thou have not him to aid thee, if he abandon thee: therefore dost thou say in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The Judge's wrath hath given over some to their own lusts; and the Apostle says, "God gave them over to the lusts of their hearts." How did he give them up? Not by forcing, but by forsaking them.

"Deliver us from evil" may belong to the same sentence. Therefore, that thou mayst understand it to be all one sentence, it runs thus, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Therefore he added "but," to show that all this belongs to one sentence, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." How is this? I will propose them singly. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." By delivering us from evil he leadeth us not into temptation; by not leading us into temptation he deliveretth us from evil.

And truly it is a great temptation, dearly beloved, it is

a great temptation in this life, when that in us is the subject of temptation whereby we attain pardon if, in any of our temptations, we have fallen. It is a frightful temptation when that is taken from us whereby we may be healed from the wounds of other temptations. I know that ye have not yet understood me. Give me your attention, that ye may understand. Suppose avarice tempts a man, and he is conquered in any single temptation (for sometimes even a good wrestler and fighter may get roughly handled): avarice, then, has got the better of a man, good wrestler though he be, and he has done some avaricious act. Or there has been a passing lust; it has not brought the man to fornication, nor reached unto adultery — for when this does takes place, the man must at all events be kept back from the criminal act. But he "hath seen a woman to lust after her:" he has let his thoughts dwell on her with more pleasure than was right; he has admitted the attack, excellent combatant though he be, he has been wounded, but he has not consented to it; he has beaten back the motion of his lust, has chastised it with the bitterness of grief, he has beaten it back, and has prevailed. Still, in the very fact that he had slipped has he ground for saying "Forgive us our debts." And so of all other temptations, it is a hard matter that in them all there should not be occasion for saying, "Forgive us our debts." What, then, is that frightful temptation which I have mentioned, that grievous, that tremendous temptation, which must be avoided with all our strength, with all our resolution; what is it? When we go about to avenge ourselves. Anger is kindled, and the man burns to be avenged. O frightful temptation! Thou art losing that whereby thou hadst to attain pardon for other faults. If thou hadst committed any sin as to other senses and other lusts, hence

mightst thou have had thy cure in that thou mightst say "Forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors." But whoso instigateth thee to take vengeance will lose for thee the power thou hadst to say "As we also forgive our debtors." When that power is lost, all sins will be retained; nothing at all is remitted.

Our Lord and Master and Saviour, knowing this dangerous temptation in this life when he taught us six or seven petitions in this prayer, took none of them for himself to treat of and to commend to us with greater earnestness than this one. Have we not said, "Our Father which art in heaven" and the rest which follows? Why, after the conclusion of the prayer, did he not enlarge upon it to us, either as to what he had laid down in the beginning, or concluded with at the end, or placed in the middle? For why said he not, If the name of God be not hallowed in you, or if ye have no part in the kingdom of God, or if the will of God be not done in you, as in heaven, or if God guard you not, that ye enter not into temptation; why none of all these? but what saith he? "Verily I say unto you, that if ye forgive men their trespasses," in reference to that petition, "Forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors." Having passed over all the other petitions which he taught us, this he taught us with an especial force. There was no need of insisting so much upon those sins in which, if a man offend, he may know the means whereby he may be cured: need of it there was with regard to that sin in which, if thou sin, there is no means whereby the rest can be cured. For this thou oughtst to be ever saying, "Forgive us our debts." What debts? There is no lack of them; for we are but men; I have talked somewhat more than I ought, have said something I ought not, have laughed more than I ought, have eaten more than I ought, have listened

with pleasure to what I ought not, have drunk more than I ought, have seen with pleasure what I ought not, have thought with pleasure on what I ought not; "Forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors." This if thou hast lost, thou art lost thyself.

Take heed, my brethren, my sons, sons of God, take heed, I beseech you, in that I am saying to you. Fight to the uttermost of your powers with your own hearts. And if ye shall see your anger making a stand against you, pray to God against it, that God may make thee conqueror of thyself, that God may make thee conqueror, I say, not of thine enemy without, but of thine own soul within. For he will give thee his present help and will do it. He would rather that we ask this of him than rain. For ye see, beloved, how many petitions the Lord Christ hath taught us; and there is scarce found among them one which speaks of daily bread, that all our thoughts may be moulded after the life to come. For what can we fear that he will not give us who hath promised and said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you; for your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things before ye ask him." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." For many have been tried even with hunger, and have been found gold, and have not been forsaken by God. They would have perished with hunger if the daily inward bread were to leave their heart. After this let us chiefly hunger. For, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." But he can in mercy look upon our infirmity, and see us, as it is said, "Remember that we are dust." He who from the dust made and quickened man, for that his work of clay's sake, gave his only Son to death. Who can explain, who can worthily so much as conceive, how much he loveth us?

SAINT CYRIL

SAINT CYRIL, or Cyrillus, one of the most famous of the Fathers of the Greek Church, was born at Alexandria, in Egypt, and succeeded his uncle Theophilus as archbishop of Alexandria in 412 A.D. He was a man of violent temper, which continually involved him in disputes and controversies. At the outset of his episcopal career he instituted a persecution of the sect of Novations, and deprived their bishop of all his property. He next expelled the Jews from Alexandria, and if not with his sanction, at least as a result of his harangues, the famous pagan lecturer Hypatia was murdered by a mob of so-called Christians in the great Cæsarean church of Alexandria in Lent, 415. In 429 he became entangled in a controversy with Nestorius, archbishop of Constantinople, and in 431 he presided over the Council of Ephesus, which deposed Nestorius. He died in Alexandria in June, 444. Cyril was intensely dogmatic and undeniably cruel, but it must be borne in mind that in his view the very existence of Christianity was menaced by the various schisms of the time. His writings, consisting of homilies, treatises, etc., are very voluminous; among them is a confutation, in ten books, of Julian the Apostate. In 1859 an English translation of Cyril's "Commentary on Saint Luke" was published by Dr. Payne Smith, and Dr. Pusey issued later a translation of the "Commentary on the Minor Prophets."

ON THE MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

"Who is this that hideth counsel from me, and keepeth words in his heart, and thinketh to hide them from me?" — Job xxxviii, 2, 3.

TO look upon God with eyes of flesh is impossible: for the incorporeal cannot be subject to bodily sight: and the only begotten Son of God himself hath testified, saying, "No man hath seen God at any time." For if, according to that which is written in Ezekiel, any one should understand that Ezekiel saw him, yet what saith the Scripture? "He saw the likeness of the glory of the Lord;" not the Lord himself, but the likeness of his glory, not the glory itself as it really is. And when he saw merely the likeness of the glory, and not the glory itself, he fell to the earth from fear.

Now if the sight of the likeness of the glory brought fear

and distress upon the prophets, any one who should attempt to behold God himself would to a certainty lose his life, according to the saying, "No man shall see my face and live." For this cause God, of his great loving-kindness, spread out the heaven as a veil of his proper Godhead, that we should not perish. The word is not mine, but the prophet's: "If thou shalt rend the heavens, trembling will take hold of the mountains at sight of thee, and they will flow down." And why dost thou wonder that Ezekiel fell down on seeing the likeness of the glory, when Daniel, at the sight of Gabriel, though but a servant of God, straightway shuddered and fell on his face, and, prophet as he was, dared not answer him until the angel transformed himself into the likeness of a son of man? Now if the appearing of Gabriel wrought trembling in the prophets, had God himself been seen as he is, would not all have perished?

The Divine Nature, then, it is impossible to see with eyes of flesh: but from the works, which are divine, it is possible to attain to some conception of his power, according to Solomon, who says, "For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the Maker of them is seen." He said not that from the creatures the Maker is seen, but added proportionably. For God appears the greater to every man in proportion as he has grasped a larger survey of the creatures: and when his heart is uplifted by that larger survey he gains withal a greater conception of God.

Wouldst thou learn that to comprehend the nature of God is impossible? The Three Children in the furnace of fire, as they hymn the praises of God, say, "Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the cherubim." Tell me what is the nature of the cherubim, and then look upon him who sitteth upon them. And yet Ezekiel the prophet

even made a description of them as far as was possible, saying that every one has four faces, one of a man, another of a lion, another of an eagle, and another of a calf; and that each one had six wings, and they had eyes on all sides; and that under each one was a wheel of four sides. Nevertheless, though the prophet makes the explanation, we cannot yet understand it even as we read. But if we cannot understand the throne which he has described, how shall we be able to comprehend him who sitteth thereon, the invisible and ineffable God? To scrutinize, then, the nature of God is impossible: but it is in our power to send up praises of his glory for his works that are seen.

These things I say to you because of the following context of the Creed, and because we say, "We believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;" in order that we may remember that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the same as he that made the heaven and the earth, and that we may make ourselves safe against the wrong paths of the godless heretics who have dared to speak evil of the Allwise Artificer of all this world, men who see with eyes of flesh, but have the eyes of their understanding blinded.

For what fault have they to find with the vast creation of God? — they, who ought to have been struck with amazement on beholding the vaultings of the heavens; they, who ought to have worshipped him who reared the sky as a dome, who out of the fluid nature of the waters formed the stable substance of the heaven. For "God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the water." God spake once for all, and it stands fast and falls not. The heaven is water; and the orbs therein — sun, moon, and stars — are of fire: and how do the orbs of fire run their course in the water?

But if any one disputes this because of the opposite natures of fire and water, let him remember the fire which in the time of Moses in Egypt flamed amid the hail, and observe the all-wise workmanship of God. For since there was need of water, because the earth was to be tilled, he made the heaven above of water, that when the region of the earth should need watering by showers the heaven might, from its nature, be ready for this purpose.

But what? Is there not cause to wonder when one looks at the constitution of the sun? For, being to the sight as is were a small body, he contains a mighty power, appearing from the east, and sending forth his light unto the west; whose rising at dawn the Psalmist described, saying: "And he cometh forth out of his chamber as a bridegroom." He was describing the brightness and moderation of his state on first becoming visible unto men: for when he rides at high noon we often flee from his blaze: but at his rising he is welcome to all as a bridegroom to look on.

Observe also his arrangement (or rather not his, but the arrangement of him who by an ordinance determined his course), how in summer he rises higher and makes the days longer, giving men good time for their works: but in winter contracts his course, that the period of cold may be increased, and that the nights, becoming longer, may contribute to men's rest, and contribute also to the fruitfulness of the products of the earth. See also how the days alternately respond each to other in due order, in summer increasing, and in winter diminishing; but in spring and autumn granting equal intervals one to another. And the nights again complete the like courses; so that the Psalmist also says of them, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night proclaimeth knowledge." For to the heretics who have no ears they all but

cry aloud, and by their good order say that there is none other God save the Creator who hath set them their bounds and laid out the order of the Universe.

But let no one tolerate any who say that one is the Creator of the light, and another of darkness; for let him remember how Isaiah says, "I am the God who made the light, and created darkness." Why, O man, art thou vexed thereat? Why art thou offended at the time that is given thee for rest? A servant would have had no rest from his masters had not the darkness necessarily brought a respite. And often, after wearying ourselves in the day, how are we refreshed in the night, and he who was yesterday worn with toils rises vigorous in the morning because of the night's rest? And what more helpful to wisdom than the night? For herein oftentimes we set before our minds the things of God; and herein we read and contemplate the Divine oracles. And when is our mind most attuned to psalmody and prayer? Is it not at night? And when have we often called our own sins to remembrance? Is it not at night? Let us not, then, admit the evil thought that another is the maker of darkness, for experience shows that this also is good and useful.

They ought to have felt astonishment and admiration not only at the arrangement of sun and moon, but also at the well-ordered choirs of the stars, their unimpeded courses, and their risings in the seasons due to each: and how some are signs of summer, and others of winter; and how some mark the season for sowing, and others show the commencement of navigation. And a man sitting in his ship, and sailing amid the boundless waves, steers his ship by looking at the stars. For of these matters the Scripture says well, "And let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for years," not for fables of

astrology and nativities. But observe how he has also graciously given us the light of day by gradual increase: for we do not see the sun at once arise; but just a little light runs on before, in order that the pupil of the eye may be enabled by previous trial to look upon his stronger beam: see, also, how he has relieved the darkness of the night by rays of moonlight.

"Who is the father of the rain? And who hath begotten the drops of dew?" Who condensed the air into clouds and bade them carry the waters of the rain, now "bringing golden-tinted clouds from the north," now changing these into one uniform appearance, and again transforming them into manifold circles and other shapes? "Who can number the clouds in wisdom?" Whereof in Job it saith, "And he knoweth the separations of the clouds, and hath bent down the heavens to the earth:" and, "He who numbereth the clouds in wisdom:" and, "The cloud is not rent under him." For so many measures of waters lie upon the clouds, yet they are not rent: but come down with all good order upon the earth. Who "bringeth the winds out of their treasuries"? And who, as we have said before, is he that "hath begotten the drops of dew?" "And out of whose womb cometh the ice?" For its substance is like water, and its strength like stone. And at one time the water becomes "snow like wool," at another it ministers to him "who scattereth the mist like ashes," and at another it is changed into a stony substance; since "He governs the waters as he will." Its nature is uniform, and its action manifold in force. Water becomes in vines "wine that maketh glad the heart of man:" and in olives "oil that maketh man's face to shine:" and is transformed also into "bread that strengtheneth man's heart," and into fruits of all kinds which he hath created.

What should have been the effect of these wonders? Should the Creator have been blasphemed? Or worshipped rather? And so far I have said nothing of the unseen works of his wisdom. Observe, I pray you, the spring, and the flowers of every kind in all their likeness still diverse one from another; the deepest crimson of the rose, and the purest whiteness of the lily: for these spring from the same rain and the same earth, and who makes them to differ? Who fashions them? Observe, pray, the exact care: from the one substance of the tree there is part for shelter, and part for divers fruits: and the Artificer is one. Of the same vine part is for burning, and part for shoots, and part for leaves, and part for tendrils, and part for clusters.

Admire also the great thickness of the knots which run round the reed, as the Artificer hath made them. From one and the same earth come forth creeping things, and wild beasts, and cattle, and trees, and food, and gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, and stone. The nature of the waters is but one, yet from it comes the substance of fishes and of birds; whereby, as the former swim in the waters, so the birds fly in the air.

"This great and wide sea, therein are things creeping innumerable." Who can describe the beauty of the fishes that are therein? Who can describe the greatness of the whales, and the nature of its amphibious animals, how they live both on dry land and in the waters? Who can tell the depth and the breadth of the sea, or the force of its enormous waves? Yet it stays at its bounds, because of him who said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, but within thyself shall thy waves be broken." Which sea also clearly shows the word of the command imposed upon it, since, after it has run up, it leaves upon the beach a visible line made by

the waves, showing, as it were, to those who see it, that it has not passed its appointed bounds.

Who can discern the nature of the birds of the air? How some carry with them a voice of melody, and others are variegated with all manner of painting on their wings, and others fly up into mid-air and float motionless, as the hawk: for by the Divine command "the hawk spreadeth out his wings and floateth motionless, looking toward the south." What man can behold the eagle's lofty flight? If, then, thou canst not discern the soaring of the most senseless of the birds, how wouldest thou understand the Maker of all?

Who among men knows even the names of all wild beasts? Or who can accurately discern the physiology of each? But if of the wild beasts we know not even the mere names, how shall we comprehend the Maker of them? God's command was but one, which said, "Let the earth bring forth wild beasts, and cattle, and creeping things, after their kinds:" and from one earth, by one command, have sprung diverse natures, the gentle sheep and the carnivorous lion, and various instincts of irrational animals, bearing resemblance to the various characters of men; the fox to manifest the craft that is in men, and the snake the venomous treachery of friends, and the neighing horse the wantoness of young men, and the laborious ant to arouse the sluggish and the dull: for when a man passes his youth in idleness, then he is instructed by the irrational animals, being reproved by the divine Scripture saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, see and emulate her ways, and become wiser than she." For when thou seest her treasuring up her food in good season, imitate her, and treasure up for thyself fruits of good works for the world to come. And again, "Go to the bee, and learn how industrious she is:" how, hovering round all kinds of flowers, she

collects her honey for thy benefit: that thou also, by ranging over the holy Scriptures, mayest lay hold of salvation for thyself, and, being filled with them, mayest say, "How sweet are thy words unto my throat! yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb unto my mouth!"

Is not, then, the Artificer worthy the rather to be glorified? For what? If thou knowest not the nature of all things, do the things that have been made forthwith become useless? Canst thou know the efficacy of all herbs? Or canst thou learn all the benefit which proceeds from every animal? Ere now even from venomous adders have come antidotes for the preservation of men. But thou wilt say to me, "The snake is terrible." Fear thou the Lord, and it shall not be able to hurt thee. "A scorpion stings." Fear the Lord, and it shall not sting thee. "A lion is bloodthirsty." Fear thou the Lord, and he shall lie down beside thee, as by Daniel. But truly wonderful also is the action of the animals: how some, as the scorpion, have the sharpness in a sting; and others have their power in their teeth; and others do battle with their claws; while the basilisk's power is his gaze. So, then, from this varied workmanship understand the Creator's power.

But these things perhaps thou knowest not: thou wouldest have nothing in common with the creatures which are without thee. Enter now into thyself, and from thine own nature consider its Artificer. What is there to find fault with in the framing of thy body? Be master of thyself, and nothing evil shall proceed from any of thy members. Adam was at first without clothing in Paradise with Eve, but it was not because of his members that he deserved to be cast out. The members, then, are not the cause of sin, but they who use their members amiss; and the Maker thereof is wise.

Who prepared the recesses of the womb for child-bearing? Who gave life to the lifeless thing within it? Who "knitted us with sinews and bones, and clothed us with skin and flesh," and, as soon as the child was born, brought streams of milk out of the breasts? How grows the babe into a boy, and the boy into a youth, and then into a man; and, still the same, passes again into an old man, while no one notices the exact change from day to day? Of the food, how is one part changed into blood, and another separated for excretion, and another part changed into flesh? Who gives to the heart its unceasing motion? Who wisely guarded the tenderness of the eyes with the fence of the eyelids? For as to the complicated and wonderful contrivance of the eyes, the voluminous books of the physicians hardly give us explanation. Who distributes the one breath to the whole body? Thou seest, O man, the Artificer, thou seest the wise Creator.

These points my discourse has now treated at large, having left out many, yea, ten thousand other things, and especially things incorporeal and invisible, that thou mayest abhor those who blaspheme the wise and good Artificer; and from what is spoken and read, and whatever thou canst thyself discover or conceive, "from the greatness and beauty of the creatures mayest proportionably see the maker of them," and bending the knee with godly reverence to the Maker of the worlds,—the worlds, I mean, of sense and thought, both visible and invisible,—thou mayest, with a grateful and holy tongue, with unwearied lips and heart, praise God and say, "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom hast thou made them all." For to thee belongeth honor, and glory, and majesty, both now and throughout all ages. Amen.

LEO THE GREAT

LEO THE GREAT, one of the most distinguished of the early Roman pontiffs, was born, probably in Rome, about 390 A.D. Very little is known of his history prior to his elevation to the primacy in 440, when he was only in deacon's orders. He was the first pope to hold the monarchical view of the papacy, and he labored zealously to extend the scope of the Roman primacy. He visited Attila in 452 and induced him to spare Rome at that time; and when Genseric sacked the city in 455 he was able to moderate somewhat the ferocity of the barbarians. His death occurred November 10, 461. The Roman Church commemorates his virtues on April 11, and the Greek Church on February 18. Ninety-five sermons of his remain, and several dogmatic epistles. He possessed a forcible, epigrammatic style, was nearly always clear, and often rose to eloquence. His theology was of a practical rather than of a speculative character. He is styled by Canon Gore not only the representative of his age, "but in any adequate sense its only representative. In all the period of his greatest activity he was the only great man; the only man of first-rate importance, alive; he was the theologian of the age, the administrator of the age, the governor of the age, the man of greatest intellect of the age, the representative, also, for the age, of the power of civilization against the forces of barbarism."

A HOMILY ON THE BEATITUDES

WHEN our Lord Jesus Christ, beloved, was preaching the gospel of the Kingdom, and was healing divers sicknesses through the whole of Galilee, the fame of his mighty works had spread into all Syria: large crowds, too, from all parts of Judæa, were flocking to the heavenly Physician. For as human ignorance is slow in believing what it does not see, and in hoping for what it does not know, those who were to be instructed in the divine lore needed to be aroused by bodily benefits and visible miracles: so that they might have no doubt as to the wholesomeness of his teaching when they actually experienced his benignant power.

And therefore, that the Lord might use outward healings as an introduction to inward remedies, and after healing bodies might work cures in the soul, he separated himself from the surrounding crowd, ascended into the retirement of a neighboring mountain, and called his apostles to him there, that from the height of that mystic seat he might instruct them in the loftier doctrines, signifying from the very nature of the place and act that he it was who had once honored Moses by speaking to him: then, indeed, with a more terrifying justice, but now with a holier mercifulness, that what had been promised might be fulfilled when the prophet Jeremiah says:

"Behold the days come when I will complete a new covenant for the house of Israel and for the house of Judah. After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws in their minds, and in their heart will I write them." He, therefore, who had spoken to Moses, spoke also to the apostles, and the swift hand of the Word wrote and deposited the secrets of the new covenant in the disciples' hearts: there were no thick clouds surrounding him as of old, nor were the people frightened off from approaching the mountain by frightful sounds and lightning, but quietly and freely his discourse reached the ears of those who stood by, that the harshness of the law might give way before the gentleness of grace, and "the spirit of adoption" might dispel the terrors of bondage.

The nature, then, of Christ's teaching is attested by his own holy statements: that they who wish to arrive at eternal blessedness may understand the steps of ascent to that high happiness. "Blessed," he saith, "are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It would perhaps be doubtful what poor he was speaking of, if in saying "Blessed are the poor" he had added nothing which would explain the sort of poor: and then that poverty by itself would appear sufficient

to win the kingdom of heaven which many suffer from hard and heavy necessity. But when he says "Blessed are the poor in spirit" he shows that the kingdom of heaven must be assigned to those who are recommended by the humility of their spirits rather than by the smallness of their means. Yet it cannot be doubted that this possession of humility is more easily acquired by the poor than the rich: for submissiveness is the companion of those that want, while loftiness of mind dwells with riches. Notwithstanding, even in many of the rich is found that spirit which uses its abundance, not for the increasing of its pride, but on works of kindness, and counts that for the greatest gain which it expends in the relief of others' hardships. It is given to every kind and rank of men to share in this virtue, because men may be equal in will though unequal in fortune: and it does not matter how different they are in earthly means who are found equal in spiritual possessions. Blessed, therefore, is poverty which is not possessed with a love of temporal things, and does not seek to be increased with the riches of the world, but is eager to amass heavenly possessions.

Of this high-souled humility the apostles first, after the Lord, have given us example, who, leaving all that they had without difference at the voice of the heavenly Master, were turned by a ready change from the catching of fish to be fishers of men, and made many like themselves through the imitation of their faith, when with those first-begotten sons of the Church, "the heart of all was one, and the spirit one, of those that believed:" for they, putting away the whole of their things and possessions, enriched themselves with eternal goods, through the most devoted poverty, and in accordance with the apostles' preaching rejoiced to have nothing of the world and possess all things with Christ. Hence the blessed apostle

Peter, when he was going up into the temple, and was asked for alms by the lame man, said, "Silver and gold is not mine, but what I have that I give thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth arise and walk." What more sublime than this humility? what richer than this poverty? He hath not stores of money but he hath gifts of nature. He whom his mother hath brought forth lame from the womb is made whole by Peter with a word; and he who gave not Cæsar's image in a coin restored Christ's image on the man. And by the riches of this treasure not he only was aided whose power of walking was restored, but five thousand men also who then believed at the apostle's exhortation on account of the wonder of this cure. And that poor man who had not what to give to the asker bestowed so great a bounty of divine grace that, as he had set one man straight on his feet, so he healed these many thousands of believers in their hearts, and made them "leap as an hart" in Christ whom he had found limping in Jewish unbelief.

After the assertion of this most happy humility, the Lord hath added, saying, "Blessed are they which mourn, for they shall be comforted." This mourning, beloved, to which eternal comforting is promised, is not the same as the affliction of this world: nor do those laments which are poured out in the sorrowings of the whole human race make any one blessed. The reason for holy groanings, the cause of blessed tears, is very different. Religious grief mourns sin either that of others' or one's own: nor does it mourn for that which is wrought by God's justice, but it laments over that which is committed by man's iniquity, where he that does wrong is more to be deplored than he who suffers it, because the unjust man's wrong-doing plunges him into punishment, but the just man's endurance leads him on to glory.

Next the Lord says: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the earth by inheritance." To the meek and gentle, to the humble and modest, and to those who are prepared to endure all injuries, the earth is promised for their possession. And this is not to be reckoned a small or cheap inheritance, as if it were distinct from our heavenly dwelling, since it is no other than these who are understood to enter the kingdom of heaven. The earth, then, which is promised to the meek and is to be given to the gentle in possession, is the flesh of the saints, which in reward for their humility will be changed in a happy resurrection, and clothed with the glory of immortality, in nothing now to act contrary to the spirit, and to be in complete unity and agreement with the will of the soul.

For then the outer man will be the peaceful and unblemished possession of the inner man: then the mind, engrossed in beholding God, will be hampered by no obstacles of human weakness, nor will it any more have to be said, "The body which is corrupted, weigheth upon the soul, and its earthly house presseth down the sense which thinketh many things:" for the earth will not struggle against its tenant, and will not venture on any insubordination against the rule of its governor. For the meek shall possess in perpetual peace, and nothing shall be taken from their rights, "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality:" that their danger may turn into reward, and what was a burden become an honor.

After this the Lord goes on to say: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied." It is nothing bodily, nothing earthly, that this hunger, this thirst seeks for: but it desires to be satiated with the good food of righteousness, and wants to be admitted to all the deepest mysteries, and be filled with the Lord himself. Happy

the mind that craves this food and is eager for such drink, which it certainly would not seek for if it had never tasted of its sweetness. But hearing the prophet's spirit saying to him, "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet," it has received some portion of sweetness from on high, and blazed out into love of the purest pleasure, so that, spurning all things temporal, it is seized with the utmost eagerness for eating and drinking righteousness, and grasps the truth of that first commandment which says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God out of all thy heart, and out of all thy mind, and out of all thy strength:" since to love God is nothing else but to love righteousness. In fine, as in that passage the care for one's neighbor is joined to the love of God, so, too, here the virtue of mercy is linked to the desire for righteousness, and it is said:

"Blessed are the merciful, for God shall have mercy on them." Recognize, Christian, the worth of thy wisdom, and understand to what rewards thou art called and by what methods of discipline thou must attain thereto. Mercy wishes thee to be merciful, righteousness to be righteous, that the Creator may be seen in his creature, and the image of God may be reflected in the mirror of the human heart expressed by the lines of imitation. The faith of those who do good is free from anxiety: thou shalt have all thy desires and shalt obtain without end what thou lovest. And since, through thine almsgiving, all things are pure to thee, to that blessedness also thou shalt attain which is promised in consequence where the Lord says:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Great is the happiness, beloved, of him for whom so great a reward is prepared. What, then, is it to have the heart pure but to strive after those virtues which are mentioned

above? And how great the blessedness of seeing God, what mind can conceive, what tongue declare? And yet this shall ensue when man's nature is transformed, so that no longer "in a mirror," nor "in a riddle," but "face to face" it sees the very Godhead "as he is," which no man could see; and through the unspeakable joy of eternal contemplation obtains that "which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither has entered into the heart of man." Rightly is this blessedness promised to purity of heart. For the brightness of the true light will not be able to be seen by the unclean sight; and that which will be happiness to minds that are bright and clean will be a punishment to those that are stained. Therefore let the mists of earth's vanities be shunned, and your inward eyes purged from all the filth of wickedness, that the sight may be free to feed on this great manifestation of God. For to the attainment of this we understand what follows to lead.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God." This blessedness, beloved, belongs not to any and every kind of agreement and harmony, but to that of which the Apostle speaks: "Have peace towards God;" and of which the prophet David speaks: "Much peace have they that love thy law, and they have no cause of offence." This peace even the closest ties of friendship and the exactest likeness of mind do not really gain if they do not agree with God's will. Similarity of bad desires, leagues in crimes, associations of vice, cannot merit this peace. The love of the world does not consort with the love of God, nor doth he enter the alliance of the sons of God who will not separate himself from the children of this generation, whereas they who are in mind always with God, "giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," never dissent from the eternal law, uttering that prayer of faith, "Thy will be done as in

heaven so on earth." These are "the peacemakers," these are thoroughly of one mind and fully harmonious, and are to be called sons "of God and joint-heirs with Christ," because this shall be the record of the love of God and the love of our neighbor, that we shall suffer no calamities, be in fear of no offence, but, all the strife of trial ended, rest in God's most perfect peace, through our Lord, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

SAINT HILARY

SAINT HILARY, a renowned bishop of the early Gallican Church, was born in Gaul about 404 A.D. He was educated for secular pursuits, but his friend Honoratus, afterward bishop of Arles, induced him to take up a monastic life and enter the convent of Lerins. Hilary was still a very young man at this time, and when, in a few years, Honoratus became bishop of Arles, Hilary left the cloister at the other's wish, in order to be his assistant or, possibly, secretary. On the death of Honoratus in 429 Hilary was elected to the see. He lived very simply, abhorring show, and made all his diocesan journeys on foot. He was zealous in enforcing discipline, strong-willed, and fond of controversy, as is shown by his long and bitter dispute with Pope Leo the Great, which, however, was amicably settled at last. He was both learned and charitable, and was famed for his eloquence in preaching. His sermons sometimes lasted four hours, which obliged his hearers to sit down during the discourse, contrary to the usual custom. The authorship of the Athanasian Creed has sometimes been ascribed to him. Among his works are a "Life of Honoratus," and "Metrium in Genesen" (an account of the Creation in hexameters) dedicated to Pope Leo. He must not be confounded with Saint Hilary of Poitiers.

HOMILY ON PSALM LIII

"For the end among the hymns, of the meaning of David when the Ziphims came and said to Saul: Behold, is not David hid with us?

"Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy power. Hear my prayer, O God; give ear unto the words of my mouth," etc.

THE doctrines of the gospel were well known to holy and blessed David in his capacity of prophet, and although it was under the law that he lived his bodily life, he yet fulfilled, as far as in him lay, the requirements of the apostolic behest and justified the witness borne to him by God in the words: "I have found a man after my own heart, David, the son of Jesse."

He did not avenge himself upon his foes by war; he did

not oppose force of arms to those that laid wait for him; but after the pattern of the Lord, whose name and whose meekness alike he foreshadowed, when he was betrayed he entreated, when he was in danger he sang psalms, when he incurred hatred he rejoiced; and for this cause he was found a man after God's own heart. For although twelve legions of angels might have come to the help of the Lord in his hour of passion, yet that he might perfectly fulfil his service of humble obedience, he surrendered himself to suffering and weakness, only praying with the words: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

After the same pattern, David, whose actual sufferings prophetically foretold the future sufferings of the Lord, opposed not his enemies either by word or act; in obedience to the command of the gospel he would not render evil for evil; in imitation of his Master's meekness, in his affliction, in his betrayal, in his flight, he called upon the Lord and was content to use his weapons only in his contest with the ungodly.

Now to this psalm is prefixed a title arising out of an historical event; but before the event is described we are instructed as to the scope, time, and application of the incidents underlying it. First we have: "For the end of the meaning of that David." Then there follows: "When the Ziphims came and said to Saul: Behold, is not David hid with us?" Thus David's betrayal by the Ziphims awaits for its interpretation the end. This shows that what was actually being done to David contained a type of something yet to come; an innocent man is harassed by railing, a prophet is mocked by reviling words, one approved by God is demanded for execution, a king is betrayed to his foe.

So the Lord was betrayed to Herod and Pilate by those very men in whose hands he ought to have been safe. The psalm

then awaits the end for its interpretation, and finds its meaning in the true David, in whom is the end of the law; that David who holds the keys and opens with them the gate of knowledge, in fulfilling the things foretold of him by David.

The meaning of the proper name, according to the exact sense of the Hebrew, affords us no small assistance in interpreting the passage. "Ziphims" means what we call sprinklings of the face; these were called in Hebrew "Ziphims." Now, by the law, sprinkling was a cleansing from sins; it purified the people through faith by the sprinkling of blood, of which this same blessed David thus speaks: "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed;" the law, through faith, providing as a temporary substitute, in the blood of whole burnt-offerings, a type of the sprinkling with the blood of the Lord, which was to be. But this people, like the people of the Ziphims, being sprinkled on their face and not in their faith, and receiving the cleansing drops on their lips and not in their hearts, turned faithless and traitors toward their David, as God had foretold by the prophet: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." They were ready to betray David because, the faith of their heart being dead, they had performed all the mystical ceremonies of the law with deceitful face.

"Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy power. Hear my prayer, O God; give ear unto the words of my mouth."

The suffering of the prophet David is, according to the account we have given of the title, a type of the passion of our God and Lord Jesus Christ. This is why his prayer also corresponds in sense with the prayer of him who, being the Word, was made flesh: in such wise that he who suffered all things after the manner of man, in everything he said, spoke

after the manner of man; and he who bore the infirmities and took on him the sins of men approached God in prayer with the humility proper to men.

This interpretation, even though we be unwilling and slow to receive it, is required by the meaning and force of the words, so that there can be no doubt that everything in the psalm is uttered by David as his mouthpiece. For he says: "Save me, O God, by thy name." Thus prays in bodily humiliation, using the words of his own prophet, the only-begotten Son of God, who at the same time was claiming again the glory which he had possessed before the ages. He asks to be saved by the name of God whereby he was called and wherein he was begotten, in order that the name of God, which rightly belonged to his former nature and kind, might avail to save him in that body wherein he had been born.

And because the whole of this passage is the utterance of one in the form of a servant — of a servant obedient unto the death of the cross — which he took upon him and for which he supplicates the saving help of the name that belongs to God, and being sure of salvation by that name, he immediately adds "and judge me by thy power."

For now, as the reward for his humility in emptying himself and assuming the form of a servant, in the same humility in which he had assumed it, he was asking to resume the form which he shared with God, having saved to bear the name of God that humanity in which, as God, he had obediently condescended to be born. And in order to teach us that the dignity of this name whereby he prayed to be saved is something more than an empty title, he prays to be judged by the power of God. For a right award is the essential result of judgment, as the Scripture says: "Becoming obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore also God

highly exalted him and gave unto him the name which is above every name."

Thus, first of all, the name which is above every name is given unto him; then, next, this is a judgment of decisive force, because by the power of God he who, after being God, had died as man, rose again from death as man to be God, as the Apostle says: "He was crucified from weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God," and again: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

For by the power of the judgment human weakness is rescued to bear God's name and nature; and thus, as the reward for his obedience, he is exalted by the power of this judgment unto the saving protection of God's name; whence he possesses both the name and the power of God. Again, if the prophet had begun this utterance in the way men generally speak, he would have asked to be judged by mercy or kindness, not by power. But judgment by power was a necessity in the case of one who, being the Son of God, was born of a virgin to be son of man, and who, now being son of man, was to have the name and power of the Son of God restored to him by the power of judgment.

Next there follows: "Hear my prayer, O God, give ear unto the words of my mouth." The obvious thing for the prophet to say was, "O God, hear me." But because he is speaking as the mouthpiece of him who alone knew how to pray, we are given a constantly reiterated demand that prayer shall be heard. The words of St. Paul teach us that no man knows how he ought to pray: "For we know not how to pray as we ought."

Man, in his weakness, therefore, has no right to demand that his prayer shall be heard: for even the teacher of the

Gentiles does not know the true object and scope of prayer, and that after the Lord had given a model. What we are shown here is the perfect confidence of him who alone sees the Father, who alone knows the Father, who alone can pray the whole night through — the gospel tells us that the Lord continued all night in prayer — who in the mirror of words has shown us the true image of the deepest of all mysteries in the simple words we use in prayer. And so, in making the demand that his prayer should be heard, he added, in order to teach us that this was the prerogative of his perfect confidence: "Give ear unto the words of my mouth."

Now, can any man suppose that it is a human confidence which can thus desire that the words of his mouth should be heard? — those words, for instance, in which we express the motions and instincts of the mind, either when anger inflames us, or hatred moves us to slander, or pain to complaint, when flattery makes us fawn, when hope of gain or shame of the truth begets the lie, or resentment over injury, the insult? Was there ever any man at all points so pure and patient in his life as not to be liable to these failings of human instability? He alone could confidently desire this who did no sin, in whose mouth was no deceit, who gave his back to the smiters, who turned not his cheek from the blow, who did not resent scorn and spitting, who never crossed the will of him to whose will ordering it all he gave in all points glad obedience.

He has next added the reason why he prays for his words to be heard: "For strangers are risen up against me, and violent men have sought after my soul; they have not set God before their eyes." The only-begotten Son of God, the Word of God, and God the Word,— although assuredly he could himself do all things that the Father could, as he says:

"What things soever the Father doeth, the Son also doeth in like manner," while the name describing the divine nature which was his inseparably involved the inseparable possession of divine power,—yet, in order that he might present to us a perfect example of human humility, both prayed for and underwent all things that are the lot of man.

Sharing in our common weakness, he prayed the Father to save him, so that he might teach us that he was born man under all the conditions of man's infirmity. This is why he was hungry and thirsty, slept and was weary, shunned the assemblies of the ungodly, was sad and wept, suffered and died. And it was in order to make it clear that he was subject to all these conditions, not by his nature, but by assumption, that when he had undergone them all he rose again.

Thus all his complaints in the Psalms spring from a mental state belonging to our nature. Nor must it cause surprise if we take the words of the Psalms in this sense, seeing that the Lord himself testified, if we believe the gospel, that the Psalms spiritually foretold his passion.

Now they were "strangers that rose up against him." For these are no sons of Abraham, nor sons of God, but a brood of vipers, servants of sin, a Canaanitish seed, their father an Amorite and their mother a daughter of Heth, inheriting diabolical desires from the devil their parent. Further it is "the violent" that seek after his soul: such as was Herod when he asked the chief priest where Christ should be born; such as was the whole synagogue when it bore false witness against him. But in deeming this soul to be of human nature and weakness "they set not God before their eyes;" for God had stooped from that estate wherein he abode as God, even to the beginnings of human birth; that is, he became son of man who before was the Son of God. For the Son

of God is none other than he who is son of man, and son of man not in partial measure, but born so, the form of God divesting itself of that which it was and becoming that which it was not, that so it might be born into a soul and body of its own.

Hence he is both Son of God and son of man, hence both God and man: in other words the Son of God was born with the attributes derived from human birth, the nature of God condescending to assume the nature of one born as man who is wholly moulded of soul and flesh. Wherefore strangers, when they rise up against him, and the mighty, when they seek after that soul of his which in the gospels is often sad and cast down, set not God before their eyes, because God it was, and the Son of God existing from out the ages, that was born with the attributes of human nature, was born as man, that is, with our body and our soul, by a virgin birth; the mighty and glorious works he wrought never opened their eyes to the fact that the son of man whose soul they were seeking had come to be man with a beginning of life after an eternal existence as Son of God.

The introduction of a pause marks a change of person. He no longer speaks, but is addressed. For now the prophetic utterance assumes a general character. Thus, immediately after the prayer addressed to God, he has added, in order that the confidence of the speaker might be understood to have obtained what he was asking even in the very moment of asking: "Behold, God is my helper and the Lord is the upholder of my soul. He has requited evil unto mine enemies."

To each separate petition he has assigned its proper result, thus teaching us both that God does not neglect to hear, and that to look for a pledge of his pitifulness in hearing our

several petitions is not a thing unreasonable. For to the words, "For strangers are risen up against me," the corresponding statement is: "God is my helper," while with regard to "and the violent have sought after my soul," the exact result of the hearing of his prayer is expressed in the words: "And the Lord is the upholder of my soul." Lastly the statement, "they have not set God before their eyes," is appropriately balanced by, "He hath requited evil unto mine enemies."

Thus God both gives help against those that rise up, and upholds the soul of his Holy One when it is sought by the violent; and when he is not set before the eyes, nor considered by the ungodly, he requites upon his enemies the very evils which they had wrought; so that, while without thinking upon God they seek the soul of the righteous and rise up against him, he is saved and upheld, and they find that he whom, absorbed in their wicked works, they did not consider, avenges their malice by turning it against themselves.

Let pure religion, therefore, have this confidence, and doubt not that amid the persecutions at the hand of man and the dangers to the soul, it still has God for its helper, knowing that, if at length it comes to a violent and unjust death, the soul, on leaving the tabernacle of the body, finds rest with God its upholder; let it have, moreover, perfect assurance of requital in the thought that all evil deeds return upon the heads of those that work them.

God cannot be charged with injustice, and perfect goodness is unstained by the impulses and motions of an evil will. He does not awaken mischief out of malice, but requites it in vengeance; he does not inflict it because he wishes us ill, but he aims it against our sins. For these evils are universally appointed as instruments of retribution without destruc-

tion of life, such being the sternly just ordinance of that righteous judgment.

But these evils are warded off from the righteous by the law of righteousness, and are turned back upon the unrighteous by the righteousness of that judgment. Each proceeding is equally just; for the righteous, because they are righteous, the warning exhibition of evil without actual infliction; for the wicked, because they so deserve, the punitive infliction of evil; the righteous will not suffer it, though it is displayed to them; the wicked will never cease to suffer it, because it is displayed to them.

After this there is a return to the person of God, to whom the petition was at the first addressed: "Destroy them by thy truth." Truth confounds falsehood, and lying is destroyed by truth.

We have shown that the whole of the foregoing prayer is the utterance of that human nature in which the Son of God was born; so here it is the voice of human nature calling upon God the Father to destroy his enemies in his truth. What this truth is, stands beyond doubt; it is of course he who said: "I am the life, the way, the truth." And the enemies were destroyed by the truth when, for all their attempts to win Christ's condemnation by false witness, they heard that he was risen from the dead and had to admit that he had resumed his glory in all the reality of Godhead. Ere long they found, in ruin and destruction by famine and war, their reward for crucifying God; for they condemned the Lord of Life to death, and paid no heed to God's truth displayed in him through his glorious works. And thus the truth of God destroyed them when he rose again to resume the majesty of his Father's glory, and gave proof of the truth of that perfect divinity which he possessed.

Now, in view of our repeated, nay our unbroken assertion, both that it was the only-begotten Son of God who was uplifted on the cross, and that he was condemned to death who is eternal by virtue of the origin which is his by the nature which he derives from the eternal Father, it must be clearly understood that he was subjected to suffering of no natural necessity, but to accomplish the mystery of man's salvation; that he submitted to suffering of his own will, and not under compulsion. And although this suffering did not belong to his nature as eternal Son, the immutability of God being proof against the assault of any derogatory disturbance, yet it was freely undertaken, and was intended to fulfil a penal function without, however, inflicting the pain of penalty upon the sufferer; not that the suffering in question was not of a kind to cause pain, but because the divine nature feels no pain. God suffered, then, by voluntarily submitting to suffering; but although he underwent the sufferings in all the fulness of their force, which necessarily causes pain to the sufferers, yet he never so abandoned the powers of his nature as to feel pain.

For next there follows: "I will sacrifice untc thee freely." The sacrifices of the law, which consisted of whole burnt offerings and oblations of goats and of bulls, did not involve an expression of free will, because the sentence of a curse was pronounced on all who broke the law. Whoever failed to sacrifice laid himself open to the curse. And it was always necessary to go through the whole sacrificial action because the addition of a curse to the commandment forbade any trifling with the obligation of offering. It was from this curse that our Lord Jesus Christ redeemed us, when, as the apostle says: "Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."

Thus he offered himself to the death of the accursed that he might break the curse of the law, offering himself voluntarily a victim to God the Father, in order that by means of a voluntary victim the curse which attended the discontinuance of the regular victim might be removed. Now of this sacrifice mention is made in another passage of the Psalms: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared for me," that is, by offering to God the Father, who refused the legal sacrifices, the acceptable offering of the body which he received. Of which offering the holy Apostle thus speaks: "For this he did once for all when he offered himself up," securing complete salvation for the human race by the offering of this holy, perfect victim.

Then he gives thanks to God the Father for the accomplishment of all these acts: "I will give thanks unto thy name, O Lord, for it is good, for thou hast delivered me out of all affliction." He has assigned to each clause its strict fulfilment. Thus at the beginning he had said: "Save me, O God, by thy name;" after the prayers had been heard it was right that there should follow a corresponding ascription of thanks, in order that confession might be made to his name by whose name he had prayed to be saved, and that inasmuch as he had asked for help against the strangers that rose up against him, he might set on record that he had received it in the burst of joy expressed in the words: "Thou hast delivered me out of all affliction." Then, in respect of the fact that the violent, in seeking after his soul, did not set God before their eyes, he has declared his eternal possession of unchangeable divinity in the words: "And mine eye hath looked down upon mine enemies." For the only-begotten Son of God was not cut off by death.

It is true that in order to take the whole of our nature

upon him he submitted to death, that is to the apparent severance of soul and body, and made his way even to the realms below, the debt which man must manifestly pay: but he rose again and abides forever and looks down with an eye that death cannot dim upon his enemies, being exalted into the glory of God and born once more Son of God after becoming son of man, as he had been Son of God when he first became son of man, by the glory of his resurrection. He looks down upon his enemies to whom he once said: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up." And so, now that this temple of his body has been built again, he surveys from his throne on high those who sought after his soul, and, set far beyond the power of human death, he looks down from heaven upon those who wrought his death, he who suffered death, yet could not die, the God-Man, our Lord Jesus Christ. who is blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

THE VENERABLE BEDE

BEDE or Bæda, the most famous scholar of western Europe in his day, was born in what is now the English shire of Durham, about 673 A.D. At the age of seven he was placed in charge of the abbot Benedict bishop at Wearmouth, and when Benedict shortly after founded the neighboring convent of Jarrow, he was transferred thither, and save for a few brief visits his life was spent at the monastery of Jarrow. He was made deacon at nineteen, and priest at thirty. His time was spent in study, writing and instruction, and he died peacefully in his cell at Jarrow, May 26, 735, a few hours after completing his latest work, a translation of the Gospel of St. John. He was a fair-minded, gentle man, possessed of a strong literary sense, which is best shown in his most famous, as well as most valuable work, the "Historia Ecclesiastica," or "Ecclesiastical History of the Anglian Nation," still the chief authority for the early history of Britain up to the time of its appearance in 731. He was a man of wide learning, his voluminous writings forming almost a cyclopædia of all that was then known, for he was not only conversant with the existing sciences, but was historian, biographer, musician, and even singer and improvisator as well. In the century following his death the title of "Venerable" began to be affixed to his name. Among his writings, besides the "Ecclesiastical History," are commentaries on the Old and New Testaments, a metrical life of St. Cuthbert, a life of St. Felix, and De Natura Rerum.

SERMON ON THE NATIVITY OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

Matt. xvi, 13-19; Mark viii, 27-29; Luke ix, 18-20.

THE holy gospel which has been read to you, my brethren, is worthy of your utmost attention, and should be kept in constant remembrance. For it commends to us perfect faith and shows the strength of such perfect faith against all temptations. If you would know how one ought to believe in Christ, what can be more clear than this which Peter says to him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" If you would hear of what avail is this belief, what can be more plain than this which the Lord says of the Church

to be builded upon him, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" These points will be more fully considered hereafter, each in its own place. I will now proceed to the explanation of the whole passage, taking the sentences in their natural order.

And first, of the place in which the Lord's words were spoken. "Jesus came unto the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi." Philip, as Luke informs us, was tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis. He built a city in the district where the Jordan rises, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, a district which bounds Judea toward the north, and he named it Cæsarea Philippi, after his own name, and at the same time in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, under whom he governed the country.

"Jesus asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" He does not ask as if he knew not what his disciples and others thought of him. He questions the disciples as to their opinion, in order that he may worthily reward their confession of a true faith. For as, when all were questioned, Peter alone answered for all, so what the Lord answered to Peter, in Peter he answered to all. And he asks what others think of him in order that the erroneous opinions of others might be exposed, and so it would be shown that the disciples received the truth of their confession, not from the common belief, but from the very secrets of revelation from the Lord. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" he asks.

Right well does he call them "men" who spoke of him only as Son of man, because they knew not the secrets of his divinity. For they who can receive the mysteries of his divinity are deservedly said to be more than men. The Apostle (Paul) himself beareth witness, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear

heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

And having premised this of men,—that is, of those whose knowledge is from the human heart, the human ear, the human eye,—the Apostle presently adds, of himself and those like him who surpassed the ordinary knowledge of the human race, "but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." In the same way here, when the Lord had questioned the disciples as to whom men held him to be, and they had stated the different views of different persons, he says to them—

"But whom do ye say that I am?" as if setting them apart from ordinary men, and implying that they were made gods and sons of God by adoption, according to that saying of the Psalmist, "I have said, Ye are gods, and ye are all the children of the Most Highest."

"Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He calls him the "living" God by way of distinction from the false gods which heathendom in its various delusions made to itself to worship, either of dead men, or—greater folly still—of insensate matter. Of which false gods it is sung in the psalm, "their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands." And mark well, my beloved, for it is worthy of all admiration, how, when the true view of both the natures of the same Lord our Saviour is to be expressed, it is the Lord who sets forth the humility of the manhood he had taken upon him, the disciple who shows the excellency of the divine eternity. The Lord says of himself that which is the less, the disciple says of the Lord that which is the greater. So, too, in the gospel, the Lord was accustomed to speak of himself much more often as son of man than as Son of God, that he might admonish us of the dispensation which he undertook for us. And we ought

the more humbly to reverence the high things of his divinity, the more we remember that for our exaltation he descended to the low estate of manhood. For if, among the mysteries of the Incarnation by which we have been redeemed, we cherish always in pious memory the power of the divinity by which we have been created, we too, with Peter, are rewarded with blessing from on high. For when Peter confesses him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, see what follows:

"Jesus answered him and said, Blessed are thou, Simon Bar-Jona." It is certain, then, that after true confession of Christ there remain the true rewards of blessedness. Let us now consider attentively what and how great is that name with which he glorifies the perfect confessor of his name, that by a true confession we may deserve to be partakers of this also. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona." Bar-Jona in Syriac signifies "son of a dove." And rightly is the apostle Peter called Son of a Dove, for the dove is without guile, and Peter followed his Lord in prudent and pious guilelessness, mindful of that precept of guilelessness and truth which he and his fellow disciples received from the same Master — "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

And surely, since the Holy Spirit descended upon the Lord in the form of a dove, he is rightly called "Son of a Dove" who is shown to have been filled with the grace of the Spirit. And justly does the Lord reward him who loved him and confessed him, by declaring that he who asserted him to be Son of the living God is son of the Holy Spirit. Of course no faithful man doubts that these two sonships are very different. For the Lord Christ is Son of God by nature: Peter, as also the other elect, son of the Holy Spirit by grace. Christ is Son of the living God because he is born of him: Peter is son of the

either by wrongdoing or by denial, is to be taken as having built the house of his confession, not on a rock with the Lord as his helper, but on sand with no foundation: that is, he must be held to have made pretence of being a Christian, with no simple and true determination to follow Christ, but with some frail, earthly purpose.

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." He who confessed the King of Heaven with a devotion beyond that of others had worthily conferred upon him, beyond others, the keys of the kingdom of heaven; that all might know how that without such confession and faith none may enter into the kingdom of heaven. And he describes, as "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," that knowledge and power of discerning by which the worthy would be received into the kingdom, the unworthy rejected. It is evidently on this account that he added:

"And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." This power of binding and of loosing seems to be given by the Lord to Peter alone; but without the slightest doubt it is given to the other apostles also. Christ himself bears witness to this, for after the triumph of his passion and resurrection he appeared to them, and, breathing on them, said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

Nay, the same function is committed now, in the person of the bishops and priests, to the whole Church, so that after knowledge of the case of sinners it may take pity on those whom it sees to be humble and truly penitent, and absolve them from the fear of eternal death; while it marks as bound under everlasting punishments those whom it finds to be

persistent in their sins. Whence in another place the Lord says of one who is once and again taken in a fault and yet repenteth not, "But if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." And lest any should deem it a light thing to be condemned by the judgment of the Church, he adds presently these terrible words, "Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

To the whole Church, then, of the elect is there given authority to bind and loose according to the measure of sins and of repentance. But the blessed Peter, who confessed Christ with a true faith and followed him with a true love, received in a special manner the keys of the kingdom of heaven and the first place of the power of judgment; in order that all believers throughout the world may understand that no man who in any way separates himself from the unity of faith and fellowship can be absolved from the chains of sin or enter the gate of the kingdom of heaven. So that, my dearest brethren, we must of necessity learn with the utmost care the sacraments of the faith which he taught, and show forth works meet for faith. We must with all vigilance beware of the manifold and subtle snares of the gates of hell, that so we may be worthy to enter into the gates of the daughter of Sion; that is, into the joys of the city which is on high. And let us not suppose that it suffices for salvation that we be like unto the crowds of careless and ignorant persons in faith or in deeds, for there is in the sacred writings one only rule laid down for faith and life. But as often as the examples of those who err are brought before us, let us turn away the eyes of our mind lest they behold vanity, and carefully investigate what truth itself teaches.

Let us follow the example of the blessed Peter, who rejected

the errors of others, and made with the mouth an unwavering profession of the hidden things of the true faith which he had learned, and kept them in his heart with invincible care. For in this place we learn of the faithfulness of confession; while of the virtue of single love for Christ he beareth witness himself in another place, when some of his disciples went back and he said unto the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" Peter answered him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the son of the living God." If we set ourselves to follow his example, my brethren, according to our ability, we too shall be able with him to be called blessed and to be blessed; to us, too, the name of Simon will be meet, that is, of one that obeys Christ; we too, on account of the guilelessness of our faith that is not feigned, and the grace we receive from the Lord, shall be called sons of the virtues of the dove; and he himself, rejoicing with us in the spiritual progress of our soul, shall say, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes."

And so it cometh to pass that if we build on the rock of faith, gold, silver, precious stones, that is, the perfect works of virtues, the fires of tribulation shall bring no harm, the storms of temptation shall not prevail. Nay, rather, proved by adversity, we shall receive the crown of life, promised before the ages by him who liveth and reigneth God, with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

RABANUS

MAGNENTIUS MAURUS RABANUS, or HRABANUS, a mediæval German theologian and prelate, was born of noble parentage at Mainz about 776 A.D. He was educated in the cloister school of Fulda, and afterward at Tours, under the great Alcuin, who gave him the surname of Maurus. He was a teacher at Fulda from 805 to 814, and again in 817. In 822 he was made abbot of the monastery of Fulda, but resigned the office in 842, intending to retire from all active life. In 847, however, he was chosen archbishop of Mainz, and filled that post until his death at Winkel, February 4, 856. He was distinguished for his great learning, but displayed very little original thought in his voluminous writings, among which are commentaries on the Old Testament, the Gospels of Matthew and John, and the Pauline Epistles; "De Institutione Clericorum," his most important work; "De Universo Libri;" "De Laudibus Sanctæ Crucis;" "De Sacris Ordinibus;" "De Disciplinis Ecclesiastica;" "Martyrologium;" several series of homilies, and a number of hymns. He is sometimes incorrectly referred to as Saint Rabanus.

ON PALM SUNDAY

WE celebrate to-day, dear brethren, a feast the meaning of which I think I ought to explain briefly to you during the solemnization of the mass, especially since some of you know the occasion of this feast.

Now the gospel tells us that when our Redeemer, as the time of his passion drew near, was about to go to Jerusalem, he ordered his disciples to bring him an ass. And when it was brought, the apostles put their garments upon it and caused Jesus to sit thereon. Moreover a great multitude of people strewed their garments in the way; and others, cutting down branches from the trees, likewise strewed the way so that the ass proceeded without hindrance. And those who went before and those who followed cried out: "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he who comes in the name of the

Lord; Hosanna in the highest." In such triumph did our Lord Jesus enter Jerusalem.

Since, then, we celebrate this feast in memory of our Redeemer, I think I ought to tell you what these things signify spiritually. First, then, the ass, upon which our Lord sat, signifies the Gentile people, from whom we are descended; whom the apostles have evangelized and freed from the bondage of the enemy, that is, the devil, and brought to Christ. And the putting of garments on the ass represents the covering of the nakedness of sin with the precepts of the Lord and spiritual grace. Thus is our Lord made to sit, that is, to dwell among the Gentiles. Second, tho multitude which strewed its garments in the way signifies the martyrs who have given up their lives for Christ and taught us to endure patiently all hardships for the faith of Christ. Those who cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, represent the teachers, who, taking the testimony of the prophets, daily strew the way for us, that is, make it smooth, so that we may be able, without the hindrance of sin, to enter the holy city, the heavenly Jerusalem. Those, finally, who went before and those who followed, shouting, "Hosanna to the son of David," signify the holy men who were born before the coming of Christ and those who came after his ascension, singing his praises and proclaiming his majesty. For what the prophets and patriarchs had foretold, that the apostles and evangelists now said had come to pass.

Bearing these things in mind, dear brethren, let us consider how great the mercy of our Maker is, who created us good and immortal, and after the first sin and fall of man delivered us from the power of the devil and the bondage of sin through his only-begotten Son. Let us, then, meekly submit to his yoke and bear his burden; for his yoke is sweet and his bur-

den light. Let us strive, so far as we can, in bearing him, not to fall into sin. For our way is prepared, since all Scripture, divinely inspired and written, teaches us how we may proceed on the right way to our heavenly country, and with proper zeal come through faith, hope, and charity to our Creator.

Now the sacred feast of Easter is approaching. This week, dear brethren, before all other weeks of the year, is full of sacred mysteries. During this week our Saviour taught in the temple daily up to the time of his Passion. On the fifth day of the week, at the last supper, he washed the feet of his disciples and gave them the sacrament of his body and blood. On the sixth day he completed the mysteries of his Passion. On the seventh day he rested in the sepulchre.

Let those of us, then, who have kept Lent well up to the present time persevere to the end; and let those of us who have been slothful, at least during these seven days, strive to find mercy with our Redeemer by fasting and almsgiving, by watching and prayer, with tears and repentance; so that on holy Easter Day, when we approach the sacred table of our Lord, he may not be displeased with any of us, lest perchance he say: "Friend, how didst thou enter here without having on a wedding garment?" From so great an evil may we be delivered by our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest God, world without end. Amen.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

SAINT PETER DAMIANI

PIETRO DAMIANI, a noted Italian prelate, was born at Ravenna in 988 or 1007 A.D. He taught for some years in Ravenna, but at the age of thirty took up his residence with the hermits of Fonte Avello, and was subsequently made their abbot. He established a new system of flogging penance which became extraordinarily popular. The flogging was performed on the bare back with a leather thong and was accompanied with recitation of psalms. One hundred strokes were assigned to each psalm, and fifteen thousand to the entire psalter. The enthusiasm for this painful penance was so great that some monks even flogged themselves to death, and Damian was obliged to counsel moderation. He became very celebrated for his austerity of life, and miracles were ascribed to him. In 1058 he was called to Rome by Pope Stephen X and made bishop of Ostia and head of the College of Cardinals, and he continued prominent in Italian church politics until his death at Faenza, February 23, 1072. His voluminous writings were collected in four volumes in 1606, and many later editions have been issued. Besides his more formal works he wrote a number of hymns and satirical epigrams. Recent German biographies of him are those of Neukirch, 1876, and Kleinermann, 1882.

SERMON ON ST. BONIFACE

TO-DAY, dear brethren, we celebrate the glorious feast of St. Boniface, which not only brings great joy to all the faithful, but holds out to sinners especially the hope of obtaining grace. In his life and death we see the stubble of hell become the cedar of paradise, and, so to speak, a brand of hell become a bright star of heaven. From a house of ill fame he went forth to the stadium to fight; from the stadium he was put upon the rack; from the rack he was brought to the sword; from the sword he was raised triumphantly to heaven and crowned with the crown of martyrdom.

Boniface returned from sin to life by steps, because Christ, too, descended to the level of our humanity by steps. Hence it is that holy Church says through Solomon: "Behold, he

cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills." For our Lord came by leaps, as it were, when he came to redeem mankind. He came from heaven into the womb of the Virgin Mary, from the womb into the manger, from the manger to circumcision, from circumcision to the temple, from the temple to baptism, from baptism to the cross, from the cross to death, from death to the sepulchre; and finally he descended into hell, that he might lead thence the holy ones detained there by the power of death. He leaped like a giant rejoicing to run the way, that we might call out to him from our hearts: "Draw me after thee: we will run to the odor of thy ointments." . . .

It is not strange, then, that Boniface should win his crown by steps, since also the Author of our well-being, through love for us, descended by steps to his punishment. Christ descended that Boniface might ascend; he endured the evening of our humanity that he might lead us back to light.

The light of sanctity, dear brethren, never deserted Boniface amid the darkness of his reprobate life, but continued to burn till it guided him to a glorious end. And yet, according to history, Boniface was a drunkard and an adulterer,— the lover, in short, of all wickedness.

We have seen the dark side of his life; let us now look at the bright side. To begin, then, he was hospitable, generous, and compassionate — in a word, charitable. Whenever he saw a stranger or wayfarer he invited him into his inn and ministered to his wants. Moreover, at night he went about the streets bestowing upon the people whatever they needed. Thus among the densest hedges of thorns are found, though few in number, the lilies and flowers of virtue.

Now it is easy for God, the physician of souls, to heal wounds; and it is very easy, when he finds any part sound,

to restore to soundness the rotten parts about it. It is just as easy, in fact, for God to purge the soul of any sinner from all filth, as it is for the sea to wash the body. But it is as impossible for a sinner in the swelling of pride to be cleansed by the waters of divine grace as it is for one standing on a mountain top to be washed by the waters of the sea. Let him, then, who would be washed from the contagion of sin approach repentantly the fountain of mercy. And let him who seeks mercy of the Lord be merciful to his neighbors.

You see, then, beloved brethren, that mercy alone delivered blessed Boniface from his sins; so that he not only escaped the snares of the devil, but won a glorious crown of martyrdom. He was not worthy, indeed, to be taken up by God, but by giving to the poor all his worldly goods he earned the right to offer himself as a sacrifice to God. Sinful in his past life, then, he now offered himself to his Maker,— a spiritual sacrifice with an odor of sweetness.

Now some offer themselves first, and their gifts afterward, just as it is written of the son of our first parents: "The Lord had respect to Abel and to his offerings." For just as Abel offered himself first to God, and his gifts afterward, so the Lord is said to have had respect to Abel first and then to his offerings. Some, however, offer their gifts first, and then themselves, as did the centurion Cornelius, who began with almsgiving and prayer. By the aid of these he came later to receive the sacrament of baptism. Before his baptism an angel said to him: "Thy prayers and thy alms have ascended for a memorial in the sight of God. And now send men to Joppe, and summon Simon Peter. He will tell thee what thou must do." The angel's meaning was this: Thou hast now offered to God thy gifts; nothing remains but to offer thyself; make no longer a sacrifice, but a holocaust.

After the example of this centurion blessed Boniface offered his gifts first, himself afterward. Since according to the law he could not offer the lamb of innocence, he offered the kid of repentance. Nor is it wonderful that one who has become converted after a life of sin should be called a kid, since Christ himself, who came down from heaven to save sinners, is represented by a goat. In Leviticus the high priest is commanded to offer a goat. Placing, then, both hands upon its head and confessing all the iniquities of the sons of Israel, he sends the goat into the desert. Now what does this represent but the coming of the Son of man by the will of God to be persecuted by two peoples, the Jews and the Gentiles? Christ suffered at the hands of both peoples, went into the desert, and became a curse for us. For, as the apostle says, "That he might redeem us a curse, he was made a curse for us." Thus our Lord, who came to save sinners, was represented by a goat.

Now Boniface, who became converted after leading a life of sin, offered a kid. It is written in the law that whosoever cannot make the Passover in the first month, shall make it in the second. Blessed Boniface, then, since he had not offered the paschal lamb in the first month of innocent life, offered a kid in the second — a sign of fruitful repentance. In seeking to honor the martyrs he became a martyr himself, just as Abdias, while feeding the prophets in caves, obtained the gift of prophecy.

You see, then, beloved brethren, how great the power of almsgiving is in the sight of God; consider now how bountiful this mercy is. Does mercy not seem to you to stand forth pre-eminently the queen of virtues, when it can give to one humble man the gift of prophecy and to another the crown of martyrdom?

Let us, too, beloved brethren, show mercy, that we may obtain mercy. Let us begin with almsgiving and works of piety. Let us delight in hospitality and brotherly love, so that we may be worthy to sit in that heavenly conclave, and have no doubt of obtaining pardon for our sins. Let us rely upon the promise of eternal Truth: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy" from the one true God, who, in a perfect Trinity, livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

SAINT ANSELM

SAINT ANSELM, the second archbishop of Canterbury after the Norman conquest, was of Italian birth and parentage, and was born at Aosta, in Piedmont, 1033. He studied under the great Lanfranc, at the abbey of Bec in Normandy, where he succeeded him as prior and abbot, holding the latter position from 1078 to 1093. When the see of Canterbury was offered him by William Rufus, he at first refused it and only with the greatest difficulty was his resolution overcome. Naturally of a humble disposition, claiming little for himself, he made large claims for the authority of the Church, and at once became its champion and the opponent and denouncer of the exactions and immorality of the king. Deserted by the bishops, he held out against the king until a demand that he should furnish troops for the royal use drove him into exile at Rome. Anselm was recalled from banishment on the accession of Henry I, but refused to do him homage and again appealed to the Pope, who gave him very little sympathy. A compromise was finally arranged, mutual concessions were made, and Anselm returned to England. He died at Canterbury, April 21, 1109. Anselm's attitude has been much discussed in modern times. Of his piety and conscientiousness there is no question. He contended for the Church at large, and the logical outcome of his position was the subjugation of the national Church. He assailed the prerogatives of the English kings and maintained the supremacy of the English laws and customs.

INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOUR

LORD JESUS CHRIST, good Shepherd, who didst die for thy sheep, receive me into thy fold and lead me to thy pastures, that I may be by thy right hand. Make me a participant in thy glory, thou who didst drink for me the cup of bitterness. Thy punishment tortures my conscience; thy torments rack my memory. For I have feared to drink what thou didst drink. Thou didst suffer for my sins; it was I who caused thy scourging; it was I who caused thy death.

Alas for my sins, that had to be atoned for by so bitter a death! O my sins, how bitter you have been, promising me

such sweetness and deceiving me! Unhappy Eve, who didst eat of the apple and bring death upon all mankind! Unhappy Adam, who for fleeting pleasure didst give thyself over to the devil and doom both thyself and us! But though thou didst break the command of God, and sin in spite of the threat of death, thou didst find grace and pardon.

O unspeakable compassion! Where sin abounded, the grace of our Lord abounded exceedingly. Word went forth that a man should be created who, sinless himself, should by his death redeem the world. God accordingly put on flesh. He was conceived, born, and laid in swaddling-clothes in a manger. Circumcised and baptized, he hungered, thirsted, and was tempted. God as man was sold, seized, and bound. Reviled and insulted, he was forced to drink gall and vinegar, was crowned with thorns, classed among thieves, and condemned to an ignominious death on the cross. Thus God spared not even his own son, but delivered him up for us all.

O grace of the Father! O good Jesus! What shall I render to thee, what shall I endure for thee, who didst endure so much for me? For acts give proof of love. What return, then, can I make for all thou hast done? Accept what is thine; do with thy servant what thou wilt. I am thine, body and soul. My soul is thy right, my body thy servant. Thou didst make them such when thou didst deliver up thy body and soul for them. Thou didst give up thy whole self for me; therefore I am wholly thine. I shall love thee, then, with my whole soul, and serve thee with my whole body. Thine eyes grew dark for me in death; may my inconstant eyes not look upon vanity. Thy ears were open to abuse and blasphemy; mine shall be open to the cry of the poor. Thy mouth tasted gall and vinegar; may my false mouth speak truth and wisdom. Thy hands were

stretched upon the cross; mine shall be stretched out to the needy. Thy feet were pierced with nails; mine shall walk in the path of righteousness. Thy side was opened with a lance; I shall open my heart and reveal my wound by confession. Thy body endured the agony of death that I might be saved. O good Lord, what return shall I make to thee, vile slave that I am? Shall I rejoice or grieve at thy death? I shall do both. I shall rejoice at the bounty of the Father; I shall grieve at the death of the Son. First, then, I shall grieve for my sins, the cause of thy death. For if I do not grieve, I am cruel; if I do not rejoice, I am ungrateful. Since, then, I must weep before I rejoice, let me walk in sadness and bow my head in imitation of thy Passion.

Let the sword of thy Passion, then, pierce my soul, and let my concupiscence be crucified upon thy cross. Transfix my soul with thy fear, that I may not seek to gratify my lust. Mortify in me all the evil passions and desires of the flesh, and grant me true and perpetual love, and life everlasting. Amen.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

ABÉLARD

PIERRE ABÉLARD, or ABAILARD, a celebrated French philosopher of the Middle Ages, was born near Nantes in 1079. As a mere youth he displayed great quickness of apprehension and early became an adept in philosophy. He studied dialectics under Roscellinus. William of Champeaux, and Anselm, and subsequently taught in Mélun and Paris. He exhibited great subtlety of logic and much audacity in his propositions, and grew rapidly famous, becoming at length one of the great intellectual forces of his time. In 1115 he was appointed canon of Notre Dame, and soon after this event he fell in love with his young and gifted pupil, Heloïse, whom he seduced, but afterward married and then deserted. Heloïse entered a convent, and Abélard, after some time passed in retirement, returned to his lecturing and teaching in 1120. Accused of heresy by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, he was subjected to much persecution, and, when about to start for Rome to urge his defence before the Pope in person, fell ill and died broken-hearted at the priory of Saint Marcel, April 21, 1142. In modern times he is most commonly remembered for his association with Heloïse, and much has been written regarding these famous lovers, whose correspondence has no equal in the world's literature, in tragic pathos and human interest. A Nominalist in his philosophy, he sought in his teaching to avoid the extremes of both Nominalism and Realism, as well as to establish definitely a scholastic method of reasoning and to uphold the authority of Aristotle rather than of Plato. His principal writings are "Dialectica," "De Unitate et Trinitate Divinia;" "Historia Calamitatum."

SERMON ON MARCELLINUS, POPE AND MARTYR

DIVINE PROVIDENCE, dear brethren, guards the weak against despair as it does the strong against presumption. We see this truth exemplified by Christ himself. Hiding himself away to escape persecution, and overcome with fear as the time of his Passion approached, he is said to have sweat drops of blood in his anguish, and to have prayed the Father to let the cup of bitterness pass from him. Weak with the weakness of our human nature, he cried out: "Now is my soul troubled. And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour." His meaning was: make me constant in suffering, that fear may not prevail over human weakness. Can Christ, then, be said to have experienced no fear

at the thought of suffering? But his fear was on our account. His words were intended to console our infirmity, not to expose any weakness in himself. He feared that in the hour of suffering his faithful might turn aside in despair and deny that they belonged to Christ. Against such despair he has given us a warning in the doubt of Thomas and the triple denial of Peter. Finally our own Marcellinus, the vicar of Peter, in whose time frequent persecutions terrified many, and compelled some to abandon the faith, was suffered by our Lord to totter at times, and even to fall, but not to be crushed. For it has been written: "When a just man shall fall, he shall not be bruised, for the Lord putteth his hand under him."

Thrice, then, Peter denied our Lord, nor did he simply deny him, but as it has been written: "He began to curse and to swear that he knew not the man." First he simply denied our Lord; then he denied him with an oath, and finally with a curse. Now, of the oath or curse of Marcellinus we know nothing; nor do we even read of words of denial. We merely know that, being beside himself through fear, he offered incense to an idol; and then, repenting of his sin, called together his bishops and passed sentence of deposition on himself. Thus Marcellinus made reparation, whereas Peter made no amends whatever.

If we next compare Marcellinus with the apostle Paul, his transgression will still seem slight. For we read that Paul, according to the law, whose bodily regulations especially he attacked, was compelled by the Jews to consecrate himself to God after the manner of the Nazarenes, and to deliver up also his disciple Timothy to the Jews to be circumcised. And yet he considered circumcision so useless or dangerous that he said: "If you be circumcised, Christ will profit you nothing," and concerning the law generally he said: "Whosoever of you are justified by the law, you are fallen from grace."

Now our Lord had foretold to Peter that he would deny him; but Peter promised constancy, and, preferring himself to all, said: "Though all men shall be scandalized in thee, I shall never be scandalized." And again: "I am ready to go with thee into prison and to death." Peter's fall and sin, then, are all the more reprehensible because of his presumption. Now no one had strengthened Marcellinus before his transgression; no one had urged him to guard against presumption. Peter proved false to his promise in denying Christ; not once, but thrice; not simply, but with a curse. And though he repented, yet he did not suffer for a long time. He did not, in fact, return to Christ till he was forced almost against his will, according to what our Lord had foretold him: "But when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands; and another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." Finally you know, brethren, that it has been written: "A just man shall fall seven times, and shall rise again." Clearly this means that the faithful shall often be tempted and fall into sin, but by the aid of divine grace shall rise again from the abyss of sin, the Lord having answered their prayer: "Let not the tempest of water drown me, nor the deep swallow me up; and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." Thrice, then, did Peter deny our Lord; and seven times does the just man fall. But only once did Marcellinus stagger, not fall; and then he recovered himself quickly and went heroically to expiate his sin, not so much with tears of repentance, as did Peter, but by a virtuous death. It is of such virtue as this that the Lord says: "Greater love than this no man hath."

It is a consolation to know, dear brethren, that when good men fall into sin they are rescued from despair by divine grace. To Peter our Lord said: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and thou, being once converted, con-

firm thy brethren." Peter thrice denied Christ by mouth only, not in his soul. Marcellinus, the successor and vicar of Peter, staggered once, and failed not, but recovered. Peter and Marcellinus, then, have been given us as an example, to strengthen us against despair.

Our Lord did well to give us the examples of Peter and Marcellinus among clergymen, and David and Solomon among laymen, to shield us from despair. However great our sins, they shall be forgiven, provided only we repent. Our Lord did well, I repeat, to send us these witnesses to testify to the hope of reconciliation and forgiveness. For, as it has been written, the testimony of one witness, however distinguished he may be, is not sufficient, but according to divine law: "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall stand."

Now, brethren, a few words about divine compassion. Consider, I pray you, how well our Lord has provided for our salvation; how solicitous our Saviour has been about us. Many times do we sin; many times do we go astray. Yet we are encouraged not to despair or put off the day of repentance by the example of a great martyr given to us by our Lord. Marcellinus is our advocate before the judgment-seat of God. In him be our hope. He was ordained by our Lord, as it has been said, to suffer temptation and fall, that from his fall he might be all the more inclined to turn to God and ask forgiveness. From his own experience he learned to be indulgent to the weakness of others.

Let us, then, dear brethren, celebrate this feast with such devotion, that what we cannot obtain through our own prayers we may obtain through his merits by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

SAINT BERNARD

SAINT BERNARD, a celebrated defender of monasticism, was born at Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, in 1091. He early manifested an inclination to the cloister, and entered the monastery of Cîteaux in 1113. In 1115 he founded the Cistercian abbey at Clairvaux in Champagne, and was its first abbot. His extraordinary blending of piety, asceticism, eloquence, mysticism, and practical good sense attracted many to him and made him a power far beyond the walls of his convent, and the church at large presently looked up to him as an oracle. He encouraged monasticism and founded many convents, and is also to be remembered as the persecutor of Abélard, and Arnold of Brescia. He drew up the rule for the new order of Knights Templar and was the preacher of the Second Crusade, which ended in failure. For this he was unsparingly denounced and he died of disappointment and chagrin August 20, 1153. In 1173 he was canonized, and in art is sometimes represented with the beehive, a symbol of eloquence. He was not a thinker, but as an organizer had few equals. "Probably no man," says Archbishop Trench, "ever exercised a personal influence in Christendom equal to his, who was the stayer of popular commotions, the queller of heresies, the umpire between princes and kings, the counsellor of popes, the founder — for so he may be termed — of an important religious order, the author of a crusade." The writings of Saint Bernard, which are numerous, include epistles, sermons, theological treatises, and five celebrated hymns, such as the "Jesus Dulcis Memoria" ("Jesus the very thought of thee!") and the "Salvi mundi salutare!" ("O sacred Head!").

SERMON ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

WATCH with your mind, brethren, that the mysteries of this season may not pass away without profit. The blessing is plentiful; offer yourselves clean receptacles; show forth devout souls, watchful senses, sober affections, and chaste consciences for the gift of such graces. In good truth, not only does that special conversation which ye have professed admonish you of care in this matter, but it is the observance of the universal Church, whose sons ye are. For all Christians, in observance of these seven sacred days, cultivate holiness, show forth modesty, follow after humility,

put on gravity, either according to or beyond what is usual, that they may in some sort seem to suffer with Christ's suffering. For who is so irreligious as not to be sorrowful? who so proud as not to be humbled? who so wrathful as not to forgive? who so luxurious as not to abstain? who so sensual as not to restrain himself? who so wicked as not to repent during these days?

And rightly so. For the Passion of the Lord is here, this very day, shaking the earth, rending the rocks, and opening the tombs. Near also is his Resurrection, in which you will celebrate a festival to the Lord Most High, entering with alacrity and eagerness of will into the most glorious deeds which he has wrought. Nothing better could be done in the world than that which was done by the Lord on these days. Nothing more useful or better could be recommended to the world than that it should, by perpetual ordinance, celebrate year by year the memorial thereof with longing of soul, and show forth the memory of his abundant sweetness. But both were on our behalf; because in both is the fruit of our salvation, and in both the life of our soul.

Marvellous is that Passion of thine, O Lord Jesus, which has removed all our suffering, made propitiation for our iniquities, and is found effectual for every one of our plagues. For what is there tending to death that is not destroyed by thy death?

In this Passion then, my brethren, we must especially consider three things,— the work, the manner, and the cause; for in the work, indeed, patience is commended unto us, in the manner humility, and in the cause charity. But unparalleled was that patience, since,— when sinners made long furrows in his back; when he was so stretched out on the cross that his bones could be numbered; when that most powerful Defence,

which guardeth Israel, was everywhere wounded; when his hands and feet were pierced,— he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearer so he opened not his mouth; not complaining against his Father, by whom he was sent; nor against mankind, for whom he paid what he had not taken; nor yet, in a word, against his own peculiar people, from whom he received so great evils in return for so signal benefits.

Some are punished for their sins and bear it with humility; yet this is set down to them as a proof of patience; others are beaten, not so much to be cleansed, as to be tried and crowned, and their greater patience is approved and commended. How shall it not be considered greatest in Christ, who, in the midst of his inheritance, was punished like a thief by a most cruel death, by those to whom he had especially come as a Saviour, though void of all sin, whether actual or inherited, having indeed nothing in which sin could grow?

Doubtless he it was in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead — not in shadow, but bodily; in whom God is reconciling the world unto himself — not figuratively, but substantially; who, in a word, is full of grace and truth — not co-operatively, but personally; that so he may accomplish his own work — "his strange work," Isaiah says — because it was his work which his Father had given him to do, and a strange work that such a One should endure such things. Thou hast then an example of patience in the work.

For if thou carefully considerest the manner, thou wilt discover that he was not only gentle, but humble of heart: for in humility his judgment was taken away, since he answered not a word to so great blasphemies and the many false charges which were made against him. "We saw him," it is written, and there "was no beauty in him;" not comely in appearance

beyond the sons of men, but the reproach of men, and as it were leprous; the lowest of his race; clearly a man of sorrows, stricken and humbled by God, so that there was no beauty nor comeliness in him. O lowest and highest! O humble and exalted One! O reproach of men and glory of angels! None more exalted, none more humble than he! In fine, he was defiled by spittings, assailed to the full with revilings, condemned to a most ignominious death, and numbered with transgressors. And will that humility merit nothing which reaches such limits, or rather is beyond all limit? As his patience was singular, so his humility was admirable, and both without example.

Yet the cause gloriously recommends both: and that is love. For, on account of the great love wherewith Christ loved us, neither the Father spared the Son, nor the Son himself, to redeem his servants. Great indeed was it, for it exceeds all measures, passes all limits, clearly outstripping all. "Greater love," he saith, "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Thou, O Lord, hadst greater still, laying it down even for thine enemies.

For whilst we were yet enemies, we were reconciled to thee and thy Father by thy death. What other love can be, has been, or will be like thine? Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; thou sufferedst for the unjust, dying for our sins, for thou camest to justify sinners freely, to make slaves brethren, captives co-heirs, and exiles kings. And nothing surely so clearly sets forth alike this patience and humility as that he gave up his soul to death and bare the sins of many, entreating even for transgressors that they might not perish. A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation! For he was offered because he willed. He not only willed and was offered, but it was because he willed. He alone had the

power of laying down his own soul; none took it from him; he voluntarily offered it.

When he had received the vinegar he said, "It is finished." Nothing remains to be fulfilled: now there is nothing for which I have to wait. And bowing his head, being made obedient unto death, he gave up the ghost. Who could so easily fall asleep on willing it? Death is indeed a great weakness; but thus to die is matchless power. For the weakness of God is stronger than men. The madness of man may lay wicked hands upon himself and kill himself; but this is not to lay down one's life: it is rather to destroy it by forcible means than to lay it down at pleasure. Thou, wicked Judas, hadst a wretched power, not of laying down thy life, but of hanging thyself: and thy wicked spirit went out, not given by thee, but pulled by the rope; not sent forth by thee, but lost. He alone gave up his soul unto death who alone returned by his own power to life: he alone had power to lay it down who also possessed the full power to take it up again, having the power of life and death.

Worthy, then, is love so inestimable, humility so wonderful, patience so insuperable; worthy, clearly, is this so holy, unpolluted, and acceptable a victim. Worthy is the Lamb who was slain to receive power, to accomplish that which he came to effect, to take away the sins of the world. But I say that the sin which prevailed upon the earth was threefold. Do you understand me to mean the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life? — a threefold cord which is not easily broken: therefore many draw, yea are drawn by, this cord of vanity. But that former threefold cord has deservedly greater power among the elect. For how could not the remembrance of his patience repress all pleasure? How should not the recollection of his humility utterly extinguish

the pride of life? for that love is beyond question worthy, the thoughts of which can so fill the mind, and claim the whole soul to itself, that it completely destroys the sin of curiosity. Powerful, therefore, against these is the Passion of the Saviour.

But I have been thinking of explaining how the power of the cross blots out a threefold sin of another kind; and this perhaps you may hear with great advantage. The first I would call original, the second personal, and the third individual. Original sin, indeed, is that greatest one which we derive from the first Adam, in whom we have all sinned, for whom we all die. The greatest clearly, in that it seizes not only upon the whole human race, but upon every individual thereof, so that there is none, not even one, that can escape. It extends from the first man unto the last, and the poison is dispersed from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. But in another way, also, it is diffused over the whole of life; from the day, I mean, on which his own mother conceived any one, to that on which the common mother receives him. Else whence that heavy yoke which is upon all, and the whole of the sons of Adam, and that from the day of his coming forth from his mother's womb until the day of his burial into the mother of all?

We are conceived in sin, cherished in darkness, and brought forth in pain. Before our birth we burden hapless mothers; during it we rend them in a fearful manner: and it is marvellous we also ourselves are not likewise mangled. The first cry we utter is one of lamentation, and rightly so; for we have entered the valley of pain, so that the saying of holy Job is thoroughly applicable to us: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble." Not words, but stripes, have taught us the truth of this state-

ment. "Man," he says, "born of a woman;" nothing is more abject. And lest, perchance, he should be soothed by those delights of sense which he derives from outward objects, he is fearfully reminded, at his very entrance into the world, of his departure, by the words, "hath but a short time to live." And that he may not regard the brief space of time which there is between his entrance and departure at his own disposal, it is added, "he is full of trouble,"— full of miseries many and manifold, both of the body and the heart; miseries when he is asleep and when awake; misery wheresoever he turneth himself. Even he also, who was born of a virgin, nay, made of a woman — but blessed among women — who says to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son," lived only for a little while; and yet, in that brief space of time, was full of many miseries, aimed at by plots, questioned with insults, attacked by injuries, racked by punishments, and harassed by reproaches.

And canst thou doubt the sufficiency of his obedience, which absolved every one who was under the curse of the first offence. Truly not as the offence so is also the gift. For sin came from one sin for condemnation, but grace for justification from many sins. And grievous beyond question was that original sin which infected, not only the person, but the nature itself. Yet every one's personal sin is the more grievous, when, the reins being let loose, we give up on every hand our members as servants to unrighteousness, being enchained, not only by another's, but our own sin also. But most grievous was that especial one which was committed against the Lord of Glory, when wicked men unjustly killed the Just Man, and wretched homicides, or rather (if any one may so speak) Deicides, laid their accursed hands upon the very Son of God.

What connection is there between the two preceding and the

third? At this the whole of this world's frame paled and trembled, and all things were well-nigh resolved into primeval chaos. Let us suppose that one of the nobles of a kingdom had laid waste the king's lands in a hostile inroad; let us suppose another, who, being a guest and counsellor of the king, strangled, with traitorous hands, the latter's only son; would not the first be held innocent and free from blame in respect of the second? So stands all sin in relation to this sin, namely, Christ's crucifixion; and yet this sin he took upon himself, that he who made himself to be sin might condemn sin by means of sin. For through this all sin, personal as well as original, was destroyed, and even this very special one was removed by himself.

I take my argument from the greatest sin, as the two lesser are removed. It is this. He bore the sins of many, and prayed for the transgressors that they might not perish: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Thy irrevocable word, O Lord, goeth forth, and will not return without effect unto thee, but will accomplish that for which thou hast sent it. See now the works of the Lord, what wonders he hath done upon the earth! He was beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, bruised with staves, fastened to a cross, loaded with reproaches; and yet, unmindful of all these evils he says, "Forgive them."

Hence the many sufferings of his body, hence the mercy of his heart, hence the pangs, hence the compassion, hence the oil of gladness, hence the drops of blood running down to the ground. Many are the mercies of the Lord, and many his sufferings. Will the sufferings surpass the mercies, or the latter be greater than the former? Let thy mercies of old time prevail, O Lord, and let wisdom overcome malice. For great is their sin; but is not thy mercy greater, O Lord? It

is greatly so in every way. Is not evil returned for good, saith he, because they have digged a pit for my soul?

Plainly they dug a pit to catch impatience, furnishing many and the greatest possible causes for anger. But what is this pit of theirs compared with the depth of thy kindness? Repaying evil for good, they digged a pit: but charity is not easily provoked, suffereth long, rushes not into a pit, and heaps up good for evil given instead. God forbid that flies about to die should do away with the sweetness of the ointment which flows from thy body, because there is mercy in thy breast and plenteous redemption with thee. The miseries, the blasphemies, and insults which a wicked and perverse generation heaps on thee are but as flies about to die.

But what didst thou do? In the very uplifting of thy hands, when the morning sacrifice was now being changed into the evening offering,— on the very strength, I say, of that incense which ascended into the heavens, covered the earth, and bestrewed even hell itself, worthy to be heard for thy reverence, thou criedst, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh, how ready art thou to pardon! Oh, how great is the multitude of thy mercy, O Lord! Oh, how different are thy thoughts to our thoughts! Oh, how strong is thy pity even over the wicked! A marvellous thing! He cries, "Forgive them," and the Jews, "Crucify him!" His words are soft as oil, and theirs be very spears. Oh, patient charity, and compassionate also! "Charity suffereth long,"— this is enough; "charity is kind" is more than sufficient. "Be not overcome of evil" is abundant charity, but "overcome evil with good" is superabundant; for it was not the patience alone, but the goodness of God that led the Jews unto repentance, because bountiful charity loves, and loves ardently, those with whom it bears.

Patient charity puts off, waits, bears with the offender; but kind charity draws, allures, would have him converted from the error of his way, and, in short, covers a multitude of sins. O Jews! ye are stones, but ye strike a softer stone, from which resounds the ring of mercy, and the oil of charity bursts forth! How wilt thou, O Lord, overflood with the torrent of thy bliss those who long for thee, when thou thus pourest out the oil of thy mercy upon those who are crucifying thee!

It is evident, then, that this Passion is most effectual for the destruction of every kind of sin. But who knows if it has been given to me? It has been given to me because it could not be given to another. Could it to an angel? but he needed it not. Could it to the devil? but he riseth not again. In a word, being made not in the likeness of angels, much less of devils, but in the likeness of men, and found in fashion as man, he emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant. He was a Son, and was made as a servant. He took upon him not only the form of a servant, that he might obey, but of a wicked servant, that he might be beaten; and the servant of sin, to pay the penalty, though there was no sin in him. In the likeness, he says, of men, not of a man; because the first man was created neither in the flesh of sin nor in the likeness thereof; for Christ plunged himself deeply into the universal misery of man, that the subtle eye of the devil might not discover the great mystery of godliness; and therefore he was found in fashion, yea, in every fashion, as a man; and as far as nature was concerned there was nothing particular about him. For he was crucified because he was so found. But he revealed himself unto few, that there might be some who would believe; but he was hidden from the rest, because, had they known, they never would have crucified the Lord of Glory. He added ignorance also to their

particular sin, that he might, with some semblance of justice, be able to pardon the ignorant.

But that old Adam who fled from the face of God left us two things as an inheritance, namely, labor and pain; labor in work, pain in suffering. He himself knew not this in Paradise, which he had received to till and keep; to till it with pleasure, and to keep it carefully for himself and his children. Christ the Lord endured labor and pain to deliver them (that is, men), into his hands, or, rather, himself into theirs, when fixed in the lowest depths and the waters entered even into his soul. "Look upon my lowliness and labor," he says unto the Father, "because I am poor, and in misery from my youth up." He toiled persistently, his hands were wearied in labors. "Oh, all ye that pass by, behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me." "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;" a man of sorrows, poor and afflicted, tempted in all points, yet without sin. He exhibited in his life passive action, and in his death endured active passion, while he wrought in the midst of the earth. Henceforth, as long as I live, I will bear in mind those labors which he endured in preaching; his weariness in journeying to and fro, his temptations in fasting, his vigils in prayer, and his tears of compassion. I will remember also his pains, the reproaches, spittings, blows, revilings, nails, and the like, which passed in great abundance through and over him.

Boldness, therefore, and resemblance are profitable to me if there be also imitation, so that I follow his footsteps; for otherwise that righteous blood which was poured out upon the earth will be required of me, and I shall not be free from that singular wickedness of the Jews: since I should prove ungrateful to so great charity, do despite to the Spirit of grace,

regard the blood of the testament as an unholy thing, and tread under foot the Son of God.

There are many who endure labor and pain, but it is of necessity, not of choice; and these are not conformed to the image of God. Others bear them of their own free will, yet neither have they part or lot in this discourse. The luxurious man keeps awake the whole night long, not only patiently, but willingly, to fulfil his pleasure; the bandit, clothed in mail, watches to seize upon his prey; the thief watches to break into another man's house: but all these, and the like of them, are far removed from the labor and pain of which the Lord takes account.

But men of good will, who in a Christian spirit have exchanged riches for poverty, or even despised them when not had, as if they had them, leaving all for him, even as he also left all for them, follow him whithersoever he goeth. And imitation of such a character as this is in my opinion the most powerful argument that the Passion of the Saviour and his likeness to humanity tend to my utmost advantage. For here is the relish, here the fruit of labor and pain.

See, then, how gloriously that Majesty has dealt with thee. As regards all things which are in heaven, and under the heaven, he spake, and they were created. What is easier than a word? But was it with a word only that he restored thee whom he had created. When he was seen for thirty and three years upon the earth, and conversed with men, he met with slanderers against his acts, and evil speakers against his words, and had not where to lay his head. Why this? Because the Word had descended from its own subtlety and received a coarser clothing; for it was made flesh, and therefore used a grosser and harsher form. But as thought

clothes itself with a voice without any diminution of itself either before or after the voice, so the Son assumed flesh without any commixture or diminution either before or after his incarnation.

He was invisible with the Father; but here our hands have handled the Word of Life, and we have seen with our eyes that which was from the beginning. But this Word, because he had united to himself spotless flesh and a most holy soul, freely governed the actions of his body, both because he was wisdom and righteousness, and had no law in his members warring against the law of his mind. My words are neither wisdom nor righteousness, but yet capable of both, which may be contained in them or not; more easily, perhaps, the latter. For it is far easier for us to obey the faults of our flesh than to regulate its actions and passions, since every age, from youth upward, is prone to evil, and eagerly follows after its own pleasures, in the midst of stripes and swords, and even with the risk of death itself.

Happy he whose thought (this is my saying) directs all his actions according to righteousness, so that his intention may be good and his acts right. Happy he who governs his passions for righteousness' sake, so that whatever he suffers he may suffer on account of the Son of God; so that murmuring be taken away from his heart, and thanksgiving and the voice of praise be in his mouth. He who has so uplifted himself takes up his bed and walks into his own house. The bed is our body, in which we formerly lay languid, obeying our desires and lusts; but now we carry it when we are obliged to obey the Spirit: and we carry our dead, since the body is dead because of sin. We walk, however, but run not; for the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon

many things. We also walk to our own house. To what house? To the mother of all, because their dwelling-places shall endure forever; or, rather, to that our house which we have of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. When we who walk under this load shall have laid it down, how shall we run, how shall we fly, think you? Clearly upon the wings of the wind. Our Lord Jesus Christ has embraced us through our labor and pain; let us also embrace him with corresponding returns on account of his righteousness and according to his righteousness; by directing our deeds according to his righteousness and enduring suffering on account of his righteousness. Let us say also, with the bride, "I held him, and would not let him go." Let us say also, with the patriarch, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." For what now remaineth but blessing? what, after embrace, but a kiss? If I thus cleave unto God, how should I not now cry out, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." Feed us meanwhile, Lord, with the bread of tears, and give us tears to drink in measure until thou lead us to a good measure, full and heaped up, which thou shalt pour into our bosoms, who art in the bosom of the Father, above all, God blessed for ever more. Amen.

[Translated by the Rev. W. B. Flower, M. A.]

AELRED

ÆLRED, Ethelred, Æthelred, or Ailred, a mediæval preacher and writer, was born at Hexham, in Northumberland, in 1109, and spent his youth at the court of King David, of Scotland, in attendance upon Prince Henry. His amiable disposition so commended him to the favor of the king that David wished to make him a bishop. Ælred, however, preferred to become a monk and accordingly entered the newly founded Cistercian abbey of Riévaulx, in Yorkshire, where he at first served as master of the novices, to whom he greatly endeared himself by his notable patience and tenderness. He was subsequently chosen abbot of Revesby, in Lincolnshire, but in 1146 he returned to Riévaulx, remaining there as abbot of that foundation until his death, January 12, 1166. He was canonized in 1191. He was a prolific writer in both history and theology; his style in his religious writings resembling somewhat that of St. Bernard. His historical works are for the most part of slight value. Chief among his various writings may be named a Latin life of King Edward the Confessor; an important tract on the Battle of the Standard in 1138; an encomium of King David; a genealogy of the English kings, and many sermons.

FUNERAL SERMON

INASMUCH as we commemorate to-day the death of our holy father Benedict, I feel that I ought to say something about him, especially since you are eager to listen. You have, in fact, assembled here, like good children, to hear about your father, who brought you up in Jesus Christ through the gospel.

The fact of Benedict's death is known to us all; let us, therefore, consider whence and whither he has gone. From the life, then, that we now live he has departed to the life that we shall live hereafter. And though we do not dwell there in the flesh, yet we do in hope and love; for, as our Redeemer said: "Where thy treasure is, there thy heart is also." And again the Apostle says: "Our conversation is in heaven."

Benedict himself, when he was on earth, dwelt in that heavenly country in spirit and desire. Our father Benedict, then, has gone from earth to heaven, from prison to a kingdom, from death to life, from misery to glory. From this life, which might more properly be called death, he has gone in happiness to the land of the living. Well may I say he has gone to the land of the living, for this life is not of the living, but of the dead. In this life are found death, imprisonment, and misery; nay, this life is death, imprisonment, and misery. Now, if this were not so, the apostle Paul would not have said: "Unhappy man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Clearly, then, the Apostle calls life in the body death. But life is also called a prison. Of this we have the testimony of the Psalmist in the words, "Bring my soul out of prison." Finally, that life is miserable, nay, is misery itself, we have the testimony not only of our daily experiences, but of David, who calls life a pit of misery and the mire of dregs.

Knowing now whence and whither Benedict has gone, let us see also by what way he went. For it will avail us naught to follow him unless we know the way. Through Christ, then, he has gone to Christ; through the faith of Jesus Christ, which was strong in him, he has gone to behold and contemplate Jesus Christ. His way, then, was Christ, who says in the gospel: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Through him he has gone to him, because he is the life and he is the way. The way of that life was sanctity. Our present life, says blessed Gregory, is nothing but a kind of way. He, therefore, who leads a good life here goes to God and everlasting life; but he who leads a bad life goes to hell and everlasting death. Such is the life of sinners, about which David says in the first psalm: "Blessed is the man who hath

not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners." By this evil way men go to the evil death of sinners, about which the same prophet says elsewhere: "The death of the wicked is very evil." And well may he say that the death of sinners is evil, for, as the Apostle says: "The wicked always grow worse, sinning themselves and leading others into sin." And so the death of sinners is called evil, because they live such a wicked and abandoned life that they deserve to be cut down and cast into the fire. But our father Benedict did not keep this way; he kept the way of which it is said: "The way of the just is right." And though it be narrow, it leads to life. At the beginning, then, this way is hard, for David says: "For the sake of the words of thy lips, I have kept hard ways." But did this prophet, because he found the way narrow at the beginning, abandon it or think that he ought to abandon it? Far from it. He persisted in it till he could say: "I have run the way of thy commandments when thou didst enlarge my heart." Benedict, too, found this way narrow at the beginning of his conversion, though at the end he found it broad. Was it not narrow for him when, as we read in his life, he threw himself among thorns to overcome the temptation to sin? When, then, he found the way narrow, what did he do? Did he turn aside from it? No, he kept on manfully, practising what he preached, that we might profit by his example as well as his teaching. For, as Pope Gregory says of him, he lived as he taught; nor could he teach otherwise than he lived. How manfully, indeed, he kept on in the way of God, we infer from his own words; for in his Rule of Life he warns us not to be frightened and turn our backs upon the way of salvation, which he had learned from experience was narrow at the beginning. Yet he knew that the way of God, though narrow,

led to life, as our Lord himself says: "Strait is the way which leadeth to life; and few there are who find it."

The life to which this way leads our Lord himself tells us in another place: "And this is life everlasting; that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The way that leads to this life we read that Isaac, too, traversed. Of which way it is said in the Book of Wisdom: "The path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward, and increaseth even to perfect day." This way the fear of hell makes narrow, but perfect love makes broad. For so long as any one fears in the way of God he experiences the difficulties and feels the unevenness of the way. But when he attains to perfect love, and dismisses fear, then with great joy he cries out with the Apostle: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith;" and with David: "I have run the way of thy commandments, when thou didst enlarge my heart."

Now, whosoever loves Christ so desires with Paul to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Nay, he grieves to be longer separated from Christ, repeating daily in tears the words of the psalm: "How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget me?" And again with Habakkuk: "How long, O Lord, shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear? Shall I cry out to thee, suffering violence, and thou wilt not save?"

Such is the way by which Benedict has gone from death to life, from Egypt to the land of promise, from the darkness of this world to Jerusalem, which is the vision of peace. And surely he has departed happily, for he lived virtuously. He has gone with Moses to behold that great vision, not terrible as in the burning bush, but mild as when the saints and angels burn with love for God. May that love never grow cold!

Let us, too, beloved brethren, go to behold this great vision. Let us follow in the footsteps of our holy father Benedict. His Rule of Life and his teachings are the way by which we may some day come to that blessed abode. If we only persevere in that way to the end, we, too, shall one day receive our reward. This is our hope; this we ask through the merits and intercession of holy Benedict, and through the grace of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest God, world without end. Amen.

[Specially translated by Francis P. Garland.]

SAVONAROLA

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, a celebrated Italian religious reformer, was born at Ferrara, September 21, 1452. He at first studied medicine, but becoming deeply impressed by the degraded condition of public morals prevalent around him at Ferrara, he felt a desire for the monastic life. In 1475 he entered a Dominican convent at Bologna, and after seven years' sojourn there went to Florence to preach. He was at first unsuccessful, but subsequently at Brescia the gift of eloquence came to him, and in 1490 he was sent to the convent of San Marco at Florence as lector. Teaching first in his cell, then in the cloister, and finally in the cathedral, he was soon eagerly listened to by thousands, who were swayed by his impetuous fearless preaching. In 1491 he was made prior of San Marco. He did not aim at doctrinal reform, like Luther, but endeavored to bring about a moral regeneration of the Church and the political regeneration of Italy. He uttered the most scathing rebukes at wrongdoing and spared neither Pope Alexander VI nor Lorenzo de Medici in his invectives. The Pope vainly endeavored to silence him with the offer of a cardinal's hat, and at length, in 1495, summoned him to Rome, an order which Savonarola did not obey. Meanwhile, by his influence, the Medici had been expelled, and Florence had for a time given itself over to reform and penitence, and Savonarola's followers, known as Piagoni, were to be seen everywhere. In 1496 the Pope forbade the prior to preach longer, under penalty of excommunication, and for a time he submitted, but presently appeared in the pulpit again, and in May of 1497 was formally excommunicated. When the Arrabiati, as his opponents were styled, finally gained the upper hand, the prior and two of the Dominican monks of San Marco, Domenico and Silvestro were thrown into the Bargello prison, and on May 23, 1498, the three were burned at the stake in the Piazza della Signoria. Savonarola was a man of middle stature, dark-complexioned, and plain-featured, with an expression at once severe and noble. His best-known work was translated into English in 1868 as "The Triumph of the Cross," and in 1894 as "Sorrow and Hope."

ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN

BEHOLD the Lord Jesus! He is not to-day an infant in the manger, but great in majesty in heaven. He has taught; he has done miracles; he has been crucified, and has risen from the dead. He sits at the right hand of the Father; he has sent his Holy Spirit into the world; he has sent the apostles; he has subjugated the nations, and his Vicar

has accepted the empire of Rome; and behold, now are all things prepared; and he has sent his servants forth, saying, Behold, I have prepared my banquet, my bullock and the fatted animals are killed, and all things are prepared; come to the wedding-feast. Behold, the doors of heaven are opened, and the paths have been trod of old; and the apostles have walked in them, and the confessors, and the holy virgins, and all the fathers. Come, then, to the eternal espousals!

But you, Christian born, and nurtured among Catholics, who have been baptized and nourished with the gospel, fortified with many sacraments, and strengthened in the faith with many sermons; now, when every idolatry is destroyed, when light is now shed over the world, and the dark clouds scattered, that you, in the midst of the influences of the holy Scriptures, surrounded by brightness of the eternal light, how is it, I say, that you do not come to adore Jesus with a great faith, full of fervor?

You have not to come from the east to adore him, yet it is a trouble to you to come to him from a little distance. You cannot leave your riches, you cannot endure the toil of seeking him, you are fearful of danger. But you have not to go to Jerusalem to seek him. Now have we the kingdom of heaven everywhere; but you have grown indolent, and all fatigue is disagreeable to you. You are ashamed to follow the footsteps of Christ, who now reigns in heaven.

You do not esteem it a great matter to serve him,—quite the contrary; and your works show that you are not a Christian. You have already broken your baptismal vows; you have trodden the blood of Christ under foot; you are a rebel to his law; and your promises of allegiance to it serve for nothing.

How have you renounced the devil and his pomps, you,

who every day do his works! you do not attend to the laws of Christ, but to the literature of the Gentiles. Behold the Magi have abandoned paganism and come to Christ; and you, having abandoned Christ, run to paganism. You have left the manna and the bread of angels, and you have sought to satiate your appetite with the food that is fit for swine. Every day avarice augments, and the vortex of usury is enlarged. Luxury has contaminated everything; pride ascends even to the clouds; blasphemies pierce the ears of heaven, and scoffing takes place in the very face of God. You who act thus are of the devil, who is your father, and you seek to do the will of your father. Behold those who are worse than the Jews, and yet to us belong the sacred Scriptures which speak against them. . . . Many are the blind who say our times are more felicitous than the past ages, but I think if the holy Scriptures are true, our lives are not only not like those of our fathers of former times, but they are at variance with them. . . . Cast your eyes on Rome, which is the chief city of the world, and lower your regards to all her members, and lo! from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, no sanity is there.

We are in the midst of Christians, we converse with Christians, but they are not Christians who are so only in name; far better would it be in the midst of pagans. . . . For now men have become lovers of themselves; covetous, haughty, proud, profane, disobedient to father and mother, ungrateful, given to ribaldry, without love, without peace, censorious, incontinent, spiteful, without benignity, treacherous persons, deceivers, puffed up, lovers of voluptuousness more than of God, who have the form of righteousness, but who deny the value of it.

ON THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST

CONSIDERING, most beloved in Jesus Christ, the felicity of the saints who have preceded us, and bewailing the sight of the dissipation of every Christian principle, and of men being led away from the old paths of our fathers, behold there appeared before my eyes a beautiful woman, of a venerable and a gracious aspect.

And I said to her, "Who are you, who thus unexpectedly appear before me?" And she answered, "*Ego mater pulchræ dilectionis, timoris, agnitionis, et sanctæ spei.*"[1] Then I took confidence and said, "Tell me, O Madonna (the incarnate wisdom), how comes it to pass that the Christian people no longer can endure the burden of the mild law of Christ, the light and easy yoke of charity and love, as the saints of old did?" "Hear the reason," she replied, "*Quia puer est et non habet vires.*[2] The Christian people to-day may be likened to a child who has not strength to bear, without repining, the smallest burden." "Then," said I, "how am I to do, that I may have sufficient force to bear it, and that it may seem light to me?" She answered, "I will teach you: *Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum, et ut sigillum super brachium tuum.*[3] This will be the great strength of a people."

And when she thus spoke to me I saw suddenly approach me Death, armed with his scythe; and the sight of him caused me great terror. And with daring boldness he said, "I am stronger than that sign you were told to place on your heart

[1] "I am the mother of fair love, of fear, knowledge, and of sacred hope."
[2] "Because it is a child and has no strength."
[3] "Place me as an amulet upon thy heart and as a seal upon thine arm."

and as a seal on your arm, for no human being has ever been able to resist my power or offer any resistance to it. With this scythe I have cut down all on earth who came before me, popes, emperors, and kings, and no one has overcome me, so be on your guard that you have not been deluded with mere words."

I felt somewhat astounded, amazed as it were, at these words; but the lady — she the mother of fair love — said to me, "*Fortis est ut mors dilectio,*"[4] and instantly Death departed.

No sooner were the words spoken than Satan, in form and stature of stupendous and appalling size and aspect, stood before me and said, "I am the strongest of all powers; for of me it is written, *Non est potestas in terra quæ ei comparetur.*[5] So suffer not yourself to be deceived by others. I have caused many saints to fall, and, among the rest, your first father Adam, who was more perfect and of greater virtue than all the others."

Speedily that lady, most worthy of veneration, encouragingly said to me, "Fear him not, *nam dura sicut infernus æmulatio.*"[6]

Then came a third apparition, a body of fire like unto a great furnace, and it appeared as if it was there to burn me. And I heard a great voice issue out of that furnace and fire, amid the flames, saying, "*Ego fortissima consumens omnia.*"[7] I have burned cities and castles in great numbers; I have consumed multitudes of men; if you only knew about these things you would be less confident in the power of this protectress."

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[4] "Love is as strong as death."
[5] "There is no power on earth to compare with her."
[6] "For emulation is as fierce as hell."
[7] "I am most potent, and I consume all things."

I stood wrapped in wonder, and I said, "What does all this mean?" Then did the lady take me by the arm and by the hand, and, smiling, turning toward the body of fire, she said, "*Lampades ejus ut lampades ignis atque flammarum.*"[8] These words having been spoken, I perceived a great stir and a sound of rushing waters, as of a vast impetuous river when the streams come down in rapid torrents from the mountains, and I heard a voice from the midst of the waters, which said to me, "We have overwhelmed cities and brought down mountains, and we have no dread of armies, and therefore you are deceived if you think that a woman's aid can serve to liberate you from our hands."

"Oh, mother and queen!" I exclaimed, "answer for me;" and instantly, before she could respond, I heard a loud tumultuous noise and great booming sounds, such as those which we hear when the sea is lashed by tempests; and there came forth a most terrible voice, and spoke thus to me: "I am the sea, which has swallowed up numberless ships and submerged innumerable people, and once overspread even the wide world, and no one can stand against the power of the devil; and yet you confide in the vain words of a woman." Then encouragingly did this lady speak to me, and, directing her words against the sea and against the rivers, she said, "*Aquæ multæ non potuerunt extinguere charitatem, neque flumina obruent illam.*"[9] At these words I was much reassured.

And then, behold, the world appeared before me with all the precious and desirable things, and all the pleasures that could be imagined here below. In one place there seemed

[8] "His torches are like torches of fire and flames."

[9] "Many waters have not been able to extinguish love, nor can rivers drown it."

to me songs and most sweet sounds of music; in another, children exquisitely beautiful; elsewhere, tables most sumptuously laid out with a variety of viands and wines; here, apartments magnificently adorned; there were seen royal sceptres, imperial crowns, and papal mitres. At the sight of these things I felt myself somewhat encouraged and drawn forcibly toward them, and chiefly when I heard a voice uttering these words, "*Hæc omnia tibi dabo si cadens adoraveris me*," [10] and another, which said, "*Omnia traho ad me ipsum.*" [11]

This lady — the mother of fair love — fearing that I might yield to the temptations of such delights, said to me, "Be resolute, I have better things to offer you; *nam si dedet homo omnem substantiam domus suæ per dilectionem quasi nihil despiciet eam.*" [12]

Thus it is, my brethren, this love and this charity (which I have to propose to you) are great gifts, and far more precious than all earthly and material goods, and nothing can prevail against them, as you shall see. For the due understanding of this parable it must be borne in mind that it is in the intellectual part, as our experience shows that such impressions are made, when one understands anything, and it occasions in the intellect of the person a certain impression of the similitude of the thing understood, and, in a like manner, in the imagination remains the similitude of the thing imagined.

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In the love, then, of Jesus Christ is that impression or similitude which has been referred to, and not only in the intellect,

[10] "I will give thee all these things if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

[11] "I draw all things unto me."

[12] "For if a man give all the substance of his house regarding it as of no value."

but in the will or desire, which, if it be naturally affected, produces much sensible emotion, but if supernaturally by grace, oh, then the soul is effectually moved by it!

For the supernatural light which impresses Christ in the understanding vehemently draws to it the will or desire, for it shows the Saviour to the understanding by some medium of ineffable suavity which the natural light cannot present it in to the intellect. And the more the desire is thus acted on, the more it is animated by this supernatural charity.

ON THE DEGENERATION OF THE CHURCH

NOW there is one thing only in which great delight is taken in the temple of religion. The great anxiety is that it should be all painted and gilded; thus, our churches have exterior things, many fine ceremonies in the solemnization of ecclesiastical offices, with magnificent adornments for the altars and hangings for the walls, candelabra of gold and silver, so many costly chalices and ciboriums. You behold there those great prelates with fine mitres, adorned with gold and precious gems, on their heads, with crosiers of silver. You behold them with brocaded vestments at the altar, singing our beautiful vespers and our high masses, *adagio*, with so many imposing ceremonies, organs, and numerous singers, that your senses are astounded; and they seem to you men of great gravity and sanctimony, and you do not believe they can err, but that which they say and do is to be observed as the precepts of the gospel; behold, to what a pass the modern church is come!

Men nurture themselves on these trivialities and recreate

themselves with these ceremonies, and they say the church of Jesus Christ never flourished so much, and that divine worship was never so well performed as at the present time; as a great prelate once said that the church was never held in such honor, nor were their prelates ever in such estimation, and the first prelates of the church were only *prelatuzzi*[13] in comparison with the bishops of our days.

But Asaph of the Psalms, how does he feel at hearing these words? He whispers in my ear and says, "It is true the first prelates were only *prelatuzzi*, because they were humble and poor, and they had not so many fat bishoprics and so many rich glebe possessions as our modern bishops. They had not so many mitres of gold, moreover, nor so many chalices, and even the few which they possessed they disposed of for the necessities of the poor. Our prelates, to possess chalices, take the substance of the poor, without which they cannot live."

But do you comprehend what I wish to say to you?

In the primitive church the chalices were of wood and the prelates were of gold; to-day the prelates are of wood and the chalices are of gold.

It was said once to St. Thomas of Aquinas by a great prelate, and perhaps it might be said of all who entertain similar opinions, that he exhibited a large vessel, and perhaps more than one, full of ducats, and said, "Master Thomas, look here, the church can no longer say, as St. Peter said, '*Argentum et aurum non est mihi.*'"[14] St. Thomas, in reply, said "Neither can the church say now that which follows immediately, and was said by the Apostle, '*In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi Nazareni surge et ambula.*'"[15]

They who did these things were then only *prelatuzzi*, as

[13] "Insignificant priests."
[14] "Silver and gold have I none."
[15] "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk."

far as temporalities go, but they were great prelates, that is to say, of great virtue and sanctity, great authority; they were greatly reverenced by the people; whether on account of their virtues or of the miracles they performed. . . .

If you go to those *prelati cerimoniosi* of later times, they give you the best mild words you ever heard; if you condole with them on the present state of the church, that it is bad, speedily they say, "Father, you speak the truth, it will be impossible any longer to live if God does not repair the evil the faith is suffering." But internally they are full of malice, and they speak another language, and they say, "Let us remain at rest, all days are feasts of the Lord on earth:" as if they wished to say, "Let us make the feasts and solemnities of God festivals and functions of the devil; let us introduce them," they say, "with our authority, with an example, so that the true feasts and solemnities of God shall cease, and the festivals of Satan shall be honored." And they say one to another, "What think you of this our faith? what opinion have you of it?" Another replies, "You appear to me a fool. That which has been said of calamities in the church is a dream, a thing spoken of by women and of friars, *e uno sogno, e cosa da femminucce, e da frati. . . . 'Che fai tu adunque, Signore? perche dormi tu? Quare abdormis, Domine? exurge, et ne repellas in finem.'* . . . Lord, do you not see our tribulations? Have you become unmindful of your church? Do you love it no more? Is it no longer dear to you? It is still your spouse! Do you not recognize it? It is the same for which you came down from heaven and took up your abode in the womb of Mary, for which you took human flesh, for which you suffered all manner of opprobrium, for which you were pleased to shed your blood on the cross. Therefore, since it has cost you so much, O Lord, we beseech of you that you come speedily to liberate it."

LATIMER

HUGH LATIMER, a famous bishop and martyr of the English Reformation period, was born at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, probably about 1480. His father was of the yeomanry class, and the circumstances of Latimer's early life probably gave him that knowledge of the struggles of the peasantry of which he spoke so earnestly in his sermons on "The Plough" before King Edward VI. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge University, and early turned toward the reformed doctrines. He became bishop of Worcester in 1534, having already been accused of heresy, and was as outspoken in his position as when he had been a country clergyman in Wiltshire. He resigned his office in 1539, having come into conflict with the views and opinions of King Henry, and was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower. After the accession of Edward VI he returned to notice as a licensed preacher, living quietly in London, preaching vigorous sermons at St. Paul's Cross, and exercising a great influence upon public opinion by the earnestness and vigor of his utterances. Soon after Queen Mary's coronation he was committed to prison on the charge of heresy, and after a confinement of over two years was burned at the stake at Oxford, October 16, 1555, in company with Ridley, bishop of London. He was perhaps the greatest English preacher of his day, but his sermons are not literary productions so much as utterances adapted to the needs of the time. The style in which they are written is rough, unpolished, often rambling, and sometimes incoherent, but full of vigor and force, as well as simple earnestness of conviction, and we have the testimony of his contemporaries that they were intensely effective. Among the most noted are those on the Card, on Covetousness, and on the Raising of Rents.

SERMON ON CHRISTIAN LOVE

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." — John xv, 12.

SEEING the time is so far spent, we will take no more in hand at this time than this one sentence; for it will be enough for us to consider this well and to bear it away with us. "This I command unto you, that ye love one another." Our Saviour himself spake these words at his last supper: it was the last sermon that he made unto his disciples before his departure; it is a very long sermon. For our

Saviour, like as one that knows he shall die shortly, is desirous to spend that little time he has with his friends, in exhorting and instructing them how they should lead their lives. Now, among other things that he commanded this was one: "This I command unto you, that ye love one another." The English expresses as though it were but one, "This is my commandment." I examined the Greek, where it is in the plural number, and very well; for there are many things that pertain to a Christian man, and yet all those things are contained in this one thing, that is, Love. He lappeth up all things in love.

Our whole duty is contained in these words, "Love together." Therefore St. Paul saith, "He that loveth another fulfilleth the whole law;" so it appeareth that all things are contained in this word Love. This Love is a precious thing; our Saviour saith, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye shall love one another."

So Christ makes love his cognizance, his badge, his livery. Like as every lord commonly gives a certain livery to his servants, whereby they may be known that they pertain unto him; and so we say, yonder is this lord's servants, because they wear his livery: so our Saviour, who is the Lord above all lords, would have his servants known by their liveries and badge, which badge is love alone. Whosoever now is endued with love and charity is his servant; him we may call Christ's servant; for love is the token whereby you may know that such a servant pertaineth to Christ; so that charity may be called the very livery of Christ. He that hath charity is Christ's servant: he that hath not charity is the servant of the devil. For as Christ's livery is love and charity, so the devil's livery is hatred, malice, and discord.

But I think the devil has a great many more servants

than Christ has; for there are a great many more in his livery than in Christ's livery; there are but very few who are endued with Christ's livery; with love and charity, gentleness and meekness of spirit; but there are a great number that bear hatred and malice in their hearts, that are proud, stout, and lofty; therefore the number of the devil's servants is greater than the number of Christ's servants.

Now St. Paul shows how needful this love is. I speak not of carnal love, which is only animal affection; but of this charitable love which is so necessary that, when a man hath it, without all other things it will suffice him. Again, if a man have all other things and lacketh that love, it will not help him; it is all vain and lost. St. Paul used it so: "Though I speak with tongues of men and angels, and yet had no love, I were even as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal. And though I could prophesy and understand all secrets and all knowledge; yea, if I had all faith, so that I could move mountains out of their places, and yet had no love, I were nothing. And though I bestowed all my goods to feed the poor, and though I gave my body even that I were burned, and yet had no love, it profiteth me nothing."

These are godly gifts, yet St. Paul calls them nothing when a man hath them without charity; which is a great commendation, and shows the great need of love, insomuch that all other virtues are in vain when this love is absent. And there have been some who thought that St. Paul spake against the dignity of faith; but you must understand that St. Paul speaks here, not of the justifying faith wherewith we receive everlasting life, but he understands by this word "faith" the gift to do miracles, to remove hills: of such a faith he speaks. This I say to confirm this proposition. Faith only justifieth: this proposition is most true and certain. And St. Paul speaks not

here of this lively justifying faith; for this right faith is not without love, for love cometh and floweth out of faith, love is a child of faith; for no man can love except he believe, so that they have two several offices, they themselves being inseparable.

St. Paul has an expression in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which, according to the outward letter, seems much to the dispraise of this faith, and to the praise of love; these are his words: "Now abideth faith, hope, and love, even these three; but the chiefest of these is love."

There are some learned men who expound the greatness of which St. Paul speaketh here as if meant for eternity. For when we come to God, then we believe no more, but rather see with our eyes face to face how he is; yet for all that, love remains still; so that love may be called the chiefest because she endureth forever. And though she is the chiefest, yet we must not attribute unto her the office which pertains unto faith only. Like as I cannot say, the mayor of Stamford must make me a pair of shoes because he is a greater man than the shoemaker is; for the mayor, though he is the greater man, yet it is not his office to make shoes; so, though love be greater, yet it is not her office to save. Thus much I thought good to say against those who fight against the truth.

Now, when we would know who are in Christ's livery or not, we must learn it of St. Paul, who most evidently described charity, which is the very livery, saying, "Love is patient, she suffereth long." Now whosoever fumeth and is angry, he is out of this livery: therefore let us remember that we do not cast away the livery of Christ our master. When we are in sickness or any manner of adversities, our duty is to be patient, to suffer willingly, and to call upon him for aid, help

and comfort; for without him we are not able to abide any tribulation. Therefore we must call upon God, he has promised to help: therefore let me not think him to be false or untrue in his promises, for we cannot dishonor God more than by not believing or trusting in him. Therefore let us beware above all things of dishonoring God; and so we must be patient, trusting and most certainly believing that he will deliver us when it seems good to him, who knows the time better than we ourselves.

"Charity is gentle, friendly, and loving; she envieth not." They that envy their neighbor's profit when it goes well with him, such fellows are out of their liveries, and so out of the service of God; for to be envious is to be the servant of the devil.

"Love doth not frowardly, she is not a provoker;" as there are some men who will provoke their neighbor so far that it is very hard for them to be in charity with them; but we must wrestle with our affections; we must strive and see that we keep this livery of Christ our master; for "the devil goeth about as a roaring lion seeking to take us at a vantage," to bring us out of our liveries, and to take from us the knot of love and charity.

"Love swelleth not, is not puffed up;" but there are many swellers nowadays, they are so high, so lofty, insomuch that they despise and contemn all others: all such persons are under the governance of the devil. God rules not them with his good Spirit; the evil spirit has occupied their hearts and possessed them.

"She doth not dishonestly; she seeketh not her own; she doth all things to the commodity of her neighbors." A charitable man will not promote himself with the damage of his neighbor. They that seek only their own advantage, forgetting

their neighbors, they are not of God, they have not his livery. Further, "charity is not provoked to anger; she thinketh not evil." We ought not to think evil of our neighbor as long as we see not open wickedness; for it is written, "You shall not judge;" we should not take upon us to condemn our neighbor. And surely the condemners of other men's works are not in the livery of Christ. Christ hateth them.

"She rejoiceth not in iniquity;" she loveth equity and godliness. And again, she is sorry to hear of falsehood, of stealing, or such like, which wickedness is now at this time commonly used. There never was such falsehood among Christian men as there is now at this time; truly I think, and they that have experience report it so, that among the very infidels and Turks there is more fidelity and uprightness than among Christian men. For no man setteth anything by his promise, yea, and writings will not serve with some, they are so shameless that they dare deny their own handwriting: but, I pray you, are those false fellows in the livery of Christ? Have they his cognizance? No, no; they have the badge of the devil, with whom they shall be damned world without end except they amend and leave their wickedness.

"She suffereth all things; she believeth all things." It is a great matter that should make us to be grieved with our neighbor; we should be patient when our neighbor doth wrong, we should admonish him of his folly, earnestly desiring him to leave his wickedness, showing the danger that follows, namely, everlasting damnation. In such wise we should study to amend our neighbor, and not to hate him or do him a foul turn again, but rather charitably study to amend him: whosoever now does so, he has the livery and cognizance of Christ; he shall be known at the last day for his servant.

"Love believeth all things." It appears daily that they who are charitable and friendly are most deceived; because they think well of every man, they believe every man, they trust their words, and therefore are most deceived in this world, among the children of the devil. These and such like things are the tokens of the right and godly love: therefore they that have this love are soon known, for this love cannot be hid in corners, she has her operation: therefore all that have her are well enough, though they have no other gifts besides her. Again, they that lack her, though they have many other gifts besides, yet it is to no other purpose, it does them no good: for when we shall come at the great day before him, not having this livery (that is, love) with us, then we are lost; he will not take us for his servants, because we have not his cognizance. But if we have this livery; if we wear his cognizance here in this world; that is, if we love our neighbor, help him in his distress, are charitable, loving, and friendly unto him,— then shall we be known at the last day: but if we be uncharitable toward our neighbor, hate him, seek our own advantage with his damage, then we shall be rejected of Christ and so damned world without end.

Our Saviour saith here in this gospel, "I command you these things:" he speaketh in the plural number, and lappeth it up in one thing, which is, that we should love one another, much like St. Paul's saying in the thirteenth to the Romans, "Owe nothing to any man, but love one another." Here St. Paul lappeth up all things together, signifying unto us that love is the consummation of the law; for this commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is contained in this law of love: for he that loveth God will not break wedlock, because wedlock-breaking is a dishonoring of God and a serving of the devil. "Thou shalt not kill." He that

loveth will not kill, he will do no harm. "Thou shalt not steal." He that loveth his neighbor as himself will not take away his goods. I had of late occasion to speak of picking and stealing, where I showed unto you the danger wherein they are that steal their neighbors' goods from them, but I hear nothing yet of restitution. Sirs, I tell you, except restitution is made, look for no salvation.

And it is a miserable and heinous thing to consider that we are so blinded with this world that, rather than we would make restitution, we will sell unto the devil our souls which are bought with the blood of our Saviour Christ. What can be done more to the dishonoring of Christ than to cast our souls away to the devil for the value of a little money? — the soul which he has bought with his painful passion and death! But I tell you those that will do so, and that will not make restitution when they have done wrong, or have taken away their neighbor's goods, they are not in the livery of Christ, they are not his servants; let them go as they will in this world, yet for all that they are foul and filthy enough before God; they stink before his face; and therefore they shall be cast from his presence into everlasting fire; this shall be all their good cheer that they shall have, because they have not the livery of Christ, nor his cognizance, which is love. They remember not that Christ commanded us, saying, "This I command you, that ye love one another." This is Christ's commandment. Moses, the great prophet of God, gave many laws, but he gave not the spirit to fulfil the same laws: but Christ gave this law, and promised unto us that when we call upon him he will give us his Holy Ghost, who shall make us able to fulfil his laws, though not so perfectly as the law requires, but yet to the contentation of God and to the protection of our faith: for as long as

we are in this world we can do nothing as we ought to do, because our flesh leadeth us, which is ever bent against the law of God; yet our works which we do are well taken for Christ's sake, and God will reward them in heaven.

Therefore our Saviour saith, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," because he helpeth to bear them; else indeed we should not be able to bear them. And in another place he saith his commandments are not heavy; they are heavy to our flesh, but, being qualified with the Spirit of God, to the faithful which believe in Christ, to them, I say, they are not heavy; for, though their doings are not perfect, yet they are well taken for Christ's sake.

You must not be offended because the Scripture commends love so highly, for he that commends the daughter commends the mother; for love is the daughter and faith is the mother: love floweth out of faith; where faith is, there is love; but yet we must consider their offices; faith is the hand wherewith we take hold on everlasting life.

Now let us enter into ourselves and examine our own hearts whether we are in the livery of God or not: and when we find ourselves to be out of this livery let us repent and amend our lives, so that we may come again to the favor of God and spend our time in this world to his honor and glory, forgiving our neighbors all such things as they have done against us.

And now to make an end: mark here who gave this precept of love — Christ our Saviour himself. When and at what time? At his departing, when he should suffer death. Therefore these words ought the more to be regarded, seeing he himself spake them at his last departing from us. May God of his mercy give us grace so to walk here in this world, charitably and friendly with one another, that we may attain the joy which God hath prepared for all those that love him. Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER

MARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben, in the county of Mansfeld, in Thuringia, on the 10th of November, 1483. His father belonged to a family of free peasants. A slate-cutter by trade, he had come to Eisleben to work as a miner, and, subsequently, set up a forge in Mansfeld. In the Latin school of that place the boy Martin so distinguished himself that his father sent him for a year to a school at Magdeburg, and then to Eisenach, whence in his eighteenth year he went to the high-school of Erfurt, where he studied the classics and philosophy. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1502, and his Master's, three years later. A dangerous illness so wrought upon his feelings that, in spite of his father, he resolved to become a monk, and, in June, 1505, he entered the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. Ordained a priest in May, 1507, he was appointed the next year Professor in the University at Wittenberg, which had been recently founded. He began by lecturing on Aristotle, and in 1509 he gave lectures on the Bible which from the first attracted crowds of hearers. In the year 1511 he went to Rome, and a twelvemonth later, on his return to the University, was promoted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. As early as 1516 he began to defend at academical disputations his peculiar views of the relations between law and gospel. In the following year, when the sale of indulgences began in Saxony, Luther thundered against them from his Wittenberg pulpit, and finally, on October 3, nailed a paper, denouncing them in 95 propositions or theses, to the door of the Castle church. In that hour the Reformation began. In his theses and explanatory sermons, Luther had struck a blow at more than indulgences, though he scarcely knew it at the time. Early in 1518, he appeared at a general meeting of the Augustinian order at Heidelberg, and, at a public disputation, strove to make apparent the contrast between the external view of religion taught by the schoolmen, and the spiritual view of gospel truth based upon justifying faith. The result of these and similar declarations was that Luther was summoned to appear before the Pope at Rome, but, the Elector of Saxony intervening, it was arranged that Luther should present himself before the Pope's Legate at Augsburg. The interview came to nothing, and in March, 1519, Luther appealed from the Pope to a General Council to be held in Germany. During the same year a public disputation took place at Leipsic between Luther and John Eck, after which Luther felt that he had finally broken with Rome, and became the leader of the German nation. The Pope's bull, published at Rome in July, 1520, the

bull in which Luther was condemned for holding Hussite opinions, was publicly burned by the reformer at Wittenberg in December of the same year. The Pope then appealing to the young emperor Charles V. to crush heresy in Germany, Luther was summoned before a Diet to be held at Worms in 1521. It was before this Diet that Luther delivered the speech which we have here reproduced. On the concluding fifteen years of Luther's life we need not dwell. When he died, in 1546, it was with the knowledge that he had made a large part of Germany Protestant; indeed, the only large German States that were then able to maintain a firm front against the Lutheran doctrines were Austria, Bavaria, the Palatinate and the great ecclesiastical provinces on the Rhine. Subsequently, the Palatinate adopted the Calvinistic form of Protestantism, and, could a union have been effected between Calvinism and Lutheranism, it is probable that the Protestants would have acquired a majority in the electoral college, in which event a Protestant emperor might have been elected.

TO THE DIET AT WORMS

IN obedience to your commands given me yesterday, I stand here, beseeching you, as God is merciful, so to deign mercifully to listen to this cause, which is, as I believe, the cause of justice and of truth. And if through inexperience I should fail to apply to any his proper title, or offend in any way against the manners of courts, I entreat you to pardon me as one not conversant with courts, but rather with the cells of monks, and claiming no other merit than that of having spoken and written with that simplicity of mind which regards nothing but the glory of God and the pure instruction of the people of Christ.

Two questions have been proposed to me: Whether I acknowledge the books which are published in my name, and whether I am determined to defend or disposed to recall them. To the first of these I have given a direct answer, in which I shall ever persist that those books are mine and published by me, except so far as they may have been altered or interpolated by the craft or officiousness of rivals. To the other I am now about to reply; and I must

first entreat your Majesty and your Highnesses to deign to consider that my books are not all of the same description. For there are some in which I have treated the piety of faith and morals with simplicity so evangelical that my very adversaries confess them to be profitable and harmless and deserving the perusal of a Christian. Even the Pope's bull, fierce and cruel as it is, admits some of my books to be innocent, though even these, with a monstrous perversity of judgment, it includes in the same sentence. If, then, I should think of retracting these, should I not stand alone in my condemnation of that truth which is acknowledged by the unanimous confession of all, whether friends or foes?

The second species of my publications is that in which I have inveighed against the papacy and the doctrine of the papists, as of men who by their iniquitous tenets and examples have desolated the Christian world, both with spiritual and temporal calamities. No man can deny or dissemble this. The sufferings and complaints of all mankind are my witnesses, that, through the laws of the Pope and the doctrines of men, the consciences of the faithful have been insnared, tortured, and torn in pieces, while, at the same time, their property and substance have been devoured by an incredible tyranny, and are still devoured without end and by degrading means, and that too, most of all, in this noble nation of Germany. Yet it is with them a perpetual statute, that the laws and doctrines of the Pope be held erroneous and reprobate when they are contrary to the Gospel and the opinions of the Fathers.

If, then, I shall retract these books, I shall do no other than add strength to tyranny and throw open doors to this

great impiety, which will then stride forth more widely and licentiously than it has dared hitherto; so that the reign of iniquity will proceed with entire impunity, and, notwithstanding its intolerable oppression upon the suffering vulgar, be still further fortified and established; especially when it shall be proclaimed that I have been driven to this act by the authority of your serene Majesty and the whole Roman Empire. What a cloak, blessed Lord, should I then become for wickedness and despotism!

In a third description of my writings are those which I have published against individuals, against the defenders of the Roman tyranny and the subverters of the piety taught by men. Against these I do freely confess that I have written with more bitterness than was becoming either my religion or my profession; for, indeed, I lay no claim to any especial sanctity, and argue not respecting my own life, but respecting the doctrine of Christ. Yet even these writings it is impossible for me to retract, seeing that through such retraction despotism and impiety would reign under my patronage, and rage with more than their former ferocity against the people of God.

Yet since I am but man and not God, it would not become me to go further in defence of my tracts than my Lord Jesus went in defence of his doctrine; who, when he was interrogated before Annas, and received a blow from one of the officers, answered: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" If then the Lord himself, who knew his own infallibility, did not disdain to require arguments against his doctrine even from a person of low condition, how much rather ought I, who am the dregs of the earth and the very slave of error, to inquire and search if there be any

to bear witness against my doctrine! Wherefore, I entreat you, by the mercies of God, that if there be any one of any condition who has that ability, let him overpower me by the sacred writings, prophetical and evangelical. And for my own part, as soon as I shall be better instructed I will retract my errors and be the first to cast my books into the flames.

It must now, I think, be manifest that I have sufficiently examined and weighed, not only the dangers, but the parties and dissensions excited in the world by means of my doctrine, of which I was yesterday so gravely admonished. But I must avow that to me it is of all others the most delightful spectacle to see parties and dissensions growing up on account of the word of God, for such is the progress of God's word, such its ends and object. "Think not I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

Moreover we should reflect that our God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels; so that his work, which is now the object of so much solicitude, if we should found it in the condemnation of the word of God, may be turned by his providence into a deluge of intolerable calamity; and the reign of this young and excellent prince (in whom is our hope after God) not only should begin, but should continue and close under the most glowing auspices.

I could show more abundantly by reference to Scriptural examples—to those of Pharaoh, the King of Babylon, the

kings of Israel—that they have brought about their own destruction by those very counsels of worldly wisdom which seemed to promise them peace and stability. For it is he who taketh the wise in their craftiness and removeth the mountains, and they know not, and overturneth them in his anger. So that it is the work of God to fear God. Yet I say not these things as if the great personages here present stood at all in need of my admonitions, but only because it was a service which I owed to my native Germany, and it was my duty to discharge it. And thus I commend myself to your serene Majesty and all the princes, humbly beseeching you not to allow the malice of my enemies to render me odious to you without a cause. I have done.

["Having delivered this address in German," says Doctor Waddington, "Luther was commanded to recite it in Latin. For a moment he hesitated; his breath was exhausted, and he was oppressed by the heat and throng of the surrounding multitude. One of the Saxon courtiers even advised him to excuse himself from obedience; but he presently collected his powers again, and repeated his speech with few variations and equal animation in the other language. His tone was that of supplication rather than remonstrance, and there was something of diffidence in his manner. . . . No sooner had he ceased than he was reminded, in a tone of reproach, that they were not assembled to discuss matters which had long ago been decided by councils, but that a simple answer was required of him to a simple question—whether he would retract or not. Then Luther continued—"]

Since your most serene Majesty and the princes require a simple answer, I will give it thus: Unless I shall be con-

vinced by proofs from Scripture or by evident reason — for I believe neither in Popes nor councils, since they have frequently both erred and contradicted themselves — I cannot choose but adhere to the word of God, which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I ever make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience! Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God! Amen.

[Translated by Dr. George Waddington.]

SERMON ON PETER'S DENIAL OF CHRIST

Matt. xxvi, 69-75.

THIS is a useful narrative, for which reason it is related by each of the four Evangelists. It is useful chiefly in two respects. First, it teaches us to cherish humility and avoid presumption; for see how easily Peter, who would previously have gladly imperilled his body and his life for the Lord Jesus, is brought to such a terrible fall. And secondly, it teaches us how we may regain grace after we have fallen into sin; for Peter furnishes us with a pleasing example of Christian repentance, showing what repentance really is and how we must be freed from sin. But let us first relate the history.

When Jesus was taken captive in the garden and led away, first to Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas, and from Annas to the high priest Caiaphas, John, as he himself writes, followed from afar and entered the house of Caiaphas, in which he was acquainted, bringing Peter in with him. The latter sat down with the servants in the house and warmed him-

self at the fire. Then a damsel asked him whether he was a disciple of the captive Jesus. He vehemently denied that he was. The cock then crew for the first time. Upon this, as Matthew and Mark relate, Peter went away from the fire, out into the porch, where he was encountered in a similar way by a maid, who began to say to them that stood by, This is one of them. Luke tells us that it was a man who said this of Peter. It needs merely be remembered here that, after the maid had begun to speak about Peter, the rest also expressed their opinions and chimed in with the maid. Peter then a second time denied. And finally, about the space of one hour after, as we are informed by Luke, he was met by one of the servants of the high priest, who, according to John, was a kinsman to him whose ear Peter cut off. He attacks Peter a little more severely than the rest, publicly saying that he had seen him in the garden with Jesus. Peter would not keep silent to this accusation, for he feared that it would endanger his life. Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man of whom ye speak. Now the Lord turns and casts upon Peter a look which so penetrates his soul that he now perceives what he has done and he goes out of Caiaphas's palace and weeps bitterly. This is about the whole of the occurrence in order, as related by the four Evangelists.

Here we should, in the first place, as stated in the beginning, learn from the example of pious Peter to recognize our weakness, so that we may refrain from putting absolute confidence in other people or in ourselves. For our hearts are so entirely faint and fickle that they change every hour, as the Lord says in the second chapter of John. Who in the world would have expected such unstability and feebleness in Peter? When the Lord (Luke xxii) cautioned him, saying, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat," how

courageous was he not, how bold and undismayed! "Lord," said he, "I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death." And when the Lord continued to admonish him, telling him not to be so foolhardy, and that before the cock would crow twice he should have denied him thrice, we see that Peter thought it all a fable. He imagined this impossible, and intended to adhere to and defend the Lord at the risk of his own life. And his actions, indeed, show this to have been his intention. For in the hour of greatest peril, when the Jews were taking captive the Lord in the garden, Peter was the first to draw his sword, and he slashed into the mob, notwithstanding that he and only one other armed person opposed so many who were well equipped. Now who would have believed that one so valiant, who so faithfully stands by his Master, would so soon afterward shamefully betray him? In the garden no one attempted to hurt Peter and his fellow disciples, for the Lord's "Let these go" protected them. And especially here in the house of Caiaphas no one desires to injure them. But when, altogether incidentally, and perhaps through sympathy, the damsel that kept the door said unto Peter: "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" his courage failed him, and he feared that he would have to share his Master's fate if he should answer yes, and therefore he denies that he is a disciple. And when he was accosted on this point the second time and the third, he began to curse and to swear, calling upon God to visit upon him his wrath if he had ever known or seen the man.

Let us pay due attention to the conduct of Peter, so that we may learn properly to know ourselves and other people, and to beware of presumptuousness. For if such a denial of faith can proceed from Peter, who, above all the other disciples, had a heart filled with loyalty and love for the Lord Jesus,

yea, who was so enlightened by the grace of God that even Christ said unto him: "Blessed art thou, Simon, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," and that he gave to him the name Cephas, "a stone," how much more easily cannot such denial come from us poor mortals, who are much inferior to Peter in point of gifts, and, in all other respects, much more faint and frail?

Be on thy guard, therefore; be not irreverently bold; think not that thou hast climbed the mountain and art out of danger; remember that thy flesh is totally corrupt! Neither doth Satan slumber, but walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whose heart he may trouble, and whom he may cast down or even devour. Therefore be vigilant; live in fear of God; build upon his grace alone, and in him repose thy trust and confidence! And let that which Jesus spake in the garden to Peter, James, and John, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," be spoken also unto thee, that thou mayest neither snore nor be falsely secure, as though there were no danger and no need for fear from henceforth, but that thou mayest watch and be sober, not doubting that thy arch-enemy is close at hand, yea, that thou bearest him in thy bosom! Thou wouldst, therefore, be lost, should God not stand by thee with his Holy Spirit. Thou canst neither govern nor restrain thyself one single hour. Therefore say: I will pray God to give me his Holy Spirit, that he may rule and rightly lead me, and either ward off disturbance and temptation, or else graciously succor me and suffer me not to fall! This is the first point presented by our narrative. Under this head, however, appropriately comes the solemn admonition of the Lord, given in the twenty-first chapter of Luke: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness;" for we are

just as ill bred as the brute which, when well fed, shows its insolence.

He who has plenty and to spare readily forgets God and his Word, or else cares very little for them; and then, before he knows it, he is entangled in the devil's net. Therefore, wouldst thou be out of danger, observe these three things: fear God, be watchful and sober, and pray without ceasing! For, although we must still feel temptation's thrusts, and sometimes fall because of weakness, God, through his Holy Spirit, will lift us up again, and not suffer us to remain victims of temptation.

In the second place we find consolation in this narrative. Here we clearly see the fruit of our Lord Jesus' sufferings; and Peter's conduct plainly pictures to us, not only the grace and mercy of God, but also the way in which grace may be regained by us when lost in unrighteousness and sin. Terrible and heinous is the fall of Peter; as such he feels it most forcibly, and therefore he cannot longer bear to mingle with men, but steals away and weeps bitterly.

But here we find that the Lord not only foretold to him his fall, but afterward also received him into favor without punishing him as his sin had deserved. For on Easter, before the Lord Jesus had shown himself, the angel who was at the grave commanded the women to announce to his disciples, and to Peter especially, that the Lord had risen. And the Lord himself, soon after he had appeared to Magdalene and the other women, appeared to Peter and comforted him. This all works together for our consolation, teaching us not to banish from our hearts confidence in God's grace, though we may have fallen, but, seeing how the Lord deals with Peter, to be assured that he has died on our account, and that his sufferings shall bring us consolation and assistance, although we are poor

sinners. For if sinners are not to have the benefit of the sufferings of Christ, then would he have rejected his disciples, and particularly Peter, first of all, and nevermore have interested himself for them, because they were all offended because of him, fled from him, and so shamefully denied him. But the merciful Lord does not so; they are still his dear disciples, notwithstanding that they disgraced their calling. Let us mark this and apply it to our hearts for consolation; for thus will our gracious God also deal with us.

But, say you, what becomes of poor Judas? Do we not see him cut off from all grace? Although we shall come to speak of this hereafter, it is still necessary for us, in this connection, to know what it was that furthered and preserved Peter, and what it was that subjected Judas to impediments and despair, so that Peter's case may teach us how to take care of ourselves and how to beware of that which befell Judas.

Now we must make a distinction between Peter and Judas with reference to the heinousness of their crimes. For, while both transgress the will of God and subject themselves to everlasting condemnation, Judas's sin is greater than that of Peter. Judas surrenders to sin voluntarily and with premeditation, and, notwithstanding the Lord's frequent and fervent warnings, prefers his sins above Christ's love. This is not the case with Peter; his sin was accidental, not deliberate and malicious; his denial of Christ was the result of casual diffidence or weakness. Had he apprehended this result, he would not have entered the house of Caiaphas. Then there is this further distinction between Peter and Judas, that the former, unlike the latter, is not the enemy of Christ and does not hate him; that he does not run counter to the Lord, like the latter, with such wanton scorn, hatred, and obstinacy that no exhortation to penitence and no favor of the Lord can influence him to

repent; but that, before he considers and perceives what he is doing, through fear and weakness he is so overcome that he denies his dear Lord and begins to curse and to swear.

Let us mark well the aforenamed distinction in regard to sins, namely: that although both Peter and Judas do sin, and thus subject themselves to the judgment of God, the sin of Judas is more enormous than the sin of Peter. For the Lord subsequently makes the difference between Pilate and the Jews, saying (John xix), "He that hath delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." This is the reason why the conscience of Judas is more painfully wounded than Peter's and his sufferings are more severe; the burden borne by Judas is by far the heavier and the more oppressive. Nevertheless, Peter's sin hath deserved death, as well as that of Judas.

This distinction is justified also by St. Paul, who says of his persecuting Christ and his believers that he had done this in ignorance, and that, although his work of persecution was a damnable, mortal sin, it was still not at all to be compared with the persecutions carried on by the chief priests and Pharisees. This difference deserves to be diligently regarded, so that we may beware of such wanton and malicious sins as of a most grievous burden, and therefore watch that we do not obstinately persevere in impenitence. Now, although sins may be classified according to the degree of their criminality, and although no doubt exists that, the greater the sin, the greater the consequent torment of conscience; still, when a man has obtained knowledge of his sins and is terrified by the wrath of God, he must not judge the measure of forgiveness and grace by the enormity or number of his sins. All sins, even the least, are so great and serious that we are not able to estimate their heinousness; yea, so great that we could not endure one of them, were it adequately seen and felt by us.

Besides, Satan can so magnify a sin, though it be not the greatest, that the timid, fearful soul which is guilty of it supposes that no one else on earth has ever committed so grievous a crime. Therefore we must know and hold fast the gospel doctrine of the grace and kindness of the Son of God; for this tells us that grace is mightier than all sin. It is the great object of God's word and promises that no one may despond or despair on account of sin, but that all may trust in the grace of God through his only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus.

On this point Judas and Peter differ. Judas looks only at the enormity of his sins, falls into despair, thinks that all eternity can afford him neither counsel nor aid, and then the poor fellow goes and hangs himself. And why? Simply because he had despised God's word and had not been bettered by it. When he now stood in need of consolation, but did not have the Word and desired not to turn to the Lord Jesus in faith, he was beyond all reach of help. Peter also wept bitterly, and feared and trembled on account of his sins, but he had more diligently heard and better remembered the Word of the Lord Jesus. Therefore, when he now finds himself in distress, he makes use of the Word, thinks of that which Christ has told him, clings to this, consoles himself with it, and hopes that God will be merciful to him. In such misery this is the true relief, which poor Judas lacked. But this was really the course Peter took, and that he did abide by God's Word and grace, the Lord testifies in the twenty-second chapter of Luke, saying: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." While he was denying Christ we do not see that there was a spark of faith in his heart; but afterward, when his conscience was aroused and he was tortured by it, his faith returned, preserving to him this word of Christ and preventing him from falling into despair.

Let us, then, learn here what true repentance is. Peter "wept bitterly." In this way repentance begins; the heart must truly perceive sin and be sincerely sorry for it, so that our delight in it, our love for it, and our living in it may cease. Our having disobeyed God's will and sinned must be for us a source of heartfelt affliction.

Our might, however, cannot bring this about; but the Lord calls us to repent and makes his face to shine again upon us, just as he here calls and admonishes Peter by the crowing of the cock, of which he had told him before, and by turning and looking upon him. For we are by nature so disposed that we delight in sin and take pleasure in committing it continually. We see this in the case of Peter; for, after he had denied Christ once, he still keeps on until he has denied him thrice, and cursed and sworn: "I do not know the man," being concerned about nothing. But when the cock crows and the Lord turns to look upon him, Peter immediately pauses and considers what he has done. Now, according to our nature and to the nature of sin, sin cannot help but terrify us, threaten us with God's wrath, and fill our hearts with anguish, as was the case with both Peter and Judas. Judas, when he perceived his sin, became so uneasy that he did not know what to do with himself. And Peter's agony was so great that it compelled him to flee from his fellow men and give vent to his grief in tears, of which he could not shed enough.

When we feel such terror and anguish, our best course is, first, to humble ourselves before God and freely confess our sins: "O God, I am indeed a poor, miserable sinner, and, shouldst thou depart from me with thy grace, am able only to sin;" and then, to abide God's Word and promises, adding: "But be merciful to me for the sake of thy Son, Jesus Christ!" When the soul thus seeks to console itself with

God's word, and sincerely trusts that God, for his Son's sake, will be merciful, then must the anguish abate and comfort surely follow. True and complete repentance, then, is this: to be terrified and humbled by sin, and to find comfort in the Lord Jesus and his sufferings through faith.

Thus, no doubt, Peter consoled himself with the word spoken to him by the Lord at the passover: "Satan hath desired to have you, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not" (Luke xxii). For, although his heart was filled with anxiety and sorrow, he did not despair like Judas. True, at first this consolation was as small as a grain of mustard-seed. But since the ground on which this little consolation rested was God's own Word and promises, it increased wonderfully, and when Peter met Christ again on holy Easter Day, it had grown so great that all terrors and all doubts had fled, and nothing remained except heartfelt humility, with which to confess his weakness and cheerfully to acknowledge himself a sinner. Sin was not able to leave aught in Peter's heart except this weakness and this confession. This consolation, like a mighty deluge, suffocated, yea, quenched the fire that had threatened to consume his heart. Since, therefore, we cannot live without temptation, we should prepare for it in time, and especially with diligence hear God's Word, and practise and remember it, so that consolation, like Peter's, may be ours in time of sorrow.

Thus we find that this example of St. Peter is given us for instruction and for consolation. We should learn from it, first, to flee false security and to live in the fear of God; for it is an easy matter even for great saints terribly to fall. But, secondly, we must also learn from this example to cling to God's Word, and to draw comfort from it, even when we have fallen, so that we may not, like Judas, despair on account of

sin. For God does not wish any one to exalt himself on account of his endowments, for which reason we all should fear, watch, and pray; neither does he, on the other hand, wish any one to be driven into despair by his sins. The Son of God became man and died upon the cross for the very purpose of banishing such evils. Therefore, if thou wouldst be a true Christian, fear God and confide in his grace and Word, and thou shalt always find consolation, deliverance, and help. May our dear Father in Heaven, through his Holy Spirit, grant this to us all, for the sake of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

[Translated by the Rev. J. T. Isensee. Used by permission of Lutheran Augustana Book Concern.]

ZWINGLI

ULRICH ZWINGLI, a celebrated Swiss theologian and religious reformer, was born at Wildhaus, in the canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, January 1, 1484. He was educated at the schools of Vienna and Basle, entered the priesthood, and in 1506 became curate of Glarus. His religious views undergoing modification, he left Glarus in 1516 for Einsiedeln, where he became known as a religious reformer. At the close of 1518 he went to Zurich, where he preached vigorously against the evils of mercenary warfare and in behalf of ecclesiastical reform. After Luther had been proclaimed a heretic, Zwingli was sometimes called his imitator, an assertion which Zwingli denied, averring that when he began to preach the reform gospel in 1516 no one in Switzerland had heard of Luther. As the Swiss Reformation progressed, Zwingli's position as the head of it drew general attention toward him, and various overtures were made by the Roman Church to induce him to abandon his leadership, but without avail. In 1525 he held a public disputation with the Anabaptists, who, nevertheless, remained unconvinced by him and the next year broke forth in riot. The Zwinglian reformers, however, were successful in defeating them. A serious controversy regarding the Lord's Supper occurred between Luther and Zwingli about this time, and the breach between the two reformers was never fully healed. In 1529 a war brok out between the Protestant and Roman Catholic cantons of Switzerland, which was speedily ended by the mediation of Zwingli. A second conflict ensued in 1531, and in a battle near Kappel Zwingli was killed on October 11, 1531. His works, which are written in Latin, include among the more important, "Of True and False Religion" (1525); "The Grounds of Faith" (1538); "A Short and Clear Exposition of Christian Faith" (1538). He was also the author of "Baptism, Anabaptism, and Pædobaptism" (1525) and "A Clear Explanation of Christ's Last Supper" (1526).

DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF FOREIGN MILITARY SERVICE

[At the period of Zwingli's entrance into public life his country was groaning under the troubles and disorders introduced by mercenary warfare and its consequences. He lifted up his voice energetically against this crying evil.]

OUR fathers conquered their enemies and won their freedom relying on no other arm but the arm of the Almighty, and they were ready at all times to recognize his intervention in their behalf, in gratitude and praise, as the children of Israel did, who, after the redemption out

of the hand of Pharaoh, and their passage of the Red Sea, sang praises to Jehovah. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation." Our ancestors took no wages to slay their fellow Christians, but they fought alone for their independence, and the freedom of themselves, their wives, and children, from the yoke of a haughty and wanton aristocracy. Therefore God gave the victory into their hands, increased them in honor and wealth, so that there was no master that could subdue them, however strong he might be. Such glorious results, however, were accomplished by no human agency, but alone through the power and grace of God. Now, however, we have begun to please ourselves, and to esteem ourselves wise in that which is God's, as, indeed, man often does. Now, when they have got loaded with this world's riches and glory, they rebel against God and become arrogant. "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked" (Deut. xxxii, 15). "Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness" (Ps. lii, 7). Think ye not that loss and shame will be our portion from the Lord if we thus magnify our own name, saying, "We have done this! We shall do that! No man may withstand us!" As if we had "made a covenant with death, and with hell were at an agreement," as Isaiah says (chap. xxviii), and as if no man could harm us. Thus some amongst us, being led away to forget themselves, and God himself, by the force of evil passions, the devil, the great enemy of all the good, like the serpent at the creation, has stirred up foreign lords, who have spoken thus to us: "Ye strong heroes ought not to remain in your land and in your mountains. What will you with this bleak

land? Serve us for gold, ye will thus gain a great name and much wealth, and your valor will be known to men and be feared." In a similar strain spake the devil to Eve by the serpent.

Against all such promises Solomon warns us, saying, "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor" (Prov. xi, 9). In this manner they (the foreign lords) have so wheedled and enticed us, simple Confederates, seeking their own profit, that at length they have brought us into such danger and disagreement between ourselves that we, not regarding our fatherland, have more care how to maintain them in their wealth and power than to defend our own houses, wives, and children. And this were less, had we not shame and damage out of this pact. We have at Naples, at Nivarre, and Milan, suffered greater loss in the service of these masters than since we have been a Confederacy; in our own wars we have been ever conquerors, in foreign wars often vanquished; such evils, it is to be feared, have been brought about by those who seek more their own private gain than the true interests of their country.

But now from this cause there arises to the community at home the great misfortune that avarice, wantonness, insolence, and disobedience more and more gain the ascendency, if we shall not take other measures and open our eyes so as to prevent the dangers that threaten us. The first and great danger is this, that we thereby draw down upon us the wrath of God; for his Word says: "And they covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away: so they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage" (Micah ii, 2). Ye have thrown a cloak over the eyes of the people, and led away the simple to the war. Ye have drawn away the women from their homes. Therefore the Lord

speaks these words: "Behold, against this family do I devise an evil from which ye shall not remove your necks; neither shall ye go haughtily: for this time is evil." These words are clear enough, in which the prophet declares the iniquity of war and the threatenings of the wrath of God. Let each one for himself reflect on the evils of war and think how it would be with him if he were treated in the manner in which we use our fellow Christians. Think, now that a foreign mercenary came into thy land with violence; laid waste thy meads, thy fields, thy vineyards; drove off thy cattle; bound thy house-furniture together and carted it away; slew thy son in the attack, who would defend himself and thee; violated the chastity of thy daughters; kicked with his feet the dear wife of thy bosom, who went before thee, and fell down at the feet of this foreign soldier, begging mercy for thee and herself; dragged out thyself, pious, worthy, old man, even in thine own house and home, from the place where thou wert crouching in fear, knocked thee down in presence of thy wife, despite her cries, and despite thine own trembling, venerable, pleading gray hairs; and then at last set fire to thy dwelling and burned it to the ground,— wouldst thou not think within thyself, if the heaven did not open and spit fire on such villany, if the earth did not yawn and swallow up such monsters, there were no God? And yet thou doest all this to another and callest it, forsooth, "the right of war!"

Those who, for truth, religion, justice, and native country, venture their lives in war, are true men, and their cause is sacred. But as for those bloodthirsty, mercenary soldiers who take the field for gain, of whom the world is now full, and those wars which princes carry on, from day to day, out of lust of power, filling the earth with bloodshed, I, for my part, not only cannot approve them, but I believe there is

nothing more wicked and criminal, and have the opinion that such men deserve to be branded as highway robbers, and that they are unworthy of the name of Christians.

The second danger that threatens us from the foreign lords and their wars is, that justice between man and man is stopped; as an old proverb says, "When arms are up in the hands, laws are under the feet." The term "right of war" means nothing but violence, use it as you will, turn it over as you will. Yet it is objected,— force must be employed to reduce the disobedient if they refuse to yield obedience to things lawful and right. Yea, verily, it were good it went no farther, and that the thunderbolt of war struck these alone, and that each forced only the disobedient to obedience in things lawful. But what sayest thou of the man who takes money and helps a foreign master to plunder, lay waste, and rob those who have done him no injury whatever; nay, who carries his sword to such masters whom it does not become to go to war at all, bishops, popes, abbots, and this, too, for vile money? Farther, the foreign lords do prejudice to the cause of justice in so far that their gifts blind the eyes of every man, be he as wise as you will, and deprive him of his reason as well as of his piety; as Moses teaches, "A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise and pervert the words of the righteous."

The third danger is that with foreign money and foreign wars our manners will become corrupted and debased. This we see very clearly, for our people have never returned from the foreign wars without bringing something new in clothes for themselves and their wives, or without importing home some new extravagance in eating and drinking, some new oaths; the bad they see and learn with readiness, so that we have reason to fear, if these wars be not desisted from, we shall be inundated with still worse evils.

The morality of the women, too, is corrupted. A woman is a weak creature, and desirous of new, handsome things, ornaments, fine clothes, jewels (as we see in Dinah, who went to Sechem out of curiosity, and was there humbled), and when such like things are made to flash in their eyes, and offered to them, think you that they will not be moved by these things, and that the temptation will not be too strong for them? It is to be feared, too, that in time the number of the males will be diminished, although as yet this has been less noticeable. But at least they are unmanned by luxury. Now no one will work to obtain a living, the lands are out of cultivation, and lie waste in many places, because laborers are not to be got, although there be people enough, and a land that could well nourish us all. If it bear not cinnamon, ginger, malmsey, cloves, oranges, silk, and other such dainties for the palate, it bears at least butter, milk, horses, sheep, cattle, lint, wine, and corn, and that to the full, so that we can rear a fine, strong race of men, and as to what we want in our own country we can obtain it elsewhere against our own produce. That we do not hold to this comes from the selfishness that has been introduced among us, and which leads us off from labor to idleness.

And yet to work is noble; it saves from wantonness and vice; it yields good fruit, so that a man can richly nourish his body without care, and without the fear that he sully himself with the blood of the innocent, and live by it. It makes the body, too, hale and strong, dissipates diseases engendered by idleness, and last of all, fruit and increase follow the hand of the worker, as creation itself came from the hand of the all-working God at the beginning, so that, in external things, there is nothing in the universe so like God as the worker.

It is to selfishness we owe it that all our strength and power,

which ought to defend our country, are consumed in the service of foreign masters. Behold how unlike we are to our ancestors! These would not suffer foreign masters in their land, but now we lead them in among us by the hand, if they have but money, that some may get hold of the money while many get the stripes. And when a pious man has brought up a well-doing son, then come the captains and steal him away, and he must expose himself to the danger of dying of hunger, disease, murder, shot, or wounds. And if he reckon up his bargained money he will find he could have won more by threshing, without speaking of his being run through the body with a spear ere the account comes to be paid; and last of all, his poor old father that brought him up, and whom he should have maintained in his old age, is reduced to carry the beggar's staff.

But those who get the money want for nothing. They force us into alliances with foreign masters, but only after they themselves have been bought over by heavy bribes. And, when it comes to loss, your neighbor or your neighbor's son must bear it, while they come off scot-free. And although it stands in the conditions that none is to be forced, yet recruiting parties spread themselves over the whole land, and then it is seen what young blood will do when it is up. And with the remuneration it is to be taken into account that those who get the largest bribes conceal them, but, these living in riot and expense, another, who thinks he cannot be less than they, goes to the like expense. And if he cannot afford this, then he is at the mercy of the briber, who at last takes his vineyard, fields, and meadows. Then he helps him to a small pension, on which he cannot live, and so, having lost his all, he must in the end face war and wounds for a wretched pay. In this manner we lose our best sons, who for vile money are con-

sumed in a foreign land. But few, indeed, become rich, but these so rich that they might buy off the rest.

The fourth danger is that the gifts of the foreign lords breed hatred and distrust among us. The Almighty granted to our ancestors grace and favor in his sight, so that they freed themselves from a tyrannous nobility and lived in concord with one another. They prospered; while right and justice were so well administered in this land that all who were oppressed in foreign countries fled hither as to an asylum of safety. Then fear seized the hearts of the princes, who would not themselves act justly, and who yet stood in awe of our bold and unflinching attitude. But seeing that the Lord was strong on our side, so that they could not overcome us by force, they seduced us by the bait of bribes, and reduced us by enslaving us first to selfishness. They laid their schemes and considered that if one of us were to see a friend or a neighbor suddenly growing rich without any trade or profession, and living at his ease in riches, he too would be stirred up, in order that he might dress finely, live in idleness, carousing, and wantonness, like his neighbor, to hunt after riches (for all men incline naturally against work and toward idleness), and that, if the like riches were not vouchsafed to him, he would join himself to the ranks of their opponents; that in this manner disunion would be created, so that father should be against son, brother against brother, friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor, and then that the kingdom, as the Son of God himself says, thus divided against itself, would not stand, and there would be an end of the Confederacy. This was what they calculated upon.

Envy is the natural accompaniment of prosperity, so that where there is good fortune there is also ill will. How much, then, must envy and hatred be stirred up when one mem-

ber of the community is so far privileged above the others as I have described? But when the hour of danger arrives, is not one true man as good as another? Nay, do not the poor often fight for their country with more bravery and resolution than the rich? Out of such envy, then, springs the disunion and ill will of those who say, "Go thou forward, do this and that; thou hast taken more money, take also more blows." Do ye not perceive that the counsel of these foreign masters has answered well the end they had in view, at least in part? The seeds of selfishness have been sown in the land, and discord is the crop. Therefore the great love that from childhood I have borne to my native country compels me to make my cares in regard to this its state known, lest greater mischief befall us, and that we may return from our folly while this is possible and before the evil become altogether incurable. If not, there is ground to fear that the lords whom we beat with iron and halbert will vanquish us with the touch of gold.

And if any one should inquire, How are we to deliver ourselves from these evils, and return again to union? — I answer, By abstaining from selfishness. For, if this base passion did not reign among us, the Confederacy were more a union of brothers than of confederates. If one rejoins to this, Selfishness is implanted in the human heart, from whence it cannot be eradicated, for God alone can know and change the heart, then I answer, Do earnestly that which lies in your power. Where you find it punishable, punish it, and let it not grow. And that it may be extirpated out of the very hearts of men, give heed that the divine word be faithfully preached.

For where God is not in the heart there is nothing but the man himself. Where there is nothing but the man himself,

he cares for nothing but that which serves to his interests, pleasures, and lusts. But when God possesses the heart, then man has regard to that which pleases God, seeks the honor of God, and the profit of his fellow man. Now, the knowledge of God can come to us in no way clearer than from the Word of God. Will you, then, have the knowledge of God spread among you, so that you may live in peace and in the fear of God? then see to it that the Word of God is purely preached, according to its natural sense, unadulterated by the glosses and inventions of man.

[Translated by John Cochran.]

END OF VOLUME THREE.

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